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Ancient and Modern

with CRITICAL STUDIES *of the* WORLD'S GREAT ORATORS *by* EMINENT ESSAYISTS

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, LL.D.

United States Senator from the State of New York

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

CAROLINE TICKNOR THOMAS CHARLES QUINN

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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INTRODUCTION

IT is no simple task to hold the mirror up to nature, but it is far more difficult to poise it properly before one's fellow-man. Such is the task assigned the Essayist, who sketches for others the reflection which confronts him.

The following group of Essays, from pens well able to do justice to their subjects, is designed to give the reader a more detailed and intimate knowledge of some of the men whose classic or brilliant Oratory has flashed from the pages of the accompanying volumes.

There is a universal demand for a closer view of all great men, and a more thorough understanding of their greatness. The work is not enough; one needs must know the worker, to comprehend it fully. Back of the masterpiece, one ever seeks the master.

Favored is he who may behold the great man face to face, but few there are who can enjoy this privilege. The many must be content to see him with others' eyes. But they may reasonably ask that those eyes be bright and clear, far-seeing and trained to catch a just and faithful picture for reproduction.

A passing glance over the list of Essayists herewith presented will reassure the reader in this respect, and will convince him that an introduction to this volume will usher him at once into the goodly company of the best contemporaneous writers.

The purpose of these Essays is to present rather a complete summary of a man's career, than a study of his ora-

torical ability. An example of his eloquence has been already given in a previous volume, and now the Essayist's task is to dwell more particularly upon his lasting contributions to the wide field of literature.

In fact many of these Essays offer a miniature biography of the man and his life-work, presenting in a brief space a complete resumé of all that he accomplished, or strove to attain, and of the value of the same to him and to the world.

Facts, after all, are the foundation upon which all critical structure must rest, and while a critical estimate of a man's personality appeals to those familiar with him and his work, others, who are seeking an introduction to him, require something more special and concrete.

While the accompanying Essayists have emphasized rather the facts about their subjects than any abstract thoughts concerning them, they have not failed to produce, what must be most desired, namely, a well-drawn likeness of each man.

In the compilation of any work on Oratory one must continually stifle a sense of disappointment that the printed words of some famed orator so often fail to awaken an answering thrill.

"Was this the speech that fired an audience to frenzy?" one questions wonderingly, forgetting the great magnetic personal equation, which printed text can never reproduce.

The inspiration of the speaker's own personality, his glance, the music of his voice, the appeal of his inflection, the power of his smile or frown—how can these things be written out in black and white?

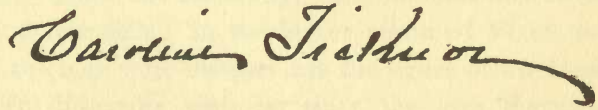
The student of Oratory must from his own imagination fill this aching void; and from his knowledge of the man's personal endowment, magnetic influence, or brilliant elocu-

tion, construct a reasonable appreciation of the contemporaneous effect of his Oratory. To do this, he needs above all else a detailed knowledge of the orator himself.

The printed word is at times unsatisfying, but it is all we have. It alone can preserve for us the fervent messages which have awakened the world to action, revolutionized religious thought, overthrown dynasties, and founded new realms for Liberty.

It is therefore fitting that special emphasis be placed upon the lasting contributions of any man to literature at large. Having considered what an orator has told the limited audience that has come within range of his voice, it is doubly interesting to consider the words which he has penned to reach that universal audience which has no limit.

In these Essays we have the orators viewed from a literary standpoint with a special delineation of their achievements in the world of letters, where a man holds his place by no mere spell of fleeting, personal power, but by a permanent excellence which time can only strengthen.



SOCRATES

(469?–399 B.C.)

BY HERBERT WEIR SMYTH

GREAT teachers are not often great writers: some indeed have written nothing, and among these the greatest is Socrates. If the qualities of his genius made Socrates a teacher through the spoken, not through the written word, he created a literature in which, through the devotion of his pupils, his message to the world has been transmitted to us. It is fortunate that Xenophon and Plato were so different in character and aptitudes. If the historian was incapable of grasping the full significance of his master's search for truth and its transforming power, he pictures for us the homelier side of the life of Socrates,—his practical virtues, his humanity,—and defends him from calumny and reproach. In the larger vision of Plato the outlines of the man were merged into the figure of the ideal teacher. To disengage with certainty the man Socrates from the dialectician into whose mouth Plato puts his own transcendental philosophy, is beyond our powers; but in the pages of Xenophon, unillumined indeed by Plato's matchless urbanity and grace, we have a record of Socrates's conversations that bears the mark of verisimilitude.

The life of Socrates falls in a period of the history of thought when the speculations of a century and more had arrived at the hopeless conclusion that there was no real truth, no absolute standard of right and wrong, no differ-

ence between what is essential and what is accidental; and that all man can know is dependent upon sensation, and perception through the senses. But the position of Socrates in history is not to be understood by a mere statement of his methods, or his results in regenerating philosophical investigation.

Born in 469, or perhaps 471, the son of the statuary Sophroniscus and Phænarete a midwife, he received the education of the Athenian youth of the time in literature,—which embraced chiefly the study of Homer,—in music, and in geometry and astronomy. He is said to have tried his hand for a time at his father's trade; and a group of the Graces, currently believed to be his work, was extant as late as the second century A.D. Like the Parisian, whose world is bounded by the boulevards, Socrates thought Athens world enough for him. He remained in his native city his entire life; unlike the Sophists, who traveled from city to city making gain of their wisdom. On one occasion indeed he attended the games at Corinth; and as a soldier underwent with fortitude the privations of the campaign at Potidæa, where he saved the life of Alciabiades, whose influence, directly or indirectly, was to work ruin alike to Athens and his master. He was engaged in the battles of Delium in 424 and Amphipolis in 422. His life was by preference free from event. Warned by the deterrent voice of his "divine sign," he took no part in public affairs except when he was called upon to fulfill the ordinary duties of citizenship. Until his trial before the court that sentenced him to death, he appeared in a public capacity on only two occasions; in both of which he displayed his lofty independence and tenacity of purpose in the face of danger. In 406, withstanding the clamor of the mob, he alone among the

presidents of the assembly refused to put to vote the inhuman and illegal proposition to condemn in a body the generals at Arginusæ; and during the Reign of Terror in 404 he disobeyed the incriminating command of the Thirty Tyrants to arrest Leon, whom they had determined to put to death.

He seems at an early age to have recoiled from speculations as to the cause and constitution of the physical world; believing that they dealt with problems not merely too deep for human intellect but sacred from man's finding out. "Do these students of nature's laws," he indignantly exclaimed, "think they already know human affairs well enough, that they begin to meddle with the Divine?"

To Socrates "the proper study of mankind is man." In the market-place he found material for investigation at once more tangible and of a profounder significance than the atomic theory of Democritus. "Know thyself" was inscribed on the temple of the god of Delphi; and it was Socrates's conviction that a "life without self-examination was no life at all." Since the Delphian oracle declared him to be the wisest of men, he felt that he had a Divine mission to make clear the meaning of the god, and to seek if haply he might find some one wiser than himself; for he was conscious that he knew nothing.

To this quest everything was made subordinate. He was possessed of nothing, for he had the faculty of indigence. Fortunately, as Renan has put it, all a Greek needed for his daily sustenance was a few olives and a little wine. "To want nothing," said Socrates, "is Divine; to want as little as possible is the nearest possible approach to the Divine life." Clad in shabby garments, which sufficed alike for summer and winter, always barefoot (a scandal to Athenian

propriety), taking money from no man so as not to "enslave himself," professing with his "accustomed irony" to be unable to teach anything himself, he went about year after year,—in the market-place, in the gymnasium, in the school,—asking continually, "What is piety? What is impiety? What is the honorable and the base? What is the just and the unjust? What is temperance or unsound mind? What is the character fit for a citizen? What is authority over men? What is the character befitting the exercise of such authority?" Questioning men of every degree, of every mode of thought and occupation, he discovered that each and all of the poets, the politicians, the orators, the artists, the artisans, thought that "because he possessed some special excellence in his own art, he was himself wisest as to matters of another and a higher kind." The Athenian of the day multiplied words about equality, virtue, justice; but when examined as to the credentials of their knowledge, Socrates found all alike ignorant. Thus it was that he discovered the purport of the divine saying—others thought they knew something, he knew that he knew nothing.

The Sophists claimed to have gained wisdom, which they taught for a price: Socrates only claimed to be a lover of wisdom, a philosopher. Though he continued to affect ignorance, in order to confound ignorance, he must have been conscious that if in truth he was the "wisest of men," he had a heaven-attested authority for leading men to a right course of thinking. Only by confessing our ignorance, he said, and by becoming learners, can we reach a right course of thinking; and by learning to think aright, according to his intellectual view of ethics, we learn to do well. God alone possesses wisdom; but it is man's duty to struggle to attain to knowledge, and therewith virtue. For virtue is knowl-

edge, and sin is the fruit of ignorance. Voluntary evil on the part of one who knows what is good, is inconceivable.

In his search for knowledge, Socrates found that it was imperative to get clear conceptions of general notions. These he attained by the process of induction.

"Going once, too, into the workshop of Cleito the statuary, and beginning to converse with him, he said, 'I see and understand, Cleito, that you make figures of various kinds, runners and wrestlers, pugilists and pancratiasts; but how do you put into your statues that which most wins the minds of the beholders through the eye—the lifelike appearance?' As Cleito hesitated, and did not immediately answer, Socrates proceeded to ask, 'Do you make your statues appear more lifelike by assimilating your work to the figures of the living?' 'Certainly,' said he. 'Do you not then make your figures appear more like reality, and more striking, by imitating the parts of the body that are drawn up or drawn down, compressed or spread out, stretched or relaxed, by the gesture?' 'Undoubtedly,' said Cleito. 'And the representation of the passions of men engaged in any act, does it not excite a certain pleasure in the spectators?' 'It is natural, at least, that it should be so,' said he. 'Must you not, then, copy the menacing looks of combatants? And must you not imitate the countenance of conquerors, as they look joyful?' 'Assuredly,' said he. 'A statuary, therefore,' concluded Socrates, 'must express the workings of the mind by the form.'" (Xenophon, in the "Memorabilia.")

There is no deadlier weapon than the terrible cut-and-thrust process of cross-examination by which the great questioner could reduce his interlocutor to the confession of false knowledge. Sometimes, we must confess, Socrates seems to have altogether too easy a time of it, as he wraps his victim closer and closer in his toils. If we tire of the men of straw who are set up against him, and our fingers itch to take a

hand in the fight, we cannot but realize that the process destructive of error is a necessary preliminary to the constructive process by which positive truth is established.

If Greek thought was saved from the germs of disintegration by Socrates's recognition of the certainty of moral distinctions, it is his incomparable method of teaching that entitles him to our chief regard. He elicited curiosity, which is the beginning of wisdom; he had no stereotyped system of philosophy to set forth,—he only opened up vistas of truth; he stimulated, he did not complete, investigation. Hence he created, not a school, but scholars; who, despite the wide diversity of their beliefs, drew their inspiration from a common source.

If his fertility of resource, his wit and humor, his geniality, his illustrations drawn from common life, his well-nigh universal sympathy, charmed many, the significance of his moral teachings inspired the chosen few. Those who could recover from the shock of discovering that their knowledge was after all only ignorance, were spurred by his obstinate questionings to a better life. He delivered their minds of the truths that had unconsciously lain in them.

With his wonted art, Plato has made the most dissolute of Socrates's temporary followers the chief witness to his captivating eloquence. In the "Banquet," Alcibiades says:

"I shall praise Socrates in a figure which will appear to him to be a caricature; and yet I do not mean to laugh at him, but only to speak the truth. I say, then, that he is exactly like the masks of Silenus, which may be seen sitting in the statuaries' shops, having pipes and flutes in their mouths; and they are made to open in the middle, and there

are images of gods inside them. I say also that he is like Marsyas the satyr.

"And are you not a flute-player? That you are; and a far more wonderful performer than Marsyas. For he indeed with instruments charmed the souls of men by the power of his breath, as the performers of his music do still; for the melodies of Olympus are derived from the teaching of Marsyas, and these—whether they are played by a great master or by a miserable flute-girl—have a power which no others have,—they alone possess the soul and reveal the wants of those who have need of gods and mysteries, because they are inspired. But you produce the same effect with the voice only, and do not require the flute; that is the difference between you and him. When we hear any other speaker,— even a very good one,—his words produce absolutely no effect upon us in comparison; whereas the very fragments of you and your words, even at second-hand, and however imperfectly repeated, amaze and possess the souls of every man, woman, and child who comes within hearing of them.

"I have heard Pericles and other great orators: but though I thought that they spoke well, I never had any similar feeling; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state. But this Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading (this, Socrates, you admit); and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do,—neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians; therefore I hold my ears and tear myself away from him. And he is the only person who ever made me ashamed,—which you might think not to be in my nature; and there is no one else who does the same. For I know that I cannot answer him, or say that I ought not to do as he bids; but when I leave his presence the love of popularity gets the better of me. And therefore I run away and fly from him, and when I see him I am ashamed of what I have confessed to him. And many a

time I wish that he were dead, and yet I know that I should be much more sorry than glad if he were to die: so that I am at my wits' end."

Socrates must have seemed in very truth a satyr to the large body of Athenians careless of his mission. How could they, who had been taught that the "good is fair" and that the "fair is good," believe that good should issue from those thick, sensual lips; or realize that within that misshapen body, with its staring eyes and upturned nose with outspread nostrils, there resided a soul disparate to its covering? Surely this rude creature of the world of Pan could not speak the words of Divine wisdom! Then too his eccentricities. Like Luther, he combined common-sense with mysticism. He would remain as if in a trance for hours, brooding over some problem of the true or good. As early as 423, Aristophanes made him the scapegoat for his detestation of the natural philosophers and of the Sophists, who were unsettling all traditional belief.

Strepsiades—But who hangs dangling in the basket yonder?
Student— Himself.
Strepsiades—And who's Himself?
Student— Why Socrates.
Strepsiades—Ho, Socrates! Call him, you fellow—call loud.
Student— Call him yourself—I've got no time for calling.
[*Exit in-doors.*
Strepsiades—Ho, Socrates! Sweet, darling Socrates!
Socrates— Why callest thou me, poor creature of a day?
Strepsiades—First tell me, pray, what *are* you doing up there?
Socrates— I walk in air, and contemplate the sun.

Strepsiades—Oh, *that's* the way that you look down on the gods—
You get so near them on your perch there —eh?
Socrates— I never could have found out things divine,
Had I not hung my mind up thus, and mixed
My subtle intellect with its kindred air.

The ethical inquirer here is pilloried by the caricaturist for the very tendency against which his whole life was a protest. When in 399 Socrates was brought to trial, he confesses that the chief obstacle in the way of proving his innocence is those calumnies of his "old accusers"; for even if Aristophanes was able to distinguish between Socrates and the Sophists, he did not, and the common people could not.

The indictment put forward by Meletus, Anytus, and Lycon, who were merely the mouthpieces of hostile public opinion, read as follows:—

"Socrates offends against the laws in not paying respect to those gods whom the city respects, and introducing other new dieties; he also offends against the laws in corrupting the youth."

It is not difficult to see why Socrates provoked a host of enemies. Those who, like Anytus, felt that he inflamed their sons to revolt against parental authority; those who regarded the infamous life and treason of Alcibiades, and the tyranny of Critias, as the direct result of their master's teachings; those who thought him the gadfly of the market-place, and who had suffered under his merciless exposure of their sham knowledge; those who saw in his objection to the choice of public sufferers by lot, a menace to the established constitution,— all these felt that by his death alone could the city be rid of his pestilential disputatiousness.

For his defense, Socrates made no special preparation. "My whole life," said he, "has been passed with my brief in view. I have shunned evil all my life;—that I think is the most honorable way in which a man can bestow attention upon his own defense:" words that anticipate those spoken on a still more memorable occasion,—"But when they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak."

If the accusations were false, the trial was legal. Against the count of the indictment on the score of impiety, Socrates could set his reverence for the gods. His *daimonion* was no new deity, and it had spoken to him from his youth up. He had discharged the religious duties required by the State; he even believed in the manifestations of the gods through signs and oracles when human judgment was at fault, and this at a time when the "enlightened" viewed such faith with contempt. He recognized with gratitude the intelligent purpose of the gods in creating a world of beauty. "No one," says Xenophon, "ever knew of his doing or saying anything profane or unholy." He was temperate, brave, upright, endowed with a high sense of honor. Though he preserved the independence of his judgment, he had been loyal to the existing government. A less unbending assertion of this independence, and a conciliatory attitude toward his judges, would have saved Socrates from death. But he seems to have courted a verdict that would mark him as the "first martyr of philosophy."

DEMOSTHENES

(384–322 B.C.)

BY ROBERT SHARP

THE lot of Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, was cast in evil times. The glorious days of his country's brilliant political pre-eminence among Grecian States, and of her still more brilliant pre-eminence as a leader and torch-bearer to the world in its progress toward enlightenment and freedom, were well-nigh over. In arms she had been crushed by the brute force of Sparta. But this was not her deepest humiliation; she had indeed risen again to great power, under the leadership of generals and statesmen in whom something of the old-time Athenian spirit still persisted; but the duration of that power had been brief. The deepest humiliation of a State is not in the loss of military prestige or of material resources, but in the degeneracy of its citizens, in the overthrow and scorn of high ideals; and so it was in Athens at the time of Demosthenes's political activity.

The Athenians had become a pampered, ease-loving people. They still cherished a cheap admiration for the great achievements of their fathers. Stirring appeals to the glories of Marathon and Salamis would arouse them to—pass patriotic resolutions. Any suggestion of self-sacrifice, of service on the fleet or in the field, was dangerous. A law made it a capital offense to propose to use, even in meeting any great emergency, the fund set aside to supply

the folk with amusements. They preferred to hire mercenaries to undergo their hardships and to fight their battles; but they were not willing to pay their hirelings. The commander had to find pay for his soldiers in the booty taken from their enemies; or failing that, by plundering their friends. It must be admitted, however, that the patriots at home were always ready and most willing to try, to convict, and to punish the commanders upon any charge of misdemeanor in office.

There were not wanting men of integrity and true patriotism, and of great ability, as Isocrates and Phocion, who accepted as inevitable the decline of the power of Athens, and advocated a policy of passive non-interference in foreign affairs, unless it were to take part in a united effort against Persia. But the mass of the people, instead of offering their own means and their bodies to the service of their country deemed it rather the part of the State to supply their needs and their amusements. They considered that they had performed, to the full, their duty as citizens when they had taken part in the noisy debates of the Assembly, or had sat as paid jurymen in the never-ending succession of court procedures of this most litigious of peoples. Among men even in their better days not callous to the allurements of bribes judiciously administered, it was a logical sequence that corruption should now pervade all classes and conditions.

Literature and art, too, shared the general decadence, as it ever must be, since they always respond to the dominant ideals of a time and a people. To this general statement the exception must be noted that philosophy, as represented by Plato and Aristotle, and oratory, as represented by a long succession of Attic orators, had developed into higher

and better forms. The history of human experience has shown that philosophy often becomes more subtle and more profound in times when men fall away from their ancient high standards, and become shaken in their old beliefs. So oratory attains its perfect flower in periods of the greatest stress and danger, whether from foreign foes or from internal discord. Both these forms of utterance of the active human intellect show, in their highest attainment, the realization of imminent emergency and the effort to point out a way of betterment and safety.

Not only the condition of affairs at home was full of portent of coming disaster. The course of events in other parts of Greece and in the barbarian kingdom of Macedon seemed all to be converging to one inevitable result,—the extinction of Hellenic freedom. When a nation or a race becomes unfit to possess longer the most precious of heritages, a free and honorable place among nations, then the time and the occasion and the man will not be long wanting to co-operate with the internal subversive force in consummating the final catastrophe. "If Philip should die," said Demosthenes, "the Athenians would quickly make themselves another Philip."

Throughout Greece, mutual jealousy and hatred among the States, each too weak to cope with a strong foreign foe, prevented such united action as might have made the country secure from any barbarian power; and that at a time when it was threatened by an enemy far more formidable than had been Xerxes with all his millions.

The Greeks at first entirely underrated the danger from Philip and the Macedonians. They had, up to this time, despised these barbarians. Demosthenes, in the third Philippic, reproaches his countrymen with enduring insult and

outrage from a vile barbarian out of Macedon, whence formerly not even a respectable slave could be obtained. It is indeed doubtful whether the world has ever seen a man, placed in a position of great power, more capable of seizing every opportunity and of using every agency, fair or foul, for accomplishing his ambitious purposes, than was Philip of Macedon. The Greeks were most unfortunate in their enemy.

Philip understood the Greek people thoroughly. He had received his early training among them while a hostage at Thebes. He found in their petty feuds, in their indolence and corruptibility, his opportunity to carry into effect his matured plans of conquest. His energy never slept; his influence was ever present. When he was far away, extending his boundaries among the barbarians, his money was still active in Athens and elsewhere. His agents, often among the ablest men in a community, were busy using every cunning means at the command of the wonderful Greek ingenuity to conceal the danger or to reconcile the fickle people to a change that promised fine rewards for the sale of their liberty. Then he began to trim off one by one the outlying colonies and dependencies of the Greek States. His next step was to be the obtaining of a foothold in Greece proper.

The chief obstacle to Philip's progress was Athens, degenerate as she was, and his chief opponent in Athens was Demosthenes. This Philip understood very well; but he treated both the city and the great statesman always with a remarkable leniency. More than once Athens, inflamed by Demosthenes, flashed into her old-time energy and activity, and stayed the Macedonian's course; as when, in his first bold march toward the heart of Greece, he found himself confronted at Thermopylæ by Athenian troops; and again

when prompt succor from Athens saved Byzantium for the time. But the emergency once past, the ardor of the Athenians died down as quickly as it had flamed up.

The Social War (357–355 B.C.) left Athens stripped almost bare of allies, and was practically a victory for Philip. The Sacred War (357–346 B.C.) between Thebes and Phocis, turning upon an affront offered to the Delphian god, gave Philip the eagerly-sought-for opportunity of interfering in the internal affairs of Greece. He became the successful champion of the god, and received as his reward a place in the great Amphictyonic Council. He thus secured recognition of his claims to being a Greek, since none but Greeks might sit in this council. He had, moreover, in crushing the Phocians, destroyed a formidable power of resistance to his plans.

Such were the times and such the conditions in which Demosthenes entered upon his strenuous public life. He was born most probably in 384 B.C., though some authorities give preference to 382 B.C. as the year of his birth. He was the son of Demosthenes and Cleobule. His father was a respectable and wealthy Athenian citizen, a manufacturer of cutlery and upholstering. His mother was the daughter of Gylon, an Athenian citizen resident in the region of the Crimea.

Misfortune fell early upon him. At the age of seven he was left fatherless. His large patrimony fell into the hands of unprincipled guardians. Nature seems almost maliciously to have concentrated in him a number of blemishes, any one of which might have checked effectually the ambition of any ordinary man to excel in the profession Demosthenes chose for himself. He was not strong of body, his features were sinister, and his manner was ungraceful,

— a grievous drawback among a people with whom physical beauty might cover a multitude of sins, and physical imperfections were a reproach.

He seems to have enjoyed the best facilities in his youth for training his mind, though he complains that his teachers were not paid by his guardians; and he is reported to have developed a fondness for oratory at an early age. In his maturing years, he was taught by the great lawyer, Isæus; and must often have listened to the orator and rhetorician Isocrates, if he was not indeed actually instructed by him. When once he had determined to make himself an orator, he set himself to work with immense energy to overcome the natural disadvantages that stood in the way of his success. By hard training he strengthened his weak voice and lungs; it is related that he cured himself of a painful habit of stammering; and he subjected himself to the most vigorous course of study preparatory to his profession, cutting himself off from all social enjoyments.

His success as an orator, however, was not immediate. He tasted all the bitterness of failure on more than one occasion; but after temporary discouragement he redoubled his efforts to correct the faults that were made so distressingly plain to him by the unsparing but salutary criticism of his audience. Without doubt, these conflicts and rebuffs of his earlier years served to strengthen and deepen the moral character of Demosthenes, as well as to improve his art. They contributed to form a man capable of spending his whole life in unflagging devotion to a high purpose, and that in the face of the greatest difficulties and dangers. The dominant purpose of his life was the preservation of the freedom of the Greek States from the control of any foreign power, and the maintenance of the pre-eminent position of

Athens among these States. In this combination of a splendid intellect, an indomitable will, and a great purpose, we find the true basis of Demosthenes's greatness.

When at the age of eighteen he came into the wreck of his patrimony, he at once began suit against Aphobos, one of his unfaithful guardians. He conducted his case himself. So well did he plead his cause that he received a verdict for a large amount. He seems, however, owing to the trickery of his opponent, never to have recovered the money. He became now a professional writer of speeches for clients in private suits of every kind, sometimes appearing in court himself as advocate.

In 355–354 B.C. he entered upon his career as public orator and statesman. He had now found his field of action, and till the end of his eventful life he was a most prominent figure in the great issues that concerned the welfare of Athens and of Greece. He was long unquestionably the leading man among the Athenians. By splendid ability as orator and statesman he was repeatedly able to thwart the plans of the traitors in the pay of Philip, even though they were led by the adept and eloquent Æschines. His influence was powerful in the Peloponnesus, and he succeeded, in 338 B.C., in even uniting the bitter hereditary enemies Thebes and Athens for one final, desperate, but unsuccessful struggle against the Macedonian power.

Demosthenes soon awoke to the danger threatening his country from the barbarian kingdom in the north, though not even he understood at first how grave was the danger. The series of great speeches relating to Philip—the First Philippic; the three Olynthiacs, "On the Peace," "On the Embassy," "On the Chersonese"; the Second and Third Philippics—show an increasing intensity and fire as the

danger became more and more imminent. These orations were delivered in the period 351–341 B.C.

When the cause of Greek freedom had been overwhelmed at Chæronea, in the defeat of the allied Thebans and Athenians, Demosthenes, who had organized the unsuccessful resistance to Philip, still retained the favor of his countrymen, fickle as they were. With the exception of a short period of disfavor, he practically regulated the policy of Athens till his death in 322 B.C.

In 336 B.C., on motion of Ctesiphon, a golden crown was voted to Demosthenes by the Senate, in recognition of certain eminent services and generous contributions from his own means to the needs of the State. The decree was not confirmed by the Assembly, owing to the opposition of Æschines, who gave notice that he would bring suit against Ctesiphon for proposing an illegal measure. The case did not come up for trial, however, till 330 B.C., six years later. (The reason for this delay has never been clearly revealed.)

When Ctesiphon was summoned to appear, it was well understood that it was not he but Demosthenes who was in reality to be tried, and that the public and private record of the latter would be subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny. On that memorable occasion, people gathered from all over Greece to witness the oratorical duel of the two champions—for Demosthenes was to reply to Æschines. The speech of Æschines was a brilliant and bitter arraignment of Demosthenes; but so triumphant was the reply of the latter, that his opponent, in mortification, went into voluntary exile. The speech of Demosthenes " On the Crown " has been generally accepted by ancients and moderns as the supreme attainment in the oratory of antiquity.

It is evident that a man the never-swerving champion of

a cause which demanded the greatest sacrifice from a people devoted to self-indulgence, the never-sleeping opponent of the hirelings of a foreign enemy, and a persistent obstacle to men of honest conviction who advocated a policy different from that which seemed best to him, would of necessity bring upon himself bitter hostility and accusations of the most serious character. And such was the case. Demosthenes has been accused of many crimes and immoralities, some of them so different in character as to be almost mutually exclusive. The most serious charge is that of receiving a bribe from Harpalus, the absconding treasurer of Alexander. He was tried upon this charge, convicted, fined fifty talents, and thrown into prison. Thence he escaped to go into a miserable exile.

How far and how seriously the character of Demosthenes is compromised by this and other attacks, it is not possible to decide to the satisfaction of all. The results of the contest in regard to the crown and the trial in the Harpalus matter was very different; but the verdict of neither trial, even if they were not conflicting, could be accepted as decisive. To me, the evidence,—weighed as we weigh other evidence, with a just appreciation of the source of the charges, the powerful testimony of the man's public life viewed as a whole, and the lofty position maintained in the face of all odds among a petulant people whom he would not flatter, but openly reproved for their vices,—the evidence, I say, read in this light justifies the conclusion that the orator was a man of high moral character, and that in the Harpalus affair he was the victim of the Macedonian faction and of the misled patriotic party, co-operating for the time being.

When the tidings of the death of Alexander startled the

world, Demosthenes at once, though in exile, became intensely active in arousing the patriots to strike one more blow for liberty He was recalled to Athens, restored to his high place, and became again the chief influence in preparing for the last desperate resistance to the Macedonians. When the cause of Greek freedom was finally lost, Demosthenes went into exile; a price was set upon his head; and when the Macedonian soldiers, led by a Greek traitor, were about to lay hands upon him in the temple of Poseidon at Calauria, he sucked the poison which he always carried ready in his pen, and died rather than yield himself to the hated enemies of his country.

It remains only to say that the general concensus of ancient and modern opinion is, that Demosthenes was the supreme figure in the brilliant line of orators of antiquity. The chief general characteristics in all Demosthenes's public oratory are a sustained intensity and a merciless directness. Swift as waves before a gale, every word bears straight toward the final goal of his purpose. We are hardly conscious even of the artistic taste which fits each phrase, and sentence, and episode, to the larger occasion as well as to each other. Indeed, we lose the rhetorician altogether in the devoted pleader, the patriot, the self-forgetful chief of a noble but losing cause. His careful study of the great orators who had preceded him undoubtedly taught him much; yet it was his own original and creative power, lodged in a far-sighted, generous, and fearless nature, that enabled him to leave to mankind a series of forensic masterpieces hardly rivaled in any age or country.

CICERO

(106–43 B.C.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

THE outward life, the political career, of Marcus Tullius Cicero, is to nearly all students of history a tragic and pathetic story. He seems peculiarly unfitted to the people and the time in which his lot was cast. His enlightened love for the traditions of the past, his passionate sentiment of patriotism, his forceful eloquence as a debater in the Senate or as an orator in the Forum,—these qualities of a Burke or a Webster stand out violently dissevered from the lurid history of his time. This humane scholarly life was flung into the midst of the wildest century in all Rome's grim annals; the hundred years of civic turmoil and bloodshed, from the elder Gracchus's murder to the death of Cleopatra.

And yet such was the marvelous activity, the all-sided productiveness, of the Ciceronian intellect, that perhaps no human mind has ever so fully exploited all its powers. Moreover, in each intellectual field which he entered, the chances of time have removed nearly every Roman rival, leaving us no choice save to accept Cicero's guidance. There was many another orator, and history of eloquence. There were other practical treatises on rhetoric. Many a notable correspondence was actually preserved and published, though now lost. Even his free transcriptions from Greek philosophical treatises—hastily conned and perhaps imperfectly understood—have acquired, through the disappearance of

the Greek scrolls themselves, an ill-deserved authority as to the tenets of the Epicurean and other schools.

Before and above all else, Cicero was a pleader. Out of that activity grew his ill-starred political activity, while his other literary tastes were essentially but a solace in times of enforced retirement. With the discussion of his oratory, therefore, we may best combine a rapid outline of his life.

By their common birthplace, Arpinum, and by a slight tie of kinship, Cicero was associated with Marius; and he began life, like Disraeli, with radical sympathies. He was the elder son of a wealthy Roman citizen, but no ancestor had ennobled the family by attaining curule office. After a most thorough course of training in Latin and Greek, Cicero began to "practice law." The pleader in ancient Rome was supposed to receive no fee, and even more than with us, found his profession the natural stepping-stone to political honors.

At the age of twenty-six, Cicero (in 80 B.C.) defended his first important client in a criminal case. In the closing days of the Sullan proscriptions, young Roscius, of Ameria in Umbria, was charged with murdering his own father in Rome. A pair of Roscius's kinsmen were probably the real culprits, and had arranged with Chrysogonus, a wealthy freedman and favorite of the Dictator, to insert the dead man's name among the outlawed victims and to divide the confiscated estate. The son was persecuted because he resisted this second outrage. Cicero says he is himself protected by his obscurity, though no other advocate has dared to plead for the unlucky youth. In our present text there are some audacious words aimed at Sulla's own measures: they were probably sharpened in a later revision. The case

was won, against general expectation. Cicero may have played the hero that day; certainly the brief remainder of Sulla's life was spent by the young democratic pleader traveling in the East,—" for his health," as Plutarch adds, truly enough. At this time his style was chastened and his manner moderated by the teachers of Athens, and especially by Molo in Rhodes.

Cicero's quætorship was passed in Sicily, 75–4 B.C. Here he knit close friendships with many Greek provincials, and did a creditable piece of archæological work by rediscovering Archimedes's tomb. His attachment of Verres for misgovernment in Sicily was in 70 B.C. This time the orator runs a less desperate risk. Since Sulla's death the old constitution has languidly revived. Speech was comparatively free and safe. The " knights " or wealthy middle class,—Cicero's own,—deprived by Sulla of the right to sit as the jurors in impeachment trials like Verres's, partially regain the privilege in this very year. The overwhelming mass of evidence made Verres flee into exile, and Hortensius, till then leader of the Roman bar, threw up the case in despair. Nevertheless Cicero published the stately series of orations he had prepared. They form the most vivid picture, and the deadliest indictments ever drawn, of Roman provincial government,—and of a ruthless art-collector. Cicero instantly became the foremost among lawyers. Moreover, this success made Cicero a leader in the time of reaction after Sulla, and hastened his elevation to posts where only men of sterner nature could be fully and permanently successful.

Pompey, born in the same year, was at this time leading the revolt against Sulla's measures. The attachment now formed, the warmer-hearted Cicero never wholly threw off.

The young general's later foreign victories are nowhere so generously set forth as in Cicero's too-rhetorical plea "for the Manilian Law," in 66 B.C. Pompey was then wintering in the East, after sweeping piracy in a single summer from the Mediterranean. This plea gave him the larger command against Mithridates. Despite the most extravagant laudation, however, Pompey remains, here as elsewhere, one of those large but vague and misty figures that stalk across the stage of history without ever once turning upon us a fully human face. Far more distinct than he, there looms above him the splendid triumphal pageant of Roman imperialism itself.

Cicero's unrivaled eloquence won him not only a golden shower of gifts and legacies, but also the prætorship and consulship at the earliest legal age. Perhaps some of the old nobles foresaw and prudently avoided the Catilinarian storm of 63 B.C. The common dangers of that year, and the pride of assured position, may have hastened the full transfer of Cicero's allegians to the old senatorial faction. Tiberius Gracchus, boldly praised in January, has become for Cicero a notorious demagogue; his slayers instead are the undoubted patriots, in the famous harangues of November. These latter, by the way, were certainly under the file three years afterward,—and it is not likely that we read any Ciceronian speech just as it was delivered. If there be any thread of consistency in Cicero's public career, it must be sought in his long but vain hope to unite the nobility and the *equites*, in order to resist the growing proletariat.

The eager vanity with which Cicero seized the proud title "Father of the fatherland" is truly pathetic. The summary execution of the traitors may have been prompted by that physical timidity so often associated with the scholarly

temperament. Whether needless or not, the act returned to plague him.

The happiest effort of the orator in his consular year was the famous plea for Murena. This consul-elect for 62 was a successful soldier. Catiline must be met in the spring "in the jaws of Etruria." Cicero's dearest friend, Servius Sulpicius Rufus, a defeated candidate, accused Murena of bribery. The conditions of Roman politics, the character of Sulpicius, the tone of Cicero himself, bid us adjudge Murena probably guilty. Cicero had supported Sulpicius, but now feels it is no time to "go behind the returns," or to replace a bold soldier by a scholarly lawyer.

To win his case Cicero must heap ridicule upon his own profession in his friend's person, and upon Stoic philosophy, represented by Cato, Sulpicius's chief advocate. This he did so successfully that Cato himself exclaimed with a grim smile, "What a jester our consul is!" Cicero won his case—and kept his friends. This speech is cited *sixteen times* by Quintilian, and is a model of forensic ingenuity, wit, and grace. Its patriotism may be plausibly defended, but hardly its moral standards.

The next year produced the famous and successful defense of Cluentius,— probably guilty of poisoning,—and also the most delightful of all Cicero's speeches, the oration for the poet Archias. Whether the old Greek's claim to Roman citizenship was beyond cavil we neither know nor greatly care. The legal argument is suspiciously brief. The praise of literature and the scholarly life, however, has reechoed ever since, and still reaches all hearts. Brother Quintus, sitting in judgment as prætor, is pleasantly greeted.

This is the culmination in Cicero's career of success. Some boastful words uttered in these days make us doubt if he

remembered Solon's and Sophocles's maxim, "Count no life happy before its close." The fast-growing power of Cæsar presently made the two successful generals Pompey and Crassus his political tools. Cicero refused to enter, on similar conditions, the cabal later known as the "First Triumvirate." Cæsar, about to depart for his long absence in Gaul, might well regard the patriotic and impulsive orator as the most serious source of possible opposition in his absence. Marcus refused, himself, to go along to Gaul a-soldiering, though Brother Quintus accepted a commission and served creditably. At last, reluctantly, Cæsar suffered Cicero's personal enemy Clodius to bring forward a decree outlawing "those who had put Roman citizens to death without trial" (March, 58 B.C.). Cicero meekly withdrew from Rome, was condemned by name in absence, and his town house and villas pillaged.

As to the cowardice of this hasty retreat, none need use severer words than did the exile himself. It is the decisive event in his career. His uninterrupted success was ended. His pride could never recover fully from the hurt. Worst of all, he could never again pose, even before his own eyes, as the fearless hero-patriot. In short, Cæsar, the consummate master of action and of men, had humanely but decisively crippled the erratic yet patriotic rhetorician.

In little more than a year the bad conduct of Clodius, the personal good-will of the "triumvirs," and the whirligig of politics brought round Cicero's return from Greece. His wings were however effectively clipped. After a brief and slight flutter of independence, he made full, even abject, submission to the dominant Cæsarian faction. This was in 56 B. C. The next five years, inglorious politically, were however full of activity in legal oratory and other literary

work. In his eloquent defense of Cælius Rufus, charged with an attempt to poison Clodia, Cicero perforce whitewashes, or at least paints in far milder colors than of old, Catiline, Cælius's lifelong friend! A still less pleasing feature is the abusive attack on the famous and beautiful Clodia, probably the "Lesbia" of Catullus. (The unhappy young poet seems to have preceded Cælius in the fickle matron's favor.)

The events of the year 52 well illustrate the unfitness of Cicero for politics in such an age. Rome was full of street brawls, which Pompey could not check. The orator's old enemy Clodius, at the head of his bravos, was slain by a fellow ruffian Milo in January. At Milo's trial in April Cicero defended him, or attempted to do so. A courtroom encircled by a yelling mob and guarded by Pompey's legions caused him to break down altogether. As afterward written out at leisure, the speech is a masterpiece of special pleading. The exiled Milo's criticism on it is well known: "I'm glad you never delivered it: I should not now be enjoying the mullets of Marseilles."

The year 51–50 Cicero spent, most unwillingly, as proconsular governor in far-off Cilicia. Though really humane and relatively honest, he accumulated in these few months a handsome sum in "gifts" from provincials and other perquisites. Even Cicero was a Roman.

Meantime the civil war had all but broken out at home. Cicero hesitated long, and the correspondence with Atticus contains exhaustive analyses of his motives and temptations. His naïve selfishness and vanity at times in these letters seem even like self-caricature. Yet through it all glimmers a vein of real though bewildered patriotism. Still the craving for a triumph—he had fought some savage mountain clans in Asia Minor!—was hardly less dominant.

Repairing late and with many misgivings to Pompey's camp in Epirus, Cicero seems to have been there a "not unfeared, half-welcome" and critical guest. Illness is his excuse for absence from the decisive battle. He himself tells us little of these days. As Plutarch relates the tale, after Pompey's flight to Egypt Cicero refused the supreme command, and was thereupon threatened with death by young Gneius Pompey; but his life was saved by Cato.

One thing at least is undisputed. The last man to decide for Pompey's cause, he was the first to hurry back to Italy and crave Cæsar's grace! For many months he waited in ignoble retirement, fearing the success of his deserted comrades even more than Cæsar's victory. It is this action that gives the *coup de grâce* to Cicero's character as a hero. With whatever misgivings, he had chosen his side. Whatever disturbing threats of violent revenge after victory he heard in Pompey's camp, he awaited the decisive battle. Then there remained, for any brave man, only constancy in defeat—or a fall upon his sword.

Throughout Cæsar's brief reign,—or long dictatorship,—from 48 to 44, Cicero is the most stately and the most obsequious of courtiers. For him who would plead for clemency, or return thanks for mercy accorded, at a despot's footstool, there are no more graceful models than the "Pro Ligario" and the "Pro Marcello." Cæsar himself realized, and wittily remarked, how irksome and hateful such a part must be to the older, vainer, more self-conscious man of the twain.

Midway in this period Cicero divorced his wife after thirty years of wedlock, seemingly from some dissatisfaction over her financial management, and soon after married a wealthy young ward. This is the least pleasing chapter of his

private life, but perhaps the mortification and suffering it entailed were a sufficient penalty. His only daughter Tullia's death in 45 B.C. nearly broke the father's heart.

Whatever the reason, Cicero was certainly not in the secret of Cæsar's assassination. Twice in letters to members of the conspiracy in later months he begins: "How I wish you had invited me to your glorious banquet on the Ides of March." "There would have been no remnants," he once adds. That is, Antony would not have been left alive.

We have now reached the last two years—perhaps the most creditable time—in Cicero's eventful life. This period runs from March 15th, 44 B.C., to December 7th, 43 B.C. It was one long struggle, first covert, then open, between Antony and the slayers of Cæsar. Cicero's energy and eloquence soon made him the foremost voice in the Senate once more. For the first time since his exile, he is now speaking out courageously his own real sentiments. His public action is in harmony with his own convictions. The cause was not hopeless by any means, so far as the destruction of Antony would have been a final triumph. Indeed, that wild career seemed near its end, when Octavian's duplicity again threw the game into his rival's reckless hands. However, few students of history imagine that any effective restoration of senatorial government was possible. The peculiar pathos of Cicero's end, patriot as he was, is this: it removed one of the last great obstacles to the only stable and peaceful rule Rome could receive—the imperial throne of Augustus.

This last period is however among the most creditable, perhaps the most heroic, in Cicero's career. Its chief memorials are the fourteen extant orations against Antony. The comparative sincerity of these "Philippics," and the

lack of private letters for much of this time, make them important historical documents. The only one which ranks among his greatest productions—perhaps the classic masterpiece of invective—is the "Second Philippic." This was never delivered at all, but published as a pamphlet. This unquestioned fact throws a curious light on passages like—"He is agitated, he perspires, he turns pale!" describing Antony at the (imaginary) delivery of the oration. The details of the behavior of Catiline and others may be hardly more authentic. The "Ninth Philippic" is a heartfelt funeral eulogy on that same Sulpicius whom he had ridiculed in the "Pro Murena."

"The milestones into headstones turn,
And under each a friend."

A fragment from one of Livy's lost books says, "Cicero bore with becoming spirit none of the ills of life save death itself." He indeed perished not only bravely but generously, dissuading his devoted slaves from useless resistence, and extending his neck to Antony's assassins. Verres lived to exult at the news, and then shared his enemy's fate, rather than give up his Greek vases to Antony! Nearly every Roman, save Nero, dies well.

Upon Cicero's political career our judgment is already indicated. He was always a patriot at heart, though often a bewildered one. His vanity, and yet more his physical cowardice, caused some grievous blots upon the record. His last days, and death, may atone for all—save one. The precipitate desertion of the Pompeians is not to be condoned.

The best English life of Cicero is by Forsyth; but quaint, dogged, prejudiced old Middleton should not be forgotten. Plutarch's Cicero "needs no bush."

Cicero's oratory was splendidly effective upon his emotional Italian hearers. It would not be so patiently accepted by any Teutonic folk. His very copiousness, however, makes him as a rule wonderfully clear and easy reading. Quintilian well says: "From Demosthenes's periods not a word can be spared, to Cicero's not one could be added."

Despite the rout of Verres and of Catiline, the merciless dissection of Clodia, and the statelier thunders of the "Philippics," Cicero was most successful and happiest when "defending the interests of his friends." Perhaps the greatest success against justice was the "Pro Cluentio," which throws so lurid a light on ante-Borgian Italian criminology. This speech is especially recommended by Niebuhr to young philologues as a nut worthy of the strongest teeth. There is a helpful edition by Ramsey, but Hertland's "Murena" will be a pleasanter variation for students wearying of the beaten track followed by the school editions. Both the failure of the "Pro Milone" and the world-wide success of the "Pro Archia" bid us repeat the vain wish, that this humane and essentially modern nature might have fallen on a gentler age. Regarding his whole political life as an uncongenial rôle forced on him by fate, we return devout thanks for *fifty-eight* orations, nearly all in revised and finished literary form! Fragments of seventeen, and titles of still thirty more, yet remain. From all his rivals, predecessors, pupils, not one authentic speech survives.

The best complete edition of the orations with English notes is by George Long, in the Bibliotheca Classica. The "Philippics" alone are better edited by J. R. King in the Clarendon Press series. School editions of select speeches are superabundant. They regularly include the four Catilinarians, the Manilian, and the pleas before the dictator,

sometimes a selection from the "Philippics" or Verrine orations.

There is no masterly translation comparable with the fine work done by Kennedy for Demosthenes. The Bohn version is respectable in quality.

Among Cicero's numerous works on rhetoric the chief is the "De Oratore." Actually composed in 55 B.C., it is a dialogue, the scene set in 91 B.C., the characters being the chief Roman orators of that day. L. Crassus, who plays the host gracefully at his Tusculan country-seat, is also the chief speaker. These men were all known to Cicero in his boyhood, but most of them perished soon after in the Marian proscriptions. Of real character-drawing there is little, and all alike speak in graceful Ciceronian periods. The exposition of the technical parts of rhetoric goes on in leisurely wise, with copious illustrations and digressions. There is much pleasant repetition of commonplaces. Wilkins's edition of the "De Oratore" is a good but not an ideal one. The introductions are most helpful. Countless discussions on etymology, etc., in the notes, should be relegated to the dictionaries. Instead, we crave adequate cross-references to passages in this and other works. The notes seem to be written too largely piecemeal, each with the single passage in mind.

In Cicero's "Brutus," written in 46 B.C., Cicero, Brutus, and Atticus carry on the conversation, but it is mostly a monologue of Cicero and a historical sketch of Roman oratory. The affected modesty of the autobiographic parts is diverting. Brutus was the chief exponent of a terse, simple, direct oratory,—far nearer, we judge, to English taste than the Ciceronian; and the opposition between them already appears. A convenient American edition is that by Kellogg (Ginn).

The opposition just mentioned comes out more clearly in the "Orator." This portrays the ideal public speaker. His chief accomplishments are summed up in versatility,—the power to adapt himself to any case and audience. An interesting passage discusses the rhythms of prose. This book has been elaborately edited by J. E. Sandys. In these three dialogues Cicero says everything of importance, at least once; and the other rhetorical works in the Corpus may be neglected here, the more as the most practical working rhetoric among them all, the "Auctor ad Herennium," is certainly not Cicero's. It is probably by Cornificius, and is especially important as the *first* complete prose work transmitted to us in authentic Latin form. (Cato's "De Re Rustica" has been "modernized.")

The later history of the Ciceronian correspondence is a dark and much contested field. (The most recent discussion, with bibliography, is by Schanz, in Iwan Müller's Handbuch, Vol. viii., pp. 238–243.) Probably Cicero's devoted freedman Tiro laid the foundations of our collections. The part of Petrarch in recovering the letters during the "Revival of Learning" was much less than has been supposed.

The letters themselves are in wild confusion. There are four collections, entitled "To Atticus," "To Friends," "To Brother Marcus," "To Brutus": altogether over eight hundred epistles, of which a relatively small number are written *to* Cicero by his correspondents. The order is not chronological, and the dates can in many cases only be conjectured. Yet these letters afford us our chief sources for the history of this great epoch,—and the best insight we can ever hope to have into the private life of Roman gentlemen.

The style of the cynical, witty Cælius, or of the learned

lawyer Sulpicius, differs perceptibly in detail from Cicero's own; yet it is remarkable that all seem able to write clearly if not gracefully. Cicero's own style varies very widely. The letters to Atticus are usually colloquial, full of unexplained allusions, sometimes made intentionally obscure and pieced out with a Greek phrase, for fear of the carrier's treachery! Other letters again, notably a long "Apologia" addressed to Lentulus after Cicero's return from exile, are as plainly addressed in reality to the public or to posterity as are any of the orations.

Prof. R. Y. Tyrrell has long been engaged upon an annotated edition of all the letters in chronological order. This will be of the utmost value. An excellent selection, illustrating the orator's public life chiefly, has been published by Prof. Albert Watson. This volume contains also very full tables of dates, bibliography of all Cicero's works, and in general is indispensable for the advanced Latin student. The same letters annotated by Professor Watson have been delightfully translated by G. E. Jeans. To this volume, rather than to Forsyth's biography, the English reader should turn to form his impressions of Cicero at first hand. It is a model of scholarly—and also literary—translation.

The "New Academy," to which Cicero inclined in philosophy, was skeptical in its tendencies, and regarded absolute truth as unattainable. This made it easier for Cicero to cast his transcriptions in the form of dialogues, revealing the beliefs of the various schools through the lips of the several interlocutors. Thus the "De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum" sets forth in three successive conversations the ideas of Epicureans, of Stoics, and of the Academy, on the Highest Good. It is perhaps the chief of these treatises,—though we would still prefer to have even those later compen-

diums of the Greek schools through which Cicero probably cited the chief philosophers at second hand! J. S. Reid, an eminent English scholar, has spent many years upon this dialogue, and his work includes a masterly translation.

With a somewhat similar plan, the three books of the "De Natura Deorum" contain the views of the three schools on the Divine Beings. The speakers are Cicero's Roman contemporaries. This rather sketchy work has been annotated by J. B. Mayor in his usual exhaustive manner. The now fragmentary dialogue entitled "The Republic," and its unfinished supplement, "The Laws," were composed and named in avowed rivalry with Plato's two largest works, but fail to approach the master. The Roman Constitution is defended as the ideal mingling of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. The student of pure literature can for the most part neglect these, and others among the hastily written philosophic works, with the explicit approval of so indefatigable a student as Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve.

The chief fragment preserved of the "Republic" is the "Dream of Scipio." Its dependence on the vision at the close of Plato's "Republic" should be carefully observed. It may be fairly described as a free translation and enlargement from Greek originals, of which Plato's passage is the chief. Plagiarism was surely viewed quite otherwise then than now. Still, the Roman additions and modifications are interesting also,—and even as a translator Cicero is no ordinary cicerone! Moreover, in this as in so many other examples, the Latin paraphrase had a wider and more direct influence than the original. It has been accepted with justice ever since, as the final and most hopeful pagan word in favor of the soul's immortality. The lover of Chaucer will recall the genial paraphrase of "Scipio's Dream" in

the " Parliament of Foules " (stanzas 5–12). We give below, entire, in our quotations from Cicero, the masterly version of the " Dream," prepared by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury for his edition of Chaucer's poems. The speaker is the younger Scipio Africanus, and his visit to Africa as a subaltern here described was in 149 B.C., three years previous to his own decisive campaign against Carthage which ended in the destruction of the city.

Cicero shared in full the Roman tendency to give a practical, an ethical turn to all metaphysical discussion. This is prominent in the popular favorite among his larger volumes, the " Tusculan Disputations." In each of the five related books a thesis is stated negatively, to be triumphantly reversed later on:—

(1) " Death seems to me an evil."

(2) " I think pain the greatest of all evils."

(3) " Misery seems to me to befall the wise man."

(4) " It does not appear to me that the wise man can be secure from distress of mind.

(5) " Character does not seem to me sufficient for happiness in life."

The original portion of this work is relatively large, and many Roman illustrations occur. Dr. Peabody has included the Tusculans, the two brief essays next mentioned, and the " De Officiis," in his excellent series of versions (Little, Brown and Company).

The little dialogue on " Old Age " is perhaps most read of all Cicero's works. Its best thoughts, it must be confessed, are freely borrowed from the opening pages of Plato's " Republic." Still, on his theme of universal human interest, the Roman also offers much pleasant food for thought. The moderation of the Greek is forgotten by

Cicero, the professional advocate and special pleader, who almost cries out to us at last:—

> "Grow old along with me:
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made!"

It was written in 45–4 B.C. The other little essay "On Friendship" does not deserve to be bound up in such good company, though it usually is so edited. Bacon's very brief essay has more meat in it. Cicero had many good friends, but fully trusted hardly any one of them—not even Atticus. It was an age which put friendship to fearful trial, and the typical Roman seems to us rather selfish and cold. Certainly this essay is in a frigid tone. Professor Gildersleeve, I believe, has likened it to a treatise of Xenophon on hunting, so systematically is the *pursuit* of friends discussed.

Perhaps the most practical among Roman Manuals of Morals is the treatise on Duties ("De Officiis"), in three books. Here the personal experience of sixty years is drawn upon, avowedly for the edification of young Marcus, the author's unworthy son. This sole Ciceronian survivor of Antony's massacres lived to be famous for his capacity in wine-drinking, and to receive officially, as consul under Augustus, the news of Antony's final defeat and death—a dramatic revenge.

Most of these philosophic treaties were composed near the end of Cicero's life, largely in one marvelously productive year, 45–4 B.C., just previous to the slaying of Cæsar. Not all even of the extant works have been catalogued here. The "Academica" and "De Divinatione" should at least be mentioned.

Such were Cicero's distractions, when cut off from political life and oratory, and above all when bereft by Tullia's

death. The especial "Consolatio," composed to regain his courage after this blow, must head the list of lost works. It took a most pessimistic view of human life, for which it was reproved by Lactantius. Another perished essay, the "Hortensius," introducing the whole philosophic series, upheld Milton's thesis, "How charming is divine philosophy," and first turned the thoughts of Augustine to serious study.

Cicero's poems, chiefly translations, are extant in copious fragments. They show metrical facility, a little taste, no creative imagination at all. A final proof of his unresting activity is his attempt to write history. Few even among professional advocates could have less of the temper for mere narration and truth. Indeed, reasonable disregard for the latter trammel is frankly urged upon a friend who was to write upon the illustrious moments of Cicero's own career!

We said at first that the caprice of fate had exaggerated some sides of Cicero's activity, by removing all competitors. In any case, however, his supremacy among Italian orators, and in the ornate discursive school of eloquence generally could not have been questioned.

Yet more: as a stylist he lifted a language hitherto poor in vocabulary, and stiff in phrase, to a level it never afterward surpassed. Many words he successfully coined, chiefly either by translation or free imitation of Greek originals. His clear, copious, rhythmical phrase was even more fully his own creation. Indeed, at the present moment, four or five great forms of living speech testify to Cicero's amazing mastery over both word and phrase. The eloquence of Castelar, Crispi, and Gambetta, of Gladstone and of Everett, is shot through and through, in all its warp and woof, with

golden Ciceronian threads. The "Archias" speaks to any appreciative student of Western Europe, as it were, in a mother tongue which dominates his vernacular speech. Human language, then, has become a statelier memorial of Cicero than even his vanity can ever have imagined.

CÆSAR

(100–44 B.C.)

BY J. H. WESTCOTT.

"TRULY a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar," says Captain Miles Standish. Truly wonderful he was on each of his many sides: as soldier, statesman, orator, and author, all of the first rank—and a respectable critic, man of science and poet besides.

As a writer of Latin prose, and as an orator, he was second to Cicero alone in the age that is called the Ciceronian; and no third is to be named with these two. Yet among his contemporaries his literary power was an insignificant title to fame, compared with his overwhelming military and political genius. Here he stood alone, unrivaled, the most successful conqueror and civilizer of all history, the founder of the most majestic political fabric the world has ever seen. There have been other generals, statesmen, authors, as great as Cæsar; but the extraordinary combination of powers in this one man goes very far toward making good the claim that he was the most remarkable man in history.

He was born 100 B.C., a member of the great Julian *gens,* which claimed descent from Æneas and Venus, the glories of which are celebrated in Vergil's immortal epic. Thus the future leader of the turbulent democracy, and the future despot who was to humble the nobles of Rome, was by birth an aristocrat of bluest blood. His life might easily

have come to an untimely end in the days of Sulla's bloody ascendency, for he was connected by marriage with Marius and Cinna. Sulla was persuaded to spare him, but clearly saw, even then, that "in Cæsar there were many Mariuses."

All young Romans of rank were expected to go through a term of at least nominal military service. Cæsar's apprenticeship was in Asia Minor in 80 B.C. He distinguished himself at the storming of Mytilene, and afterward served in Cilicia. He began his political and oratorical career by the prosecution of Cornelius Dolabella, one of the nobility, on a charge of extortion. About 75 B.C. he was continuing his studies at Rhodes, then a famous school of eloquence. Obtaining the quæstorship in 67 B.C., he was assigned to duty in the province of Further Spain. Two years later he became ædile. At the age of thirty-seven he was elected *pontifex maximus* over two powerful competitors. Entirely without religious belief, as far as we can judge, he recognized the importance of this portion of the civil order, and mastered the intricate lore of the established ceremonial. In this office, which he held for life, he busied himself with a Digest of the Auspices and wrote an essay on Divination.

After filling the prætorship in 62 B.C., he obtained, as proprætor, the governorship of his old province of Further Spain, which he was destined to visit twice in later years as conqueror in civil war. His military success at this time against the native tribes was such as to entitle him to the honor of a triumph. This he was obliged to forego in order to stand at once for the consulship, which office he held for the year 59 B.C. He had previously entered into a private agreement with Pompey and Crasus, known as the First Triumvirate. Cæsar had always presented himself as the friend of the people; Pompey was the most famous man of

the time, covered with military laurels, and regarded, though not with perfect confidence, as the champion of the Senatorial party. Crassus, a man of ordinary ability, was valuable to the other two on account of his enormous wealth. These three men agreed to unite their interests and their influence. In accordance with this arrangement Cæsar obtained the consulship, and then the command for five years, afterward extended to ten, of the provinces of Gaul and Illyricum. It was while proconsul of Gaul in the years 58–50 B.C. that he subjugated and organized "All Gaul," which was far greater in extent than the country which is now France; increased his own political and material resources; and above all formed an army, the most highly trained and efficient the world had yet seen, entirely faithful to himself, by means of which he was able in the years 49–46 B.C. to defeat all his political antagonists and to gain absolute power over the State.

He held the consulship again in 48 and 46 B. C., and was consul without a colleague in 45 and 44 B.C., as well as dictator with authority to remodel the Constitution. While his far-reaching plans of organization and improvement were incomplete, and when he was about to start upon a war against the Parthians on the eastern frontier of the empire, he was murdered March 15th, 44 B.C., by a band of conspirators headed by Brutus and Cassius.

For purposes of a literary judgment of Cæsar we have of his own works in complete or nearly complete form his military memoirs only. His specifically literary works have all perished. A few sentences from his speeches, a few of his letters, a few wise or witty sayings, an anecdote or two scattered about in the pages of other authors, and six lines of hexameter verse, containing a critical estimate of the

dramatist Terence, are all that remain as specimens of what is probably forever lost to us.

An enumeration of his works, so far as their titles are known, is the best evidence of his versatility. A bit of criticism here and there shows the estimation in which Cæsar the writer and orator was held by his countrymen and contemporaries. Besides the military memoirs and the works spoken of above in connection with his pontificate, we may mention, as of a semi-official character, his astronomical treatise On the Stars (De Astris), published in connection with his reform of the calendar, when dictator, shortly before the end of his life.

Cicero alludes to a collection of witty sayings (Apophthegms) made by Cæsar, with evident satisfaction at the latter's ability to distinguish the real and the false Ciceronian *bons mots*.

Like most Roman gentlemen, Cæsar wrote in youth several poems, of which Tacitus grimly says that they were not better than Cicero's. This list includes a tragedy, "Œdipus," "Laudes Herculis" (the Praises of Hercules), and a metrical account of a journey into Spain (Iter).

A grammatical treatise in two books (De Analogia), dedicated to Cicero, to the latter's immence gratification, was written on one of the numerous swift journeys from Italy to headquarters in Gaul. Passages from it are quoted by several subsequent writers, and an anecdote preserved by Aulus Gellius in his Noctes Atticæ I, 10. 4, wherein a young man is warned by Cæsar to avoid unusual and far-fetched language "like a rock," is supposed to be very characteristic of his general attitude in matters of literary taste. The "Anticatones" were a couple of political pamphlets ridiculing Cato, the idol of the republicans. This was small busi-

ness for Cæsar, but Cato had taken rather a mean advantage by his dramatic suicide at Utica, and deprived Cæsar of the "pleasure of pardoning him."

Of Cæsar's orations we have none but the most insignificant fragments—our judgment of them must be based on the testimony of ancient critics. Quintilian speaks in the same paragraph (Quintilian X. 1, 114) of the "wonderful elegance of his language" and of the "force" which made it "seem that he spoke with the same spirit with which he fought." Cicero's phrase "*magnifica et generosa*" (Cicero, Brutus, 261), and Fronto's "*facultas dicendi imperatoria*" (Fronto, Ep. p. 123), indicate "some kind of severe magnificence."

Collections of his letters were extant in the second century, but nothing now remains except a few brief notes to Cicero, copied by the latter in his correspondence with Atticus. This loss is perhaps the one most to be regretted. Letters reveal their author's personality better than more formal species of composition, and Cæsar was almost the last real letter-writer, the last who used in its perfection the polished, cultivated, conversational language, the *sermo urbanus*.

But after all, we possess the most important of his writings, the Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars. The first may be considered as a formal report to the Senate and the public on the conduct of his Gallic campaigns; the latter, as primarily intended for a defense of his constitutional position in the Civil War.

They are memoirs, half way between private notes and formal history. Cicero says that while their author "desired to give others the material out of which to create a history, he may perhaps have done a kindness to conceited

writers who wish to trick them out with meretricious graces" (to "crimp with curling-irons"), "but he has deterred all men of sound taste from ever touching them. For in history a pure and brilliant conciseness of style is the highest attainable beauty." "They are worthy of all praise, for they are simple, straightforward, and elegant, with all rhetorical ornament stripped from them as a garment is stripped." (Cicero, Brutus, 262.)

The seven books of the Gallic War are each the account of a year's campaigning. They were written apparently in winter quarters. When Cæsar entered on the administration of his province it was threatened with invasion. The Romans hed never lost their dread of the northern barbarians, nor forgotten the capture of Rome three centuries before. Only a generation back, Marius had become the national hero by destroying the invading hordes of Cimbri and Teutones. Cæsar purposed to make the barbarians tremble at the Roman name. This first book of the Commentaries tells how he raised an army in haste, with which he outmarched, outmanœuvred and defeated the Helvetian nation. This people, urged by pressure behind and encouragement in front, had determined to leave its old home in the Alpine valleys and to settle in the fairer regions of southeastern France. Surprised and dismayed by Cæsar's terrific reception of their supposed invincible host, they had to choose between utter destruction and a tame return, with sadly diminished numbers, to their old abodes. Nor was this all the work of the first year. Ariovistus, a German king, also invited by a Gallic tribe, and relying on the terror of his nation's name, came to establish himself and his people on the Gallic side of the Rhine. He too was astonished at the tone with which Cæsar ordered him to depart,

but soon found himself forced to return far more quickly than he had come.

Having thus vindicated the Roman claim to the frontiers of Gaul against other invaders, the proconsul devoted his second summer to the subjugation of the Belgæ, the most warlike and the most remote of the Gauls. The second book tells how this was accomplished. There was one moment when the conqueror's career came near ending prematurely. One of the Belgian tribes, the valiant Nervii, surprised and nearly defeated the Roman army. But steady discipline and the dauntless courage of the commander, never so great as in moments of mortal peril, saved the day, and the Nervii are immortalized as the people who nearly destroyed Cæsar.

These unprecedented successes all round the eastern and northern frontiers thoroughly established Roman prestige and strengthened Rome's supremacy over the central Gauls, who were already her allies, at least in name. But much yet remained to do. The work was but fairly begun. The third book tells of the conquest of the western tribes. The most interesting episode is the creation of a fleet and the naval victory over the Venéti on the far-away coast of Brittany. In the fourth year Cæsar crossed the Rhine, after building a wonderful wooden bridge in ten days, carried fire and sword among the Germans on the further bank, and returned to his side of the river, destroying the bridge behind him. Modern schoolboys wish he had never built it. Later in the season he made an expedition into Britain. This was followed in the fifth year by an invasion of the island in greater force. To people of our race this portion of the Commentaries is especially interesting. The southern part of the country was overrun, the Thames was crossed

some miles above London, and several victories were gained, but no organized conquest was attempted. That remained for the age of Claudius and later emperors.

During the ensuing winter, on account of the scarcity of provisions, the Roman troops had to be quartered in separate detachments at long distances. One of these was treacherously destroyed by the Gauls, and the others were saved only by the extraordinary quickness with which Cæsar marched to their relief on hearing of their imminent danger. The chief part in this rising had been taken by the Eburones, led by their king Ambiorix. A large part of the sixth book is occupied with the recital of Cæsar's vengeance upon these people and their abettors, and with the vain pursuit of Ambiorix. The remainder contains an elaborate contrast of the manners and customs of the Gauls and Germans, which forms an important source for the history of the primitive institutions of these nations. The seventh book is the thrilling tale of the formidable rising of all the Gauls against their conquerors, under the leadership of Vercingetorix, an Arvernian chief. This man was a real hero,—brave, patriotic, resourceful, perhaps the only worthy antagonist that Cæsar ever met. This war strained to the utmost Cæsar's abilities and the disciplined valor of his legions. The Gauls nearly succeeded in undoing all the work of six years, in destroying the Roman army and in throwing off the Roman yoke. In this campaign, more conspicuously than ever before, Cæsar's success was due to the unexampled rapidity of his movements. So perfect had become the training of his troops and their confidence in his ability to win under all circumstances, that after a campaign of incredible exertions they triumphed over the countless hosts of their gallant foes, and in the next two years

the last embers of Gaulish independence were finally stamped out. In all his later wars, Cæsar never had anything to fear from Gaul. As we read the story of Avaricum, of Gergovia, of Alesia, our sympathy goes out to the brave barbarians who were fighting for liberty—but we have to remember that though the cause of freedom failed, the cause of civilization triumphed. The eighth book, containing the account of the next two years, 51 and 50 B.C., was written by one of Cæsar's officers, Aulus Hirtius.

The first book of the Civil War begins with the year 49 B.C., where the struggle between Cæsar and the Senatorial party opens with his crossing of the Rubicon, attended by the advanced guard of his legions. Pompey proved a broken reed to those who leaned upon him, and Cæsar's conquest of the Italian peninsula was little else than a triumphal progress through the country. The enemy retired to the eastern shore of the Adriatic to muster the forces of the East on the side of the aristocracy, leaving Cæsar in possession of the capital and of the machinery of government. The latter part of the book contains the account of the campaign against Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, which was won almost without bloodshed, by masterly strategy, and which ended with the complete possession of the peninsula. The second book describes the capture of Marseilles after a long siege, and the tragic defeat and death of Curio, a brave but rash young officer sent by Cæsar to secure the African province. In the third book (48 B.C.) we have the story of the campaign against Pompey; first the audacious blockade for months of Pompey's greatly superior forces near Dyrrachium on the Illyrian coast: and when that failed, of the long march into Thessaly, where Pompey was at last forced into battle, against his judgment, by his own officers,

on the fatal plains of Pharsalia; of the annihilation of the Senatorial army; of Pompey's flight to Egypt; of his treacherous murder there; of Cæsar's pursuit. The books on the Alexandrian, the African, and the Spanish wars, which continue the narrative down to Cæsar's final victory at Munda in southern Spain, are by other and inferior hands. The question of their authorship has been the subject of much controversy and conjecture.

Under this modest title of "Commentaries," in the guise of a simple narrative of events, Cæsar puts forth at once an inimitable history and a masterly apology. The author speaks of himself in the third person, tells of the circumstances of each situation in a quiet moderate way, which carries with it the conviction on the reader's part of his entire truthfulness, accuracy, and candor. We are persuaded that the Cæsar about whom he tells could not have acted otherwise than he did. In short, he exercises the same spell over our minds that he cast over the hearts of men twenty centuries ago.

There is nothing that so fascinates and enchains the imagination of men as power in another man. This man could captivate a woman by his sweetness or tame an angry mob of soldiers with a word; could mold the passions of a corrupt democracy or exterminate a nation in a day; could organize an empire or polish an epigram. His strength was terrible. But all this immense power was marvelously balanced and under perfect control. Nothing was too small for his delicate tact. Nothing that he did was so difficult but we feel he could have done more. Usually his means seemed inadequate to his ends. But it was Cæsar who used them.

The Commentaries show us this man at his work. They show him as an organizer of armies and alliances, a wily

diplomatist, an intrepid soldier, an efficient administrator, a strategist of inspired audacity, a tactician of endless resources, an engineer of infinite inventiveness, an unerring judge of men. But he never boasts, except in speeches to hearten discouraged troops. He does not vilify or underrate his enemies.

His soldiers trusted him implicitly; there was no limit to their zeal. They found in him a generous appreciation of their deeds. Many a soldier and centurion has received immortality at his hands as the guerdon of valor. He describes a victory of Labienus with as much satisfaction as if it had been his own, and praises another lieutenant for his prudent self-restraint when tempted by a prospect of success. And he tells with hearty admiration of the devoted Gauls who sacrificed their lives one after another in a post of danger at Avaricum. Even in the Civil War no officers deserted him except Labienus and two Gaulish chiefs.

It was difficult to deceive him. His analysis of other men's motives is as merciless as it is passionless. He makes us disapprove the course of his antagonists with the same moderate but convincing statement with which he recommends his own. Few men can have had as few illusions as he. One would scarcely care to possess such an insight into the hearts of others. He seems to feel little warmth of indignation, and never indulges in invective. But woe to those who stood in the way of the accomplishment of his objects. Dreadful was the punishment of those who revolted after making peace. Still, even his vengeance seems dictated by policy rather than by passion. He is charged with awful cruelty because he slew a million men and sold another million into slavery. But he did not enjoy human suffering. These were simply necessary incidents in the

execution of his plans. It is hard to see how European civilization could have proceeded without the conquest of Gaul, and it is surely better to make a conquest complete, rapid, overpowering, that the work may have to be done but once.

It is hard not to judge men by the standards of our own age. The ancients rarely felt an international humanity, and in his own time "Cæsar's clemency" was proverbial. As he was always careful not to waste in useless fighting the lives of his soldiers, so he was always true to his own precept, "Spare the citizens." The way in which he repeatedly forgave his enemies when they were in his power was an example to many a Christian conqueror. The best of his antagonists showed themselves bloodthirsty in word or act; and most of them, not excepting Cicero, were basely ungrateful for his forbearance. His treatment of Cicero was certainly most handsome—our knowledge of it is derived mainly from Cicero's letters. Perhaps this magnanimity was dashed with a tinge of kindly contempt for his fellow-citizens; but whatever its motives, it was certainly wise and benign at the beginning of the new era he was inaugurating. He was no vulgar destroyer, and did not desire to ruin in order to rule.

He is charged with ambition, the sin by which the angels fell. It is not for us to fathom the depths of his mighty mind. Let us admit the charge. But it was not an ignoble ambition. Let us say that he was so ambitious that he laid the foundations of the Roman Empire and of modern France; that his services to civilization and his plans for humanity were so broad that patriots were driven to murder him.

Some of Cæsar's eulogists have claimed for him a moral greatness corresponding to his transcendent mental power.

This is mistaken zeal. He may stand as the supreme representative of the race in the way of practical executive intellect. It is poor praise to put him into another order of men, with Plato or with Paul. Their greatness was of another kind. We cannot speak of degrees. He is the exponent of creative force in political history—not of speculative or ethical power.

Moreover, with all his originality of conception and power of execution, Cæsar lacked that kind of imagination which makes the true poet, the real creative artist in literature. Thus we observe the entire absence of the pictorial element in his writings. There is no trace of his ever being affected by the spectacular incidents of warfare nor by the grandeur of the natural scenes through which he passed. The reason may be that his intellect was absorbed in the contemplation of men and motives, of means and ends. We cannot conceive of his ever having been carried out of himself by the rapture of inspiration. Such clearness of mental perception is naturally accompanied by a certain coolness of temperament. A man of superlative greatness must live more or less alone among his fellows. With his immense grasp of the relations of things in the world, Cæsar cannot have failed to regard men to some extent as the counters in a great game—himself the player. So he used men, finding them instruments—efficient and zealous, often—of his far-reaching plans. He was just in rewarding their services—more than just: he was generous and kind. But he did not have real associates, real friends; therefore it is not surprising that he met with so little gratitude. Even his diction shows this independence, this isolation. It would be difficult to find an author of any nation in a cultivated age so free from the influence of the language of his predecessors. Cæsar was unique among the great Roman

writers in having been born at the capital. Appropriately he is the incarnation of the specifically Roman spirit in literature, as Cicero was the embodiment of the Italian, the Hellenic, the cosmopolitan spirit.

Toward the close of Cæsar's career there are some signs of weariness observable—a certain loss of serenity, a suspicion of vanity, a dimming of his penetrating vision into the men about him. The only wonder is that mind and body had not succumbed long before to the prodigious strain put upon them. Perhaps it is well that he died when he did, hardly past his prime. So he went to his setting, like the other "weary Titan," leaving behind him a brightness which lasted all through the night of the Dark Ages. Cæsar died, but the imperial idea of which he was the first embodiment has proved the central force of European political history even down to our time.

Such is the man who speaks to us from his pages still. He was a man who did things rather than a man who said things. Yet who could speak so well? His mastery of language was perfect, but in the same way as his mastery of other instruments. Style with him was a means rather than an end. He had the training which others of his kind enjoyed. Every Roman noble had to learn oratory. But Cæsar wrote and spoke with a faultless taste and a distinction that no training could impart. So we find in his style a beauty which does not depend upon ornament, but upon perfect proportion; a diction plain and severe almost to baldness; absolute temperateness of expression. The descriptions are spirited, but never made so by strained rhetoric; the speeches are brief, manly, business-like; the arguments calm and convincing; always and everywhere the language of a strong man well inside the limits of his power.

LUTHER

(1483–1546)

BY CHESTER D. HARTRANFT

THE transition from the mediæval to the modern world was not at all violent, although we persist in making the lines of demarcation strangely sharp and abrupt. The forces that produced the changes were not all generated at once, nor did they combine in any visible contemporary or sequential unity. They were at first independent, and had been evolved by many unrelated, pent-up thoughts and far-removed energies. The fact of the fusion of all these elements was first discernible in the effects produced; gradually the higher principle became patent enough, however discordant and undesigned the human effort seemed to be; and at last they mingled in an unbroken resultant. Distinctly greater than the modifications produced in politics, literature, economics, and commerce by the currents of the time, was that introduced into religion. During centuries had the desire for freedom, simplicity, and equality sought expression. Individuals and orders had labored for these in extremest sacrifice within the very heart of the mediæval church. The Separatist fraternities, which had transmitted their beliefs and aspirations from one age to another, now suddenly found the door open. One superior voice gave utterance to that blended longing. Martin Luther felt within himself the ancient ferment, and struggled experimentally to meet the spiritual impulse and need

of his day. Those primitive truths, the universal priesthood of believers, the right and responsibility of the individual to think and answer for himself, the immediacy of Divine authority, the direct union with God, the overshadowing superior of the spiritual community of saints, were the themes which had been agitated all along; but which he discussed afresh, and sought to establish not only as concepts but as realities. He compelled their recognition for all time. The revived ideas became the basis of a new order in society and in the State, as well as in the church. They infused the spirit of progress along noble lines, and instituted endless controversies in the spheres of literature, education, discovery, and economics. None of these realms can ever rest: they must ever search after the ideal underlying these truths, which demand universal recognition and practice. They necessitated continuous growth from the lower to the higher, and violent revolution must ensue where that change is arrested.

It was not without significance that Luther was of peasant origin (born November 10, 1483); that he was bred under severe home discipline, against which his sensitive nature revolted; that his academic training was in the central schools of Eisleben, Magdeburg, and Eisenach; that he was familiar with the poverty of student life. The University of Erfurt had felt the breath of the new learning, and was already a pioneer of humanism. It gave him his degrees in the liberal arts and philosophy. Hardly had he begun his legal studies before his religious sentiment, accentuated by a series of external experiences, led him to become a monk of the Augustinian order, in which Von Staupitz was steadily restoring the ancient regimen. Now began his studies in theology, his contact with the Bible, and those spiritual

agonies which no official advancement into the priesthood, or teaching chair, could quiet or satisfy. The solution thereof, however, was found in the simple faith of and in Christ. The journey to Rome was of immense practical importance, for it destroyed many illusions.

His call to Wittenberg and final settlement there, after a temporary return to Erfurt, gave him not only authority in his order, but entrance into the office of preacher, exegete, lecturer, and author. Here he found his way to a divine life based purely on the Scriptures. From the controversy concerning indulgences, faith, and good works, and after fruitless efforts to win him back, he came to the disputation at Leipzig to find there the inevitable logic of the movement to a final rupture with the mediæval church. At the Diet of Worms that secession became fixed and political. From this time on there was urgency not only for destructive criticism, but for the reconstruction of Christendom upon the foundation of the spiritual experiences, generated and certified by Scriptural authority. In the quiet retreat of the Wartburg, the thought of this rebuilding possessed him. Among many labors he occupied himself mainly with the translation of the New Testament. He finally gave the Bible to his people in a regenerated tongue.

But the unchained thoughts of the day refused to be held in check. For some men the conservative method of reform was too slow. The incursion of radicals, particularly at Wittenberg, led to his voluntary return, and by the simple weight of his personality the iconoclastic movement was for the most part repressed in that centre. The social revolution inaugurated by the peasants, involving many noble principles and aims, met with his most violent hostility because it had resorted to the sword. To his mind the juncture

of battle was not a time for nice discriminations and balancings. Nor did the efforts at political union on the part of those who adopted his views receive any ardent co-operation from him. For a long time he resisted all thought of even armed defense against hypothetical imperial suppression. Nor would he affiliate with divergent religious standpoints of the Reformation, so as to bring all the moderates into a compromise, in order to widen the Torgau and Smalkald leagues. The Diet of Augsburg, 1530, witnessed a united public, and subscribed confession with its Apology, on the part of the princes and their representatives who had embraced the Lutheran ideas. Gradually the long agitated purpose of an appeal to a general council was also surrendered by him. He softened in some degree toward the formula by which Bucer sought to interpret the Lord's Supper, so that the Wittenberg Concord might become a basis of union.

Among the reconstructive movements were the propagation of his views in many of the German States, the visitation of the churches, provision for education in the new spirit, the formulation of ecclesiastical polity and worship, and the raising of funds for the support of ministry, parishes, and benevolent institutions. His final breach with monasticism had been certified by his marriage and the creation of a beautiful home life, in which he exercised a hospitality that often overtaxed his resources and the willing heart of his wife. Relatives, students, celebrities from all lands were at his table. Some of his devoted admirers have preserved to us his talks upon leading themes and persons. He was the victim of almost uninterrupted bodily suffering, which accentuated his mental and spiritual conflicts; nor did these tend to diminish the harshness and coarseness of his polemics. Sweet-tempered at home and in his personal in-

tercourse with men, he let go his fiercest passions against those adversaries who were worthy of his steel, or he flooded lesser minds with a deluge of satire and proverbs. He was busy with his pen after he had to restrict his teaching and lecturing. In the larger efforts at reunion with the mediæval church, whether by conference or by council, he of course could take no personal part, and indeed showed little practical sympathy with them. He had gathered about him a body of most able coadjutors, whose hearts he had touched. Spalatin, Melanchthon, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, Justus, Jonas, Eber, and others were master minds of whose careers he was the shaping genius; although as a rule he did not seek to exercise any repressive influence upon their liberty of thought and action. His last letters to his wife were as humorous and beautiful as ever. He died in the town of his birth, February 18, 1546, while on a mission to reconcile the Counts Albrecht and Gebhard von Mansfeldt. No man ever received more generous testimony to his worth than did Luther as he was borne to his rest.

His was an extraordinary personality. No one could escape the attraction of his eye or speech. His mighty will conquered his physical ailments. Few men of history have been so prolific in authorship and correspondence. He had a side for Æsop and Terence. He had an ample culture in which the old and the new streams commingled; while it had not the minuteness and polish of the classic models affected by Erasmus and Melanchthon, it was pervaded with an essentially original spirit which vivified and deepened every sentence that he wrote or uttered. This culture was also very broad, and sought invigoration and growth from most of the fresher sources of his time; but especially drew from the perennial fountains of the people's thought and life.

He was a man of and for the people; and yet his works instructed and stimulated the wisest and noblest of his contemporaries. He was full of cheer and humor, and these kept his style sparkling and vivid. Tenderness, wrath, joy, sorrow, were always commingled. Few whom he had charmed—and he drew to him the most of men young and old—could be repelled by even the extremes of his vehemence, amounting sometimes to arrogant brutality. Whom he once loved he seldom forgot. Two widely divergent dispositions were those of Luther and Melanchthon. When his dear Philip proved too pliant, or slowly drifted to another principle of theology, the magnanimity of the lion was not violently disturbed. *Even the most advanced spirits readily acknowledged their debt to the great Doctor.

His character had eminently heroic qualities, which he manifested in his obedience to the pursuit of truth, in spite of halting and deserting friends: in his attitude at Worms; in relieving his princes of all responsibility for him; in his simple leaning upon the protection of God; in his persistent residence at Wittenberg during its frequent visitations by plagues; in his handling of king and princes,—Henry VIII, Duke George, and Duke Henry,—as he did ordinary mortals. His sublime courage and independence have made him the idol of almost the entire church, and have prevented a true analysis of his character, and the acknowledgment of serious defects in his judgment and conduct.

The salient power of his movement lies in the fact that his entire conception of truth and duty was the result of inward struggle, conviction, and experience. The conscience thus educated was imperative. Step by step he won his way to conclusions, until he attained a rich understanding and appreciation of Jesus Christ as Son of man, Son of God, and

Saviour of the world. He spoke from his own heart: no wonder that he could appeal persuasively to the hearts of men. Each process—at Erfurt, Wittenberg, Leipzig, Worms, Coburg—added a new stone to the temple of his life. The entire man underwent a revolution: body, soul, and spirit, were devoted singly and unitedly to the one end. He sought to permeate all life with a higher life, of which certain truths were the expression.

It could not but be, that there would occur contradictions of himself both in speech and conduct during the various stages of his career. A deal of the earlier ideality disappears in the fierceness of later disputes, and in the irresponsiveness of human nature. Some features of the purer spirituality which he first inculcated are obscured and almost obliterated, when he failed to discover any substantial sensibility in the students, ministers, lawyers, citizens, and peasants about him. He practically vacated many points of liberty and equality as he came to organize those who professed adhesion to his principles.

He viewed his work as peculiarly that of a prophet. This was indeed an idea common to reformers of every period; but with him it was not a weak echo of the Old Testament, or an identification with any one of the witnesses of the Apocalypse. He was a real Vox Clamans, inspired by the Holy Spirit and by the existing conditions of that church which he regarded as anti-Christ, by the claims of society and by the confusions of State. Naturally this conception of his call grew into a certain arrogance and dictatorship; for it carried with it the feeling of finality. This accounts for his unbending hostility to every opinion or interpretation that was not in accord with what he deemed must be true. Hence the bitter violence of his letters and treatises against

such typical men as Zwingli and Schwenckfeld; and his resistance to every attempt, save one, to bring upon a single platform the various groups of Protestants. It was this lofty spiritual egoism which made him turn from humanism as an ultimate source of renovation. This impelled him to draw swords with Erasmus; this made him refuse the political expedients of the knights as well as the peasants. Nor would he allow his own Elector, Frederic John or John Frederic, to dictate to him the terms and bounds of his duty; not even in cases which involved the most delicate relations, social and political. His scorn was boundless at every suggestion of surrender or silence.

His influence upon literature was greater than that of any other man of his time: for he did not seek to revive classic models after the method of humanism in its worship of form, nor to use the dead languages as vehicles for the best thought; but endeavored to spiritualize the Renaissance itself, and to build up his vernacular into a strong, fertile, and beautiful language. He distinctly says that he delved into the colloquial patois, into the Saxon official speech (which had a sort of first place), into proverbs, and into the folk literature, to construct out of these sources, under the leadership of the Saxon, one popular, technical, and literary tongue. He laid the basis thereby for the splendid literature of Germany, which not even the classical or French affectations could destroy. It is not easy to overestimate the creative influence on literature of Luther's translation of the Bible. Hardly less potent was his influence in baptizing music and song with the new spirit; for he had a genuine artistic instinct, if little of technical ability. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find him renovating education in all its grades; and with such a radical conception of its value,

comprehensiveness, and method as not even Melanchthon attained unto.

The infusion of his principles touched society and the State in ways that he little imagined. He was a devoted patriot, and longed to lift the German people out of their vices, and to remove the occasion for that contempt with which other nationalities regarded them. It was by very slow degrees, and in the end after all somewhat hazily, that the thought of the German nation as greater than the Holy Roman German Empire gained ground in his mind. It was long before his worshipful nature could read Charles V in his true characteristics. The right of defense was denied by him until he could look upon the Emperor as a tool of the Pope. But the upheavals of the times produced by his single-hearted fight for gospel truth, slowly compelled a recognition of the independence of the States, and the claims of some kind of federation. It could not be otherwise than that the religious liberty taught by Luther should eventuate in political freedom and constitutional law; although he himself all too frequently forgot his own teaching, in his treatment of Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, and Jews. He too, like all original minds, built better than he knew. It has been the privilege of but few to initiate such penetrative and comprehensive ideas with their corresponding organizations for the regeneration of our race.

TAYLOR

(1613–1667)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

HAWTHORNE once pointed out the intrinsic perishableness of all volumes of sermons; and the fact that goes farthest to refute this theory is the permanent readableness of Jeremy Taylor. Not always profound as a thinker, and not consistent in that large theory of religious liberty in which he surpassed his times, he holds his own by pure beauty of rhetoric, wealth of imagination, and abundant ardor of mind. Coleridge calls him "most eloquent of divines;" adding further, "had I said 'of men' Cicero would forgive me, and Demosthenes add assent." So beautiful is Taylor's imagery, so free the motion of his wings in upper air, that when he once appeals to the reader with a sentence beginning "So have I seen," it is impossible to withdraw attention until the whole series of prolonged and balanced clauses comes to an end. Like other fine rhetoricians, he has also a keen ear for rhetoric in others; and his ample notes preserve for us many fine and pithy Greek or Latin or Italian sentences, which otherwise might have faded even from human memory. Indeed, his two most carefully prepared works, "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," need to be read twice with different ends in view: once for the text, and once for the accompanying quotations.

Jeremy Taylor, the son of a Cambridge barber, was born

on August 15, 1613, took his degrees at the University (Caius College), where he was also a fellow; and afterward obtained through Archbishop Laud a fellowship at Oxford (All Souls). He later became rector at Uppingham, and was twice married; his second wife, Joanna Bridges, being, in the opinion of Bishop Heber, an illegitimate daughter of Charles I when Prince of Wales. His first work, published in 1642, bore the curious name of "Episcopacy Asserted against the Acephali and Aërians New and Old," and hardly gave a hint of his future reputation. He is thought to have served as chaplain during the civil war, and was impoverished by that great convulsion, as were so many others; becoming later a schoolmaster in Wales. Here he was befriended by Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, whose residence "Golden Grove" affords a title to Taylor's manual of devotion, published in 1655. This, with the other works by which the author is now best known, was prepared during his retirement from the world, between 1647 and 1660. "The Liberty of Prophesying" (1655) was far above the prevalent opinions of the time, or indeed of any time. In this he sets aside all grounds of authority except the words of Scripture, placing reason above even those; and denies the right of civil government to exercise discipline over opinions. The fact that he was three times in his life imprisoned for his own utterances may well have strengthened this liberality; but unfortunately it did not prevent him, when after the Restoration he became Bishop of Down and Connor, from ejecting thirty-six ministers from their pulpits for doctrines too strongly Presbyterian. He was capable even of very questionable casuistry; justified the Israelites for spoiling the Egyptians, maintained that private evil might be employed for the public good,

and that we may rightfully employ reasonings which we know to be unfounded. This was in a book expressly designed as a guide to learners,—the "Ductor Dubitantium, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures" (1660).

Taylor's whole theory of religious liberty may be found summed up in one passage, which heads the series of selections that follow in this volume; and which may be thus condensed still further: No man, he thinks, can be trusted to judge for others unless he be infallible,—which no man is It is, however, perfectly legitimate for men to choose guides who shall judge for them; only it is to be remembered that those thus choosing have not got rid of the responsibility of selection, since they select the guides. The best course for a man, Taylor also points out, is to follow his guide while his own reason is satisfied, and no farther; since no man can escape this responsibility without doing willful violence to his own nature. Reason is thus necessarily the final arbiter; and all things else—Scriptures, traditions, councils, and fathers—afford merely the evidences in the question, while reason remains and must remain the judge. It is needless to say that in this statement every vestige of infallible authority is swept away.

In handling practical questions, Jeremy Taylor displays an equal freedom from traditional bondage. In dealing with the difficult subject of marriage, for instance, it is to be noticed that he places the two parties, ordinarily, on more equal terms than English usage, or even the accustomed discipline of the English Church, has recognized; and that his exhortations are usually addressed to both parties as if they stood on equal terms. "Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation

they find to be contrary to each other." Again he says, "Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation;" and all his suggestions of caution and self-restraint apply alike to both parties. The same justness and humane sympathy extend to his remarks on children: who, as he observes, have tenderer feeling and greater suffering in respect to their senses; and are not fortified by the results of long experience, as grown persons are, nor have they heard the instructive words of philosophers, or acquired the habit of setting their blessings against their sorrows: and yet they "wade through the storm and murmur not," and give an example to their elders.

His supreme wisdom is shown, however, in all his discussion of the trials and cares of life, and of the means of defying them. No one has painted quite so vividly the difference between the cares that come with increased wealth or office, and the peace that dwells in humble stations. "They that admire the happiness of a prosperous prevailing tyrant, know not the felicities that dwell in innocent hearts, and poor cottagers, and small fortunes." He thinks that man miserable who has no adversity; and virtues, he says, are but in the seed at first, and need heat and cold, showers as well as sunshine, before they can be of any value. God himself, he boldly says, "loves to see us struggling with a disease, and resisting the Devil, and contesting against the weaknesses of nature." The gladiators of old did not cry or complain; the soldier stands at his post through everything. It is to Taylor that we chiefly owe the attention latterly attracted to the oft-quoted saying of Xenophon, that the same labors are easier to the general officer than to the common soldier, because the former is "sup-

ported by the huge appetites of honor." Again, reasoning more minutely, he points out that in most forms of grief or pain, we deal with it only, as it were, from moment to moment, and can therefore meet it with strength supplied at the same short intervals. There is rarely a cumulative or composite pain; but it flows " like the drops of a river or the little shreds of time." Each duty can thus be mastered, if we will but make sure of the present moment.

All these things show that Jeremy Taylor had not lived for nothing through the ordeal of a civil war; that he was not merely a gentle and placid dweller amid the calms of life, but had encountered its storms with an equal mind. They still show you, at Chepstow Castle, the room where he was imprisoned; and his kindred in the little city still boast of the period as an honor. That he was patient in adversity cannot be denied; although it may be that when his turn of prosperity and power came, he was not always mindful of his own broad theories. Nevertheless, a halo of purity and elevation will always hallow his name. A portrait of him hangs in All Souls College at Oxford; and this, like all the pictures of him, justifies the tradition of personal beauty so long attributed to Taylor. The legend seems appropriate to the charm of his style; and recalls the opinion expressed by Dr. Parr,—that Hooker may be the object of our reverence, and Barrow of our admiration, but that Jeremy Taylor will always be the object of our love.

BOSSUET

(1627–1704)

BY ADOLPHE COHN

JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, sacred orator, historian, theologian, and controversialist, was born in Dijon, capital of the then Burgundy, on September 27, 1627. There is no question but he is the greatest Catholic divine whom France ever knew, and one of the greatest, some say *the* greatest, of prose writers and orators of that country. His importance in the literary history of France is due, moreover, not simply to the high excellence of his productions, but fully as much to their representative character. The power that was wielded with absolute authority by Louis XIV found in Bossuet the theorist who gave it a philosophical basis, and justified to the Frenchmen of the seventeenth century the conditions under which they lived.

The future educator of Louis XIV's son sprang, like most of the great Frenchmen of that time, from the upper ranks of the *bourgeoisie*. The Bossuet family had been for a long time honorably connected with the legal profession and the judiciary: the father of Jacques Bénigne was in 1627 a counselor practicing before the "Parlement de Dijon," where his own father has sat as "Conseiller," or Associate Justice. Later in life he was himself called to a seat on the bench, when a new Parlement was organized in the city of Metz for the province of Lorraine (1638). Ten years later (January 24, 1648) Bossuet, who had received

his education partly from the Jesuits of Dijon, partly in the celebrated Collège de Navarre in Paris, and who had been shriven for the Catholic priesthood when only eight years of age, made what may be called his first public appearance when he defended his first thesis in theology. With this important event of his life we find connected the name of the most brilliant Frenchman of that time, the celebrated Prince de Condé,—famous already by many victories, though hardly twenty-six years of age,—who attended the disputation and had allowed the young theologian to dedicate his thesis to him. Thirty-nine years later, after a long period of close friendship, their names were again associated when the illustrious Bishop of Meaux delivered the funeral oration of the great warrior, and announced, at the close of a magnificent eulogy, that this would be the last occasion on which he would devote his oratory to the praises of any man; a promise which he kept, though he outlived his friend for no less than seventeen years.

Bossuet's period of study lasted until the year 1652, when at the age of twenty-five he was appointed Archdeacon of Sarrebourg. By virtue of his position he thenceforward, for no less than seven years, resided in Metz, a city whose peculiar position, especially in religious matters, exerted a powerful influence over the direction of his whole intellectual life. He found there what was very rare then in France, representatives of three religions. In addition to the Catholics to whom he was to minister, there were in Metz numerous Protestants,—both Lutherans, and Calvinists or Presbyterians,—and a not inconsiderable number of Jews; and the city was used to continuous theological controversy between minister, rabbi, and priest. The Protestants of Metz received the teachings of two brilliant minis-

ters, David Ancillon and Paul Ferri, the latter of whom soon published a Catechism which was considered by the whole body of French Protestantism the clearest exposition of its doctrines. The Catholic clergy of France had then not yet renounced the hope of bringing all the inhabitants of the country to place themselves voluntarily under the spiritual guidance of Rome; and the conversions that were announced from time to time from the upper ranks both of Protestantism and Judaism to a certain degree justified such a hope.

Bossuet, while constantly improving his knowledge of the writings of the Fathers, especially of St. Augustine, threw himself into the contest with characteristic energy. As against the Jews he tried to demonstrate that the coming of Christ is clearly foretold in the Prophecies. He thus became more familiar with the Old Testament than any other Catholic theologian of his time, and so far molded his style on that of the Bible that it soon became difficult to distinguish in his productions that which came out of the sacred writings from the utterances which belonged only to him. This was done, however, strange to say, without any knowledge of the Hebrew language. Bossuet never read the Bible except in Greek or Latin. There was no good French version of the Bible; and it may be stated here that there is none to the present day which occupies in the French language anything like the position held in English by the Bible of King James, or in German by Luther's version.

His attitude in regard to the Protestants is more interesting, because more characteristic of the time in which he lived. France in the seventeenth century had become convinced that harmony, unity, fixedness, are the clearest manifestations of truth, the best guarantees of peace, happiness,

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and prosperity; that variety and change are signs of error and harbingers of disaster. Bossuet's whole effort in his controversy with Protestantism was directed toward demonstrating that Protestantism lacks and that Catholicism possesses the traits which were considered by his contemporaries to clearly belong to truth; and as his opponents were not unwilling to follow him on his chosen ground, as they never for a moment denied his main proposition,—his statement of the characteristics of truth,—as he even managed during the controversy to bring about a number of conversions to Catholicism, he left Metz fully convinced that he was waging a successful warfare upon unassailable ground.

He had been in Paris less than a year when an event happened which made him doubly sure of the soundness of his position, and tenfold increased his belief in the ultimate victory of his Church over all other denominations. The Commonwealth of England collapsed, and Charles II was called to the throne from which his father had been hurled by Oliver Cromwell. Nothing can give any idea of the shock experienced by France on hearing of the development and success of the Great Rebellion in England. No Frenchman at that time understood what the English Constitution was. The course of French history had led the people of France to put all the strength they possessed in the hands of their kings, and to treat as a public enemy any one who resisted, or even attempted to limit in any way, the royal authority. To people holding such opinions the English nation after the month of January, 1649, appeared as a nation of parricides. And the feeling was intensified by the fact that the wife of the beheaded king, Henrietta Maria, was a sister of the King of France, a daughter of

the beloved Henry IV, whose death by Ravaillac's dagger was still mourned by every French patriot. The triumph of Cromwell, the proud position which England occupied in Europe during his protectorate, left however hardly any hope that the rebellious nation would ever acknowledge the errors of her ways; and lo! in a moment, without any effort on his part, without any struggle, the dead king's son resumed his rights, and every one who had been in arms against him lay prostrate at his feet. The same nation that had rebelled against the levying of the "ship money" and the proceedings of the Star Chamber allowed Charles II almost as absolute an authority as ever the King of France possessed. Once cured of her political errors, was England not to be soon cured of her theological errors? After repenting her rebellion against the King, was she not to repent her rebellion against the Pope? Such were the questions which Bossuet, which the whole of France, began to ask. Or rather, these were to them no longer questions: the people of France began to look across the Channel with confident expectation of a religious counter-revolution. The collapse of the Commonwealth could not but be followed by the collapse of the Reformation.

When Louis XIV, after Cardinal Mazarin's death, took in his own hands the management of the affairs of the State; when the marriage of the brilliant Henrietta of England with the Duke of Orleans made the sister of the English King a sister-in-law to the King of France; when triumph after triumph on the field of war, of diplomacy, of literature, of art, added to the power and glory of France, which had never swerved in her allegiance either to King or Church,—the feeling grew that only in unity of Faith, Law, and King were truth and prosperity to be found by

nations. The saying " Une foi, une loi, une roi " (one faith, one law, one king), which may be said to sum up Bossuet's religious, social, and political beliefs, seemed to all an incontrovertible and self-evident axiom.

These were the times when Bossuet's utterances grew in power and magnificence. He was heard in a number of Parisian churches; he was heard at court, where he several times was appointed preacher either for Advent or Lent; he delivered panegyrics of saints, and was called upon to eulogize in death those who had held the highest rank in life. He had just delivered the most splendid and the most touching of his funeral orations, those on Henrietta of France, widow of Charles I of England (November 16, 1669), and less than a year later, on her unfortunate daughter, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans (August 21, 1670), when the King, at the request of the upright Duke de Montausier, called him to court from the bishopric of Condom to which he had been raised, and intrusted to him the education of his son and heir-apparent, the Dauphin of France.

Bossuet's royal pupil never reigned. He died in 1711, four years before his father's death: and it must be admitted that during the thirty-one years that elapsed between the moment when he came out of Bossuet's hands and the end of his life, he gave no evidence of being anything except a very commonplace sort of a man. No such halo surrounds him as surrounds his unfortunate son, the Duke of Burgundy, whose death two years after that of the Dauphin was mourned as a public calamity. Whether Bossuet's failure to make a great prince out of the Dauphin was due to a faulty system of education or to the unresponsive nature of the pupil, can hardly be considered to-day a mat-

ter of great interest. But French literature was certainly the gainer by the appointment of Bossuet to the post of tutor to the Prince. Three of his most remarkable works—his "Discourse upon Universal History," his "Policy according to the Holy Writ," and his "Treatise on the Knowledge of God and Man"—were written especially for the Dauphin, and read by him as text-books a long time before their publication. The opening sentence of the "Discourse" tells us clearly the author's purpose: "Were history useless to other men, it would still be necessary to have it studied by princes."

In 1680 Bossuet left the Dauphin, who then married a Bavarian princess, and one year later he was called to the bishopric of Meaux. Lious XIV was then taking steps leading to the important and fatal venture by which three years later he repealed the Edict of Nantes, and forbade the existence in France of the Protestant religion. No one can deny Bossuet's share in determining the king to follow a policy so fatal to the interests of France, but at the same time so much in accord with the views of Rome. A natural outcome would have been the raising of Bossuet, who was certainly then the greatest orator, the greatest writer, and the greatest theologian in the Catholic clergy, to the Cardinalate. Still Bossuet was never a cardinal.

The explanation lies in Bossuet's conduct in the year 1682. The King of France in that year called together a General Assembly of the clergy of France, a kind of National Council. His object was to have the clergy assert its national character, and to state that in civil matters it was subject not to the Pope, but to the King. The various statements to that effect constitute what is known as "The Liberties of the Gallican Church." The statements were

adopted after being drafted by Bossuet, who had at the opening of the sessions delivered before the Assembly his celebrated "Sermon on the Unity of the Church," the main part of which is an eloquent defense of the above-stated views. France was too powerful then for the see of Rome not to yield, but no favors were thenceforth to be expected for the spokesman of the French national clergy.

Still the great divine continued his efforts, and in 1688 he put forth the most complete and masterly exposition of his beliefs, his "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches." The Revolution of 1688–1689 in England did not in the least, sad though it seemed, weaken his faith in the ultimate triumph of Catholicism. In France at that time the English revolution was not considered an assertion by the people of political and religious rights, but the carrying out of a detestable family conspiracy of a daughter and son-in-law with their father's enemy. This better than anything else explains the hatred which was harbored against William III, and which found expression in the works even of as free-minded a writer as La Bruyère. It is during the period of the fiercest struggle between Louis XIV and William III that Bossuet carried on with the German philosopher Leibnitz a series of negotiations, the object of which was the return to Catholicism of Protestant Germany. We need hardly state that the negotiations utterly failed.

In another controversy which occupied Bossuet's last years he was entirely successful. The most eloquent of his disciples, Fénélon, then Archbishop of Cambrai, seemed to him to have fallen into dangerous errors. He had adopted the mystic doctrine of Quietism, which had been made known to him first by an erratic woman, Madame Guyon.

Bossuet determined that the eloquent archbishop must be compelled to recant. A number of works were published by him in support of his position, the most important one being his "Relation on Quietism;" and he did not rest until the Pope had condemned his rival, and Fénélon had submitted to censure in his own cathedral at Cambrai. Some accuse Bossuet of too much harshness in the contest. The Pope himself was reported to have said, "The Archbishop of Cambrai sinned by too much love of God, the Bishop of Meaux by too little love of his fellow-man."

Bossuet was then a very old man, but neither growing age nor the care that he took of what he considered the general interests of Catholic Christianity ever kept him from giving the closest attention to the spiritual government of his flock. He was a model bishop. He died April 12, 1704, aged seventy-six years, six months, and sixteen days.

Bossuet was a very prolific writer. In the best edition, that of Abbé Caron, begun in Versailles in 1815, his writings fill not less than forty-one volumes. But it must be stated at once that a great deal of this production belongs decidedly more to theology than to French literature. Some of it is not even in French, but in Latin; for instance, Bossuet's letter to the Pope on the subject of the education of the Dauphin. Although in French, such works as the "Treatise on Communion" or the "Explanation of John the Baptist's Revelation" are decidedly outside the pale of literature, as the word is usually understood. We shall mention here only those works of Bossuet which, by virtue of their perfect form and the accessibility of the subject to the general reader, are to this day more or less familiar to the best educated people in France.

The first to be mentioned among these are the "Ser-

mons," the "Funeral Orations," and the "Discourse upon Universal History."

Bossuet's sermons undoubtedly were among his most perfect productions. He was a born orator; his majestic bearing, his melodious and powerful voice, his noble gestures, made the magnificent sentences, the beautiful and striking imagery of his speeches, doubly impressive. Unfortunately, with only a few exceptions Bossuet's sermons have reached us in a very imperfect form. He did not, as a rule, fully write them, and the art of taking down verbatim the utterances of public speakers had not yet been invented. The sermon "On the Unity of the Church" we possess because Bossuet had committed it to writing before delivering it; other impressive sermons, those on "Death," on the "Conversion of the Sinner," on "Providence," on the "Duties of Kings," etc., have reached us in a sufficiently correct form to give us an idea of Bossuet's eloquence: but the reader who really wishes to know the great sacred orator of Louis XIV's reign had better turn at once to the "Funeral Orations."

Bossuet's funeral orations were prepared with great care. They were delivered as a rule several months after the death of the person to be eulogized, as part of a religious ceremony in which a mass was said for the repose of his soul.

Bossuet delivered eleven funeral orations, one of which—that of Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII, and mother of Louis XIV,—is lost. Of the other ten, four are youthful productions and deal with people of comparatively small importance. Six remain that are known as the *great* funeral orations, and they were delivered between November 16, 1669, and March 10, 1687. They are those on Henrietta of France, Queen of England; Henrietta of England, Duch-

ess of Orleans; Maria Theresa of Spain, Queen of France; Anne of Gonzaga and Clèves, Princess of the Palatinate; Michel Le Tellier, High Chancellor of France; and Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé.

The most remarkable of these are the first two and the last one. In the funeral oration on Henrietta of France, Bossuet had just the kind of subject which he was best fitted to treat, and it must be considered his masterpiece. It presents in magnificent style, in pompous development, a complete exposition of his historical and political theories, together with a strikingly vivid account of the great English rebellion. His portraits of Charles I and Oliver Cromwell —the one, of course, altogether too enthusiastic, the other too severe—stand out in as bold relief as the paintings of Van Dyck or Velasquez. His theory of revolutions, which he considers the punishments inflicted by God upon sovereigns for violations of his law, is presented with a wealth of illustrations which was simply overwhelming for the audience that listened to it. It remains to this day one of the most plausible, as it will remain forever one of the most eloquent pieces of historical and theological reasoning.

In the funeral oration on Henrietta of England we find little of history, still less of politics. Here we have a domestic catastrophe of appalling suddenness: a brilliant woman, the worshiped centre of the most brilliant court, one to whom the speaker himself was most tenderly attached, so abruptly snatched away by death that the suspicion of foul play at once arose and has not to this day been entirely dispelled. Nowhere has Bossuet, nor perhaps any other orator, so powerfully depicted the uncertainty of everything human. The closeness with which he treated his subjects is well illustrated by an anecdote that is connected with

this oration. Only two or three hours before her death, when already conscious of her desperate position, the unfortunate princess had directed that an emerald ring of hers should be after her death handed to the great preacher. "What a pity," he was told, "that such an incident cannot find place in a funeral oration!"—"Why not?" he answered. When he delivered the oration, the emerald ring was on one of the fingers of his right hand; and when speaking of the princess's virtues and charming qualities, he alluded to the art of giving, in which she signally excelled. "And this art," he went on, "never deserted her, not even, *I know it*, in the throes of death," at the same time raising his right hand and placing the precious jewel in full view of the audience.

The funeral oration on the Prince de Condé shows us how he triumphed over difficulties. He was a warm-hearted and ardent admirer of the Prince, and at the same time a devoted subject of the King, rebellion against whom he considered a very grievous sin. Yet the Prince had for years been a rebel against the King during the wars of the Fronde, and had continued in the ranks of the hostile Spaniards even after all the other rebels had submitted to the loyal authority. After conducting his narrative down to the time when the Prince, still a faithful subject, was unjustly imprisoned by order of Cardinal Mazarin,—"And," he goes on, "since I have to speak of these things over which I would fain keep eternally silent, until this fatal imprisonment he had not even dreamed that anything could be attempted against the State. . . . This is what made him say (I certainly can repeat here, before these altars, the words I received from his lips, since they so clearly show the bottom of his heart)—he said then, speaking of this

unfortunate prison, that he had entered it the most innocent, and had left it the guiltiest of men." Nearly the whole of this oration is devoted to history; it teems with brilliant passages, the most famous of which is the narrative of the Prince's first victory, the battle of Rocroi, in 1643.

Thoughtful readers seldom pass by the funeral oration on Anne of Gonzaga. It forms a curious incident in Bossuet's life. The great preacher's most striking fault was a lack of energy in his dealings with royal characters. "He lacks bones," some one said of him: and thus when his enemies so intrigued as to have him required to eulogize from the pulpit the erratic princess, who had been a political intriguer and the heroine of many scandals before repentance took hold of her, he lacked the courage to decline the doubtful honor. But in the pulpit, or whenever the *priest* had to appear, and not simply the man, his better manhood, pure and commanding, at once took the upper hand; and so, facing his critics,—"My discourse," he said, "which perhaps you think you are to judge, will judge you when the last day comes; and if you do not depart hence better Christians, you will depart hence guiltier men!"

With the funeral orations one might mention another series of religious discourses not strikingly different from them,—the panegyrics of saints, of which twenty have been preserved, that of Saint Paul being indisputably the best.

The "Discourse upon Universal History," which was originally written for the Dauphin, is a masterly attempt to give a philosophical explanation of the facts of history, beginning with the Biblical account of the Creation, and ending with the assumption by Charlemagne of the imperial crown in 800 A.D. It is divided into three parts: The Epochs; Religion; the Empires. The first part contains the

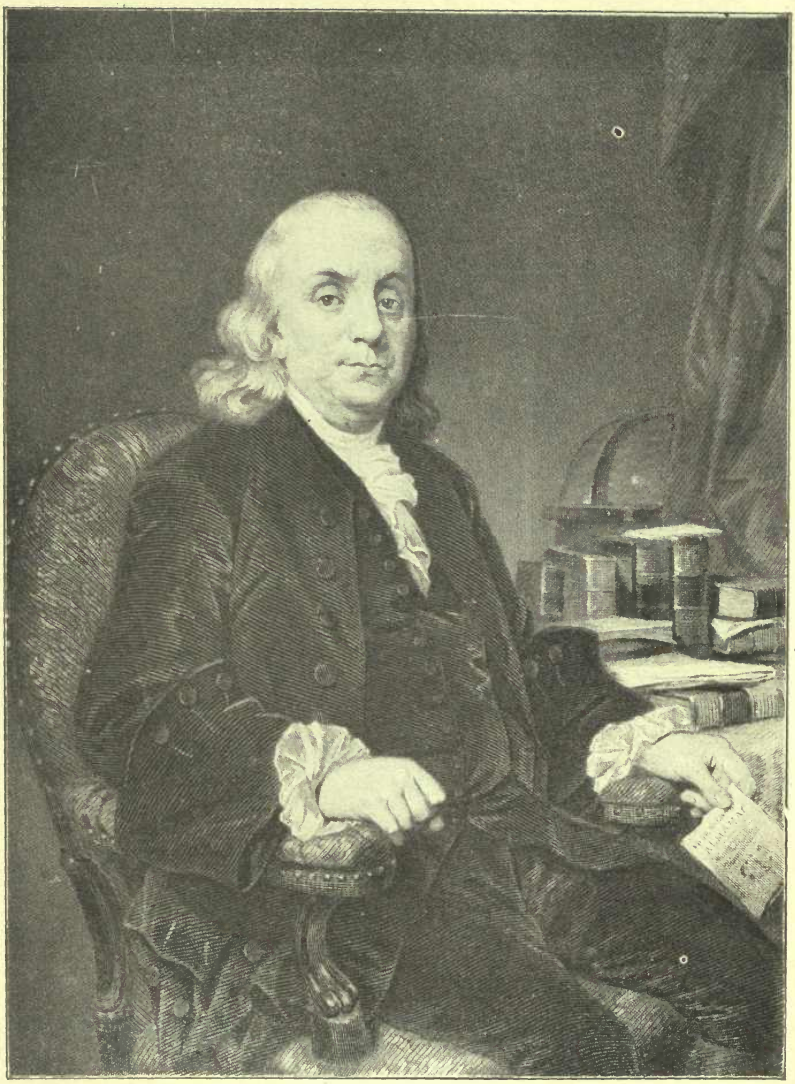
significance of twelve events considered by Bossuet as epoch-making: the Creation, the Flood, the calling of Abraham, Moses and the giving of the Law, the taking of Troy, the building of the Temple of Solomon, the foundation of Rome, Cyrus and the re-establishment of Hebrew nationality, the defeat of Carthage, the birth of Christ, the triumph of the Church under Constantine, the re-establishment of the Empire with Charlemagne.

The second part, which contains thirty-one chapters, has a two-fold object: to demonstrate that the coming of Christ is clearly foretold in the Old Testament, and that the Roman Catholic Church is the only faithful representative of true Christianity. The third part is less theological. It is an attempt to explain the facts of history, at least partially, by a study of the various influences to which the different nations have been subjected. The general purpose of the whole work is best explained by the last chapter of this third part, the title of which is: Conclusion of the whole Discourse, in which is shown that all events must be ascribed to a Divine Providence.

Next to the above works we must mention the "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches," partly a work of theological controversy, but partly also a brilliant exposition, from a strictly Catholic point of view, of the history of the Reformation. It contains a portrait of Luther which is almost worthy to be compared with that of Cromwell in the funeral oration on Henrietta of France.

The only other works of Bossuet that we would mention here are two admirable devotional works, the "Meditations upon the Gospel," and the "Contemplations on the Mysteries of the Catholic Religion," the latter a clear and concise but now superannuated treatise on philosophy; the

"Treatise on the Knowledge of God and Man," a very curious and eloquent and at the same time thoroughly Biblical treatise on theocratic policy; "Policy according to the Holy Writ;" and finally his "Relation on Quietism," which shows what hard blows he could, when thoroughly aroused, deal to a somewhat disingenuous opponent.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FRANKLIN

(1706–1790)

BY JOHN BIGELOW

THE youngest son of the seventeen children of a Boston tallow-chandler named Franklin was born a subject of Queen Anne of England, on the 6th of January, 1706; and on the same day received the baptismal name of Benjamin at the Old South Church in that city. He continued for more than seventy of the eighty-four years of his life a subject of four successive British monarchs. During that period, neither Anne nor either of the three Georges who succeeded her had a subject of whom they had more reason to be proud, nor one whom at his death their people generally supposed they had more reason to detest. No Englishman of his generation can now be said to have established a more enduring fame, in any way, than Franklin established in many ways. As a printer, as a journalist, as a diplomatist, as a statesman, as a philosopher, he was easily first among his peers.

On the other hand, it is no disparagement of the services of any of his contemporaries on either side of the Atlantic, to say that no one of his generation contributed more effectually to the dissolution of the bonds which united the principal British-American colonies to the mother country, and toward conferring upon them independence and a popular government.

As a practical printer Franklin was reported to have had no superiors; as a journalist he exerted an influence not only unrivaled in his day, but more potent, on this continent at least, than either of his sovereigns or their Parliaments. The organization of a police, and later of the militia, for Philadelphia; of companies for extinguishing fires; making the sweeping and paving of the streets a municipal function; the formation of the first public library for Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy which has matured into the now famous University of Pennsylvania, were among the conspicuous reforms which he planted and watered in the columns of the "Philadelphia Gazette." This journal he founded; upon the earnings of it he mainly subsisted during a long life, and any sheet of it to-day would bring a larger price in the open market probably than a single sheet of any other periodical ever published.

Franklin's Almanack, his crowning work in the sphere of journalism, published under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders,—better known since as Poor Richard,—is still one of the marvels of modern literature. Under one or another of many titles the contents of this publication, exclusive of its calendars, have been translated into every tongue having any pretensions to a literature; and have had more readers, probably, than any other publication in the English or indeed in any other language, with the single exception of the Bible. It was the first issue from an American press that found a popular welcome in foreign lands, and it still enjoys the special distinction of being the only almanac ever published that owed its extraordinary popularity entirely to its literary merit.

What adds to the surprise with which we contemplate the fame and fortunes of this unpretentious publication, is the

fact that its reputation was established by its first number, and when its author was only twenty-six years of age. For a period of twenty-six years, and until Franklin ceased to edit it, this annual was looked forward to by a larger portion of the colonial population and with more impatience than now awaits a President's annual message to Congress.

Franklin graduated from journalism into diplomacy as naturally as winter glides into spring. This was simply because he was by common acclaim the fittest man for any kind of public service the colony possessed, and especially for any duty requiring talents for persuasion, in which he proved himself to be unquestionably past master among the diplomatists of his time.

The question of taxing the Penn proprietary estates in Pennsylvania, for the defense of the province from the French and Indians, had assumed such an acute stage in 1757 that the Assembly decided to petition the King upon the subject; and selected Franklin, then in the fifty-first year of his age, to visit London and present their petition. The remaining years of his life were practically all spent in the diplomatic service. He was five years absent on this his first mission. Every interest in London was against him. He finally surmounted all obstacles by a compromise, which pledged the Assembly to pass an act exempting from taxation the unsurveyed lands of the Penn estate,—the surveyed waste lands, however, to be assessed at the usual rate. For his success the Penns and their partisans never forgave him, and his fellow colonists never forgot him.

Franklin returned to Philadelphia in 1762, but not to remain. The question of taxing the colonies without representation was soon thrust upon them in the shape of a stamp duty, and Franklin was sent out again to urge its

repeal. He reached London in November, 1764, where he remained the next eleven years and until it became apparent that the surrender of the right to arbitrarily tax the colonies would never be made by England during the life of the reigning sovereign, George III. Satisfied that his usefulness in England was at an end, he sailed for Philadelphia on the 21st of March, 1775; and on the morning of his arrival was elected by the Assembly of Pennsylvania a delegate to the Continental Congress which consolidated the armies of the colonies, placed Gen. George Washington in command of them, issued the first Continental currency, and assumed the responsibility of resisting the imperial government; his last hope of maintaining the integrity of the empire having been dissipated by recent collisions between the people and the royalist troops at Concord and Lexington. Franklin served on ten committees in this Congress. He was one of the five who drew up the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, and in September following was chosen unanimously as one of the three commissioners to be sent out to solicit for the infant republic the aid of France and the sympathies of continental Europe. In this mission, the importance of which to his country can hardly be exaggerated, he was greatly favored by the reputation which had preceded him as a man of science. While yet a journalist he had made some experiments in electricity, which established its identity with lightning. The publication by an English correspondent of the letters in which he gave an account of these experiments, secured his election as an honorary member of the Royal Society of London and undisputed rank among the most eminent natural philosophers of his time. When he arrived in Paris, therefore, he was already a member of every important learned society in Europe, one of the managers of the Royal Society

of London, and one of the eight foreign members of the Royal Academy in Paris, where three editions of his scientific writings had already been printed. To these advantages must be added another of even greater weight: his errand there was to assist in dismembering the British Empire, than which nothing of a political nature was at this time much nearer every Frenchman's heart.

The history of this mission, and how Franklin succeeded in procuring from the French King financial aid to the amount of twenty-six millions of francs, at times when the very existence of the republic depended upon them, and finally a treaty of peace more favorable to his country than either England or France wished to concede, has been often told; and there is no chapter in the chronicles of this republic with which the world is more familiar.

Franklin's reputation grew with his success. "It was," wrote his colleague John Adams, "more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick the Great or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than all of them. . . . If a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the eighteenth century, a greater number of panegyrical paragraphs upon *le grand Franklin* would appear, it is believed, than upon any other man that ever lived."

A few weeks after signing the definite treaty of peace in 1783, Franklin renewed an application which he had previously made just after signing the preliminary treaty, to be relieved of his mission; but it was not until the 7th of March, 1785, that Congress adopted a resolution permitting "the Honorable Benjamin Franklin to return to America as soon as convenient." Three days later, Thomas Jefferson was appointed to succeed him.

On the 13th of September, 1785, and after a sojourn of nearly nine years in the French capital, first in the capacity of commissioner and subsequently of minister plenipotentiary, Franklin once more landed in Philadelphia, on the same wharf on which, sixty-two years before, he had stepped, a friendless and practically penniless runaway apprentice of seventeen.

Though now in his seventy-ninth year, and a prey to infirmities not the necessary incidents of old age, he had scarcely unpacked his trunks after his return when he was chosen a member of the municipal council of Philadelphia, and its chairman. Shortly after, he was elected president of Pennsylvania, his own vote only lacking to make the vote unanimous. "I have not firmness," he wrote to a friend, "to resist the unanimous desire of my countryfolks; and I find myself harnessed again into their service another year. They engrossed the prime of my life; they have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

He was unanimously re-elected to this dignity for the two succeeding years, and while holding that office was chosen a member of the convention which met in May, 1787, to frame the Constitution under which the people of the United States are still living.

With the adoption of that instrument, to which he probably contributed as much as any other individual, he retired from official life; though not from the service of the public, to which for the remaining years of his stay on earth his genius and his talents were faithfully consecrated.

Among the fruits of that unfamiliar leisure, always to be remembered among the noblest achievements of his illustrious career, was the part he had in organizing the first anti-slavery society in the world; and as its president, writing and

signing the first remonstrance against slavery ever addressed to the Congress of the United States.

In surveying the life of Dr. Franklin as a whole, the thing that most impresses one is his constant study and singleness of purpose to promote the welfare of human society. It was his daily theme as a journalist, and his yearly theme as an almanac-maker. It is that which first occurs to us when we recall his career as a member of the Colonial Assembly; as an agent of the provinces in England; as a diplomatist in France; and as a member of the conventions which crowned the consistent labors of his long life. Nor are there any now so bold as to affirm that there was any other person who could have been depended upon to accomplish for his country or the world, what Franklin did in any of the several stages of his versatile career.

Though holding office for more than half of his life, the office always sought Franklin, not Franklin the office. When sent to England as the agent of the colony, he withdrew from business with a modest competence judiciously invested mostly in real estate. He never seems to have given a thought to its increase. Frugal in his habits, simple in his tastes, wise in his indulgences, he died with a fortune neither too large nor too small for his fame as a citizen or a patriot. For teaching frugality and economy to the colonists, when frugality and economy were indispensable to the conservation of their independence and manhood, he has been sneered at as the teacher of a "candle-end-saving philosophy," and his "Poor Richard" as a "collection of receipts for laying up treasures on earth rather than in heaven." Franklin never taught, either by precept or example, to lay up treasures on earth. He taught the virtues of industry, thrift, and economy, as the virtues supremely important in his

time, to keep people out of debt and to provide the means of educating and dignifying society. He never countenanced the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, but for its uses, —its prompt convertibility into social comforts and refinements. It would be difficult to name another man of any age to whom an ambition to accumulate wealth as an end could be imputed with less propriety. Though probably the most inventive genius of his age, and thus indirectly the founder of many fortunes, he never asked a patent for any of his inventions or discoveries. Though one of the best writers of the English language that his country has yet produced, he never wrote a line for money after he withdrew from the calling by which he made a modest provision for his family.

For the remaining half of his life both at home and abroad, though constantly operating upon public opinion by his pen, he never availed himself of a copyright or received a penny from any publisher or patron for any of these labors. In none of the public positions which he held, even when minister plenipotentiary, did his pay equal his expenditures. He was three years president of Pennsylvania after his return from France, and for his services declined to appropriate to his own use anything beyond his necessary expenditures for stationery, postage, and transportation. It is not by such methods that men justly incur the implied reproach of "laying up treasures on earth," or of teaching a candle-end-saving philosophy.

Franklin courted fame no more than fortune. The best of his writings, after his retirement from journalism, he never gave to the press at all; not even his incomparable autobiography, which is still republished more frequently than any of the writings of Dickens or of Thackeray. He

always wrote for a larger purpose than mere personal gratification of any kind. Even his bagatelles and *jeux d'esprit* read in the salons of Paris, though apparently intended for the eyes of a small circle, were inspired by a desire to make friends and create respect for the struggling people and the great cause he represented. Few if any of them got into print until many years after his decease.

Franklin was from his youth up a leader, a lion in whatever circle he entered, whether in the printing-house, the provincial Assemblies, as agent in England, or as a courtier in France. There was no one too eminent in science or literature, on either side of the Atlantic, not to esteem his acquaintance a privilege. He was an honorary member of every important scientific association in the world, and in friendly correspondence with most of those who conferred upon those bodies any distinction; and all this by force of a personal, not to say planetary, attraction that no one brought within his sphere could long resist.

Pretty much all of importance that we know of Franklin we gather from his private correspondence. His contemporaries wrote or at least printed very little about him; scarcely one of the multitude whose names he embalmed in his "Autobiography" ever printed a line about him. All that we know of the later half of his life not covered by his autobiography, we owe almost exclusively to his private and official correspondence. Though reckoning among his warm friends and correspondents such men as David Hume, Dr. Joseph Priestly, Dr. Price, Lord Kames, Lord Chatham, Dr. Fothergill, Peter Collinson, Edmund Burke, the Bishop of St. Asaph and his gifted daughters, Voltaire, the habitués of the Helvétius salon, the Marquis de Ségur, the Count de Vergennes, his near neighbors De Chaumont and

Le Veillard, the *maire* of Passy,—all that we learn of his achievements, of his conversation, of his daily life, from these or many other associates of only less prominence in the Old World, might be written on a single foolscap sheet. Nor are we under much greater obligations to his American friends. It is to his own letters (and except his "Autobiography," he can hardly be said to have written anything in any other than the epistolary form; and that was written in the form of a letter to his son William, and most of it only began to be published a quarter of a century after his death) that we must turn to learn how full of interest and importance to mankind was this last half-century of his life. Beyond keeping copies of his correspondence, which his official character made a duty as well as a necessity, he appears to have taken no precautions to insure the posthumous fame to which his correspondence during that period was destined to contribute so much. Hence, all the biographies —and they are numberless—owe almost their entire interest and value to his own pen. All, so far as they are biographies, are autobiographies; and for that reason it may be fairly said that all of them are interesting.

It is also quite remarkable that though Franklin's life was a continuous warfare, he had no personal enemies. His extraordinary and even intimate experience of every phase of human life, from the very lowest to the very highest, had made him so tolerant that he regarded differences of opinion and of habits much as he regarded the changes of the weather,—as good or bad for his purposes, but which, though he might sometimes deplore, he had no right to quarrel with or assume personal responsibility for. Hence he never said or did things personally offensive. The causes that he represented had enemies, for he was all his life a

reformer. All men who are good for anything have such enemies. "I have, as you observe," wrote Franklin to John Jay the year that he retired from the French mission, "some enemies in England, but they are my enemies as an American; I have also two or three in America who are my enemies as a minister; but I thank God there are not in the whole world any who are my enemies as a man: for by his grace, through a long life, I have been enabled so to conduct myself that there does not exist a human being who can justly say, 'Ben Franklin has wronged me.' This, my friend, is in old age a comfortable reflection. You too have or may have your enemies; but let not that render you unhappy. If you make a right use of them, they will do you more good than harm. They point out to us our faults; they put us upon our guard and help us to live more correctly."

Franklin's place in literature as a writer has not been generally appreciated, probably because with him writing was only a means, never an end, and his ends always dwarfed his means, however effective. He wrote to persuade others, never to parade his literary skill. He never wrote a dull line, and was never *nimious*. The longest production of his pen was his autobiography, written during the closing years of his life. Nearly all that he wrote besides was in the form of letters, which would hardly average three octavo pages in length. And yet whatever the subject he touched upon, he never left the impression of incompleteness or of inconclusiveness. Of him may be said, perhaps with as much propriety as of any other man, that he never said a word too soon, nor a word too late, nor a word too much. Tons of paper have been devoted to dissuasives from dueling, but the argument was never put more effectively than Franklin put it in these dozen lines of a letter to a Mr. Percival,

who had sent him a volume of literary and moral dissertations.

"A gentleman in a coffee-house desired another to sit farther from him. 'Why so?'—'Because you stink.'—'That is an affront, and you must fight me.'—'I will fight you if you insist upon it, but I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill me, I shall stink too; and if I kill you, you will stink, if possible, worse than at present.' How can such miserable sinners as we are, entertain so much pride as to conceit that every offense against our imagined honor merits death? These petty princes, in their opinion, would call that sovereign a tyrant who should put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at his sacred person; yet every one of them makes himself judge in his own cause, condemns the offender without a jury, and undertake himself to be the executioner."

Some one wrote him that the people in England were abusing the Americans and speaking all manner of evil against them. Franklin replied that this was natural enough:

"They impute to us the evil they wished us. They are angry with us, and speak all manner of evil of us; but we flourish notwithstanding. They put me in mind of a violent High Church factor, resident in Boston when I was a boy. He had bought upon speculation a Connecticut cargo of onions which he flattered himself he might sell again to great profit; but the price fell, and they lay upon his hands. He was heartily vexed with his bargain, especially when he observed they began to grow in his store he had filled with them. He showed them one day to a friend. 'Here they are,' said he, 'and they are growing too. I damn them every day, but I think they are like the Presbyterians; the more I curse them, the more they grow.'"

Mr. Jefferson tells us that Franklin was sitting by his side in the convention while the delegates were picking his

famous Declaration of Independence to pieces, and seeing how Jefferson was squirming under their mutilations, comforted him with the following stories, the rare excellence of which has given them a currency which has long since worn off their novelty:—

"'I have made it a rule,' said he, 'whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draftsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you.

"'When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprenticed hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board with the proper inscription. He composed it in these words: *John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells Hats for ready Money,* with a figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word *hatter* tautologous, because followed by the words *makes hats,* which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word *makes* might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats; if good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words *for ready money* were useless, as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit: every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, *John Thompson sells hats.*' '*Sells* hats,' says his next friend; 'why, nobody will expect you to give them away. What then is the use of that word?' It was stricken out, and *hats* followed, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So his inscription was ultimately reduced to *John Thompson,* with the figure of a hat subjoined.'"

When the members were about to sign the document, Mr. Hancock is reported to have said, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang

together." "Yes," replied Franklin, "we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

The Doric simplicity of his style; his incomparable facility of conducting a great principle into an apologue or an anecdote, many of which, as he applied them, have become the folk-lore of all nations; his habitual moderation of statement, his aversion to exaggeration, his inflexible logic, and his perfect truthfulness,—made him one of the most persuasive men of his time, and his writings a model which no one can study without profit. A judicious selection from Franklin's writings should constitute a part of the curriculum of every college and high school that aspires to cultivate in its pupils a pure style and correct literary taste.

There was one incident in Franklin's life, which, though more frequently referred to in terms of reproach than any other, will probably count for more in his favor in the Great Assize than any other of his whole life. While yet in his teens he became a father before he was a husband. He never did what men of the loftiest moral pretensions not unfrequently do,—shirk as far as possible any personal responsibility for this indiscretion. On the contrary, he took the fruit of it to his home; gave him the best education the schools of the country then afforded. When he went abroad, this son accompanied him, was presented as his son wherever he went, was presented in all the great houses in which he himself was received; he entered him at the Inns of Court, and in due time had him admitted to the English bar; made him his private secretary, and at an early age caused him to be appointed by the Crown, Governor of New Jersey. The father not only did everything to repair the wrong he had done his son, but at a time when he was at the zenith of his

fame and official importance, publicly proclaimed it as one of the great errors of his life. The world has always abounded with bastards; but with the exception of crowned heads claiming to hold their sceptres by Divine right, and therefore beyond the reach of popular criticism or reproach, it would be difficult to name another parent of his generation of anything like corresponding eminence with Franklin, who had the courage and the magnanimity to expiate such a wrong to his offspring so fully and effectively.

Franklin was not a member of the visible Church, nor did he ever become the adherent of any sect. He was three years younger than Jonathan Edwards, and in his youth heard his share of the then prevailing theology of New England, of which Edwards was regarded, and perhaps justly, as the most eminent exponent. The extremes to which Edwards carried those doctrines at last so shocked the people of Massachusetts that he was rather ignominiously expelled from his pulpit at Northampton; and the people of Massachusetts, in very considerable proportions, gradually wandered over into the Unitarian communion. To Jonathan Edwards and the inflexible law of action and reaction, more than to Priestley or any one else of their generation, that sect owes to this day its numerical strength, its influence, and its dignity, in New England. With the creed of that sect Dr. Franklin had more in common than with any other, though he was much too wise a man to suppose that there was but one gate of admission to the Holy City. He believed in one God; that Jesus was the best man that ever lived, and his example the most profitable one ever given us to follow. He never succeeded in accepting the doctrine that Jehovah and Jesus were one person, or that miracles attributed to the latter in the Bible were ever worked. He

thought the best service and sufficient worship of God was in doing all the good we can to his creatures. He therefore never occupied himself much with ecclesiastical ceremonies, sectarian differences, or theological subtleties. A reverend candidate for episcopal orders wrote to Franklin, complaining that the Archbishop of Canterbury had refused to ordain him unless he would take the oath of allegiance, which he was too patriotic a Yankee to do. Franklin, in reply, asked what necessity there was for his being connected with the Church of England; if it would not be as well were it the Church of Ireland. Perhaps were he to apply to the Bishop of Derry, who was a man of liberal sentiments, he might give him orders, as of that Church. Should both England and Ireland refuse, Franklin assumed that the Bishops of Sweden and Norway would refuse also, unless the candidates embraced Lutheranism. He then added:—

"Next to becoming Presbyterians, the Episcopalian clergy of America, in my humble opinion, cannot do better than to follow the example of the first clergy of Scotland, soon after the conversion of that country to Christianity. When the King had built the cathedral of St. Andrew's, and requested the King of Northumberland to lend his bishops to ordain one for them, that their clergy might not as heretofore be obliged to go to Northumberland for orders, and their request was refused, they assembled in the cathedral, and the mitre, crosier, and robes of a bishop being laid upon the altar, they after earnest prayers for direction in their choice elected one of their own number; when the King said to him, '*Arise, go to the altar, and receive your office at the hand of God.*' His brethren led him to the altar, robed him, put the crosier in his hand and the mitre on his head, and he became the first Bishop of Scotland.

"If the British islands were sunk in the sea (and the surface of this globe had suffered great changes), you would probably take some such method as this; and if they persist

in denying your ordination, it is the same thing. A hundred years hence, when people are more enlightened, it will be wondered at that men in America, qualified by their learning and piety to pray for and instruct their neighbors, should not be permitted to do it till they had made a voyage of six thousand miles out and home, to ask leave of a cross old gentleman at Canterbury."

Franklin, however, was in no sense an agnostic. What he could not understand he did not profess to understand or believe; neither was he guilty of the presumption of holding that what he could not understand, he might not have understood if he had been a wiser and better man. Though impatient of cant and hypocrisy, especially in the pulpit, he never spoke lightly of the Bible, or of the Church and its offices. When his daughter Sally was about to marry, he wrote to her:—

"My dear child, the natural prudence and goodness of heart God has blest you with, make it less necessary for me to be particular in giving you advice. I shall therefore only say, that the more attentively dutiful and tender you are toward your good mamma, the more you will recommend yourself to me. But why should I mention *me*, when you have so much higher a promise in the Commandments, that such conduct will recommend you to the favor of God? You know I have many enemies, all indeed on the public account (for I cannot recollect that I have in a private capacity given just cause of offense to any one whatever): yet they are enemies, and very bitter ones; and you must expect their enmity will extend in some degree to you, so that your slightest indiscretions will be magnified into crimes, in order the more sensibly to wound and afflict me. It is therefore the more necessary for you to be extremely circumspect in all your behavior, that no advantage may be given to their malevolence.

"Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal busi-

ness there, and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days: yet I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do."

I cannot more fitly close this imperfect sketch of America's most illustrious citizen, than by quoting from a touching and most affectionate letter from Mrs. Hewson (Margaret Stevenson),—one of Franklin's worthiest, most faithful, and most valued friends,—addressed to one of Franklin's oldest friends in England.

"We have lost that valued, venerable, kind friend whose knowledge enlightened our minds and whose philanthropy warmed our hearts. But we have the consolation to think that if a life well spent in acts of universal benevolence to mankind, a grateful acknowledgment of divine favor, a patient submission under severe chastisement, and an humble trust in Almighty mercy, can insure the happiness of a future state, our present loss is his gain. I was the faithful witness of the closing scene, which he sustained with that calm fortitude which characterized him through life. No repining, no peevish expression ever escaped him during a confinement of two years, in which, I believe, if every moment of ease could be added together, would not amount to two whole months. When the pain was not too violent to be amused, he employed himself with his books, his pen, or in conversation with his friends; and upon every occasion displayed the clearness of his intellect and the cheerfulness of his temper. Even when the intervals from pain were so short that his words were frequently interrupted, I have

known him to hold a discourse in a sublime strain of piety. I say this to you because I know it will give you pleasure.

"I never shall forget one day that I passed with our friend last summer. I found him in bed in great agony; but when that agony abated a little I asked if I should read to him. He said yes; and the first book I met with was Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.' I read the 'Life of Watts,' who was a favorite author with Dr. Franklin; and instead of lulling him to sleep, it roused him to a display of the powers of his memory and his reason. He repeated several of Watts's 'Lyric Poems,' and descanted upon their sublimity in a strain worthy of them and of their pious author. It is natural for us to wish that an attention to some ceremonies had accompanied that religion of the heart which I am convinced Dr. Franklin always possessed; but let us who feel the benefit of them continue to practice them, without thinking lightly of that piety which could support pain without a murmur, and meet death without terror."

Franklin made a somewhat more definite statement of his views on the subject of religion, in reply to an inquiry from President Styles of Yale College, who expressed a desire to know his opinion of Jesus of Nazareth. Franklin's reply was written the last year of his life, and in the eighty-fourth of his age:—

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them.

"As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

"I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. My sentiments on this head you will see in the copy of an old letter inclosed, which I wrote in answer to one from an old religionist whom I had relieved in a paralytic case by electricity, and who, being afraid I should grow proud upon it, sent me his serious though rather impertinent caution."

BURKE

(1729–1797)

BY E. L. GODKIN

EDMUND BURKE, born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1729, was the son of a successful attorney, who gave him as good an education as the times and the country afforded. He went to school to an excellent Quaker, and graduated at Trinity College in 1748. He appears to have then gone to London in 1750 to "keep terms," as it was called, at the Middle Temple, with the view of being admitted to the bar, in obedience to his father's desire and ambition. But the desultory habit of mind, the preference for literature and philosophical speculation to connected study, which had marked his career in college, followed him and prevented any serious application to the law. His father's patience was after a while exhausted, and he withdrew Burke's allowance and left him to his own resources.

This was in 1755, but in 1756 he married, and made his first appearance in the literary world by the publication of a book. About these years from 1750 to 1759 little is known. He published two works, one a treatise on the "Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," and the other a "Vindication of Natural Society," a satire on Bolingbroke. Stray allusions and anecdotes about other men in the diaries and correspondence of the time show that he frequented the literary coffee-houses, and was gradually making an impression on the authors and wits whom he met there. Be-

sides the two books we have mentioned, he produced some smaller things, such as an "Essay on the Drama," and part of an "Abridgment of the History of England." But although these helped to secure him admission to the literary set, they did not raise him out of the rank of obscure literary adventurers, who from the Revolution of 1688, and especially after the union with Scotland, began to swarm to London from all parts of the three kingdoms. The first recognition of him as a serious writer was his employment by Dodsley the bookseller, at a salary of $100 a year, to edit the Annual Register, which Dodsley founded in 1759.

Considered as a biographical episode, this may fairly be treated as a business man's certificate that Burke was industrious and accurate. As his income from his father was withdrawn or reduced in 1755, there remain four years during which his way of supporting himself is unknown. His published works were certainly not "pot-boilers." He was probably to some extent dependent on his wife's father, Dr. Nugent, an Irish physician who when Burke made his acquaintance lived in Bath, but after his daughter's marriage settled in London, and seems to have frequented and have been acceptable in the same coffee-houses as Burke, and for the same reasons. But Burke was not a man to remain long dependent on any one. These nine years were evidently not spent fruitlessly. They had made him known and brought him to the threshold of public life.

In 1759, political discussion as we understand it—that is, those explorations of the foundations of political society and analyses of social relations which now form our daily intellectual food—was hardly known. The interest in religion as the chief human concern was rapidly declining.

The interest in human society as an organism to be studied, and if need be, taken to pieces and put together again, was only just beginning. Montesquieu's great work, "The Spirit of the Laws," which demanded for expediency and convenience in legislation the place which modern Europe had long assigned to authority, had only appeared in 1748. Swift's satires had made serious breaches in the wall of convention by which the State, in spite of the convulsions of the seventeenth century, was still surrounded. But the writer whose speculations excited most attention in England was Bolingbroke. The charm of his style and the variety of his interests made him the chief intellectual topic of the London world in Burke's early youth. To write like Bolingbroke was a legitimate ambition for a young man. It is not surprising that Burke felt it, and that his earliest political effort was a satire on Bolingbroke. It attracted the attention of a politician, Gerard Hamilton, and he quickly picked up Burke as his secretary, treated him badly, and was abandoned by him in disgust at the end of six years.

The peculiar condition of the English governmental machine made possible for men of Burke's kind at this period what would not be possible now. The population had vanished from a good many old boroughs, although their representation in Parliament remained, and the selection of the members fell to the lords of the soil. About one hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons were in this way chosen by great landed proprietors, and it is to be said to their credit that they used their power freely to introduce unknown young men of talent into public life. Moreover in many cases, if not in most, small boroughs, however well peopled, were expected to elect the proprietor's nominee.

Burke after leaving Hamilton's service was for a short time private secretary to Lord Rockingham, when the latter succeeded Grenville in the Ministry in 1766; but when he went out, Burke obtained a seat in Parliament in 1765 in the manner we have described, for the borough of Wendover, from Lord Verney, who owned it. He made his first successful speech the same year, and was complimented by Pitt. He was already recognized as a man of enormous information, as any one who edited the Annual Register had to be.

A man of such powers and tastes in that day naturally became a pamphleteer. Outside of Parliament there was no other mode of discussing public affairs. The periodical press for purposes of discussion did not exist. During and after the Great Rebellion, the pamphlet had made its appearance as the chief instrument of controversy. Defoe used it freely after the Restoration. Swift made a great hit with it, and probably achieved the first sensational sale with his pamphlet on "The Conduct of the Allies." Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" was a work of the same class. As a rule the pamphlet exposed or refuted somebody, even if it also freely expounded. It was inevitable that Burke should early begin to wield this most powerful of existing weapons. His antagonist was ready for him in the person of George Grenville, the minister who had made way for Burke's friend and patron Lord Rockingham. Grenville showed, as easily as any party newspaper in our own day, that Rockingham and his friends had ruined the country by mismanagement of the war and of the finances. Burke refuted him with a mastery of facts and figures, and a familiarity with the operations of trade and commerce, and a power of exposition and illustration, and a comprehension of the fundamental

conditions of national economy, which at once made him famous and a necessary man for the Whigs in the great struggle with the Crown on which they were entering.

The nature of this struggle cannot be better described in brief space than by saying that the King, from his accession to the throne down to the close of the American War, was engaged in a persistent effort to govern through ministers chosen and dismissed, as the German ministers are now, by himself; while the subservience of Parliament was secured by the profuse use of pensions and places. To this attempt, and all the abuses which inevitably grew out of it, the Whigs with Burke as their intellectual head offered a determined resistance, and the conflict was one extraordinarily well calculated to bring his peculiar powers into play.

The leading events in this long struggle were the attempt of the House of Commons to disqualify Wilkes for a seat in the House, to punish reporting their debates as a breach of privilege, and the prosecution of the war against the American colonies. It may be said to have begun at the accession of the King, and to have lasted until the resignation of Lord North after the surrender of Cornwallis, or from 1770 to 1783.

Burke's contributions to it were his pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," and several speeches in Parliament: the first, like the pamphlet, on the general situation, and others on minor incidents in the struggle. This pamphlet has not only survived the controversy, but has become one of the most famous papers in the political literature of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a century since every conspicuous figure in the drama passed away; it is seventy years since every trace of the controversy disappeared from English political life; most if not all of the

principles for which Burke contended have become commonplaces of English constitutional practice; the discontents of that day have vanished as completely as those of 1630: but Burke's pamphlet still holds a high place in every course of English literature, and is still read and pondered by every student of constitutional history and by every speculator on government and political morals.

In 1774 Parliament was dissolved for the second time since Burke entered it; and there a misfortune overtook him which illustrated in a striking way the practical working of the British Constitution at that period. Lord Verney, to whom he had owed his seat for the borough of Wendover at two elections, had fallen into pecuniary embarrassment and could no longer return him, because compelled to sell his four boroughs. This left Burke high and dry, and he was beginning to tremble for his political future, when he was returned for the great commercial city of Bristol by a popular constituency. The six years during which he sat for Bristol were the most splendid portion of his career. Other portions perhaps contributed as much if not more to his literary or oratorical reputation; but this brought out in very bold relief the great traits of character which will always endear his memory to the lovers of national liberty, and place him high among the framers of great political ideals. In the first place, he propounded boldly to the Bristol electors the theory that he was to be their representative but not their delegate; that his parliamentary action must be governed by his own reason and not by their wishes. In the next, he resolutely sacrificed his seat by opposing his constituents in supporting the removal of the restrictions on Irish trade, of which English merchants reaped the benefit. He would not be a party to what he considered the

oppression of his native country, no matter what might be the effect on his political prospects; and in 1780 he was not re-elected.

But the greatest achievement of this period of his history was his share in the controversy over the American War, which was really not more a conflict with the colonies over taxation, than a resolute and obstinate carrying out of the King's principles of government. The colonies were, for the time being, simply resisting pretensions to which the kingdom at home submitted. Burke's speeches on "American Taxation" (1774), on "Conciliation with America" (1775), and his "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol" (1777) on the same subject, taken as a sequel to the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," form a body of literature which it is not too much to pronounce not only a history of the dispute with the colonies, but a veritable political manual. He does not confine himself to a minute description of the arguments used in supporting the attempt to coerce America; he furnishes as he goes along principles of legislation applicable almost to any condition of society; illustrations which light up as by a single flash problems of apparently inscrutable darkness; explanations of great political failures; and receipts innumerable for political happiness and success. A single sentence often disposes of half a dozen fallacies firmly imbedded in governmental tradition. His own description of the rhetorical art of Charles Townshend was eminently applicable to himself:—"He knew, better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together within a short time all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question which he supported."

This observation suggests the great advantage he derives

as a political instructor from the facts that all his political speeches and writings are polemical. The difficulty of keeping exposition from being dry is familiar to everybody who has ever sought to communicate knowledge on any subject. But Burke in every one of his political theses had an antagonist, who was literally as he says himself, a helper: who did the work of an opposing counsel at the bar, in bringing out into prominence all the weak points of Burke's case and all the strong ones of his own; who set in array all the fallacies to be exposed, all the idols to be overthrown, all the doubts to be cleared up. Moreover he was not, like the man who usually figures in controversial dialogues, a sham opponent, but a creature of flesh and blood like Grenville, or the Sheriffs of Bristol, or the King's friends, or the Irish Protestant party, who met Burke with an ardor not inferior to his own. We consequently have, in all his papers and speeches, the very best of which he was capable in thought and expression, for he had not only to watch the city but to meet the enemy in the gate.

After the close of the American War, the remainder of Burke's career was filled with two great subjects, to which he devoted himself with an ardor which occasionally degenerated into fanaticism. One was the government of India by the East India Company, and the other was the French Revolution. Although the East India Company had been long in existence, and had toward the middle of the eighteenth century been rapidly extending its power and influence, comparatively little had been known by the English public of the nature of its operations. Attention had been drawn away from it by the events in America and the long contest with the King in England. By the close of the American War, however, the "Nabobs," as they were

called,—or returned English adventurers,—began to make a deep impression on English society by the apparent size of their fortunes and the lavishness of their expenditure. Burke calculated that in his time they had brought home about $200,000,000 with which they bought estates and seats in Parliament and became a very conspicuous element in English public and private life. At the same time, information as to the mode in which their money was made and their government carried on was scanty and hard to acquire. The press had no foreign correspondence; India was six months away, and all the Europeans in it were either servants of the Company, or remained in it on the Company's sufferance. The Whigs finally determined to attempt a grand inquisition into its affairs, and a bill was brought in by Fox, withdrawing the government of India from the Company and vesting it in a commission named in the bill. This was preceded by eleven reports from a Committee of Inquiry. But the bill failed utterly, and brought down the Whig ministry, which did not get into office again in Burke's time. This was followed in 1785, on Burke's instigation, by the impeachment of the most conspicuous of the Company's officers, Warren Hastings. Burke was appointed one of the managers on behalf of the Commons.

No episode in his career is so familiar to the public as his conduct of this trial, owing to Warren Hastings having been the subject of one of the most popular of Macaulay's Essays. None brought out more clearly Burke's great dialectical powers, or so well displayed his mastery of details and his power of orderly exposition. The trial lasted eight years, and was adjourned over from one parliamentary session to another. These delays were fatal to its success. The public interest in it died out long before the close, as usual

in protracted legal prosecutions; the feeling spread that the defendant could not be very guilty when it took so long to prove his crime. Although Burke toiled over the case with extraordinary industry and persistence, and an enthusiasm which never flagged, Hastings was finally acquitted.

But the labors of the prosecution were not wholly vain. It awoke in England an attention to the government of India which never died out, and led to a considerable curtailing of the power of the East India Company, and necessarily of its severity, in dealing with Indian States. The impeachment was preceded by eleven reports on the affairs of India by the Committee of the House of Commons, and the articles of impeachment were nearly as voluminous. Probably no question which has ever come before Parliament has received so thorough an examination. Hardly less important was the report of the Committee of the Commons (which consisted of the managers of the impeachment) on the Lords' journals. This was an elaborate examination of the rules of evidence which govern proceedings in the trial of impeachments, or of persons guilty of malfeasance in office. This has long been a bone of contention between lawyers and statesmen. The Peers in the course of the trial had taken the opinion of the judges frequently, and had followed it in deciding on the admissibility of evidence, a great deal of which was important to the prosecution. The report maintained, and with apparently unanswerable force, that when a legislature sits on offenses against the State, it constitutes a grand inquest which makes its own rules of evidence; and is not and ought not to be tied up by the rules administered in the ordinary law courts, and formed for the most part for the guidance of the unskilled and often uneducated men who compose juries. As a manual for the

instruction of legislative committees of inquiry it is therefore still very valuable, if it be not a final authority.

Burke, during and after the Warren Hastings trial, fell into considerable neglect and unpopularity. His zeal in the prosecution had grown as the public interest in it declined, until it approached the point of fanaticism. He took office in the coalition which succeeded the Fox Whigs, and when the French Revolution broke out it found him somewhat broken in nerves, irritated by his failures, and in less cordial relations with some of his old friends and colleagues. He at once arrayed himself fiercely against the Revolution, and broke finally with what might be called the Liberty of all parties and creeds, and stood forth to the world as the foremost champion of authority, prescription, and precedent. Probably none of his writings are so familiar to the general public as those which this crisis produced, such as the "Thoughts on the French Revolution" and the "Letters on a Regicide Peace." They are and will always remain, apart from the splendor of the rhetoric, extremely interesting as the last words spoken by a really great man on behalf of the old order. Old Europe made through him the best possible defense of itself. He told, as no one else could have told it, the story of what customs, precedent, prescription, and established usage had done for its civilization; and he told it nevertheless as one who was the friend of rational progress, and had taken no small part in promoting it. Only one other writer who followed him came near equaling him as a defender of the past, and that was Joseph de Maistre; but he approached the subject mainly from the religious side. To him the old régime was the order of Providence. To Burke it was the best scheme of things that humanity could devise for the advancement and preservation of civili-

zation. In the papers we have mentioned, which were the great literary sensations of Burke's day, everything that could be said for the system of political ethics under which Europe had lived for a thousand years was said with a vigor, incisiveness, and wealth of illustration which must make them for all time and in all countries the arsenal of those who love the ancient ways and dread innovation.

The failure of the proceedings against Warren Hastings, and the strong sympathy with the French Revolution—at least in its beginning—displayed by the Whigs and by most of those with whom Burke had acted in politics, had an unfortunate effect on his temper. He broke off his friendship with Fox and others of his oldest associates and greatest admirers. He became hopeless and out of conceit with the world around him. One might have set down some of this at least to the effect of advancing years and declining health, if such onslaughts on revolutionary ideas as his "Reflections on the French Revolution" and his "Letters on a Regicide Peace" did not reveal the continued possession of all the literary qualities which had made the success of his earlier works. Their faults are literally the faults of youth: the brilliancy of the rhetoric, the heat of the invective, the violence of the partisanship, the reluctance to admit the existence of any grievances in France to justify the popular onslaught on the monarchy, the noblesse, and the Church. His one explanation of the crisis and its attendant horrors was the instigation of the spirit of evil. The effect on contemporary opinion was very great, and did much to stimulate the conservative reaction in England which carried on the Napoleonic wars and lasted down to the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832.

There were, however, other causes for the cloud which

came over Burke's later years. In spite of his great services to his party and his towering eminence as an orator and writer, he never obtained a seat in the Cabinet. The Paymastership of the Forces, at a salary of $20,000 a year, was the highest reward, either in honor or money, which his party ever bestowed on him. It is true that in those days the Whigs were very particular in reserving high places for men of rank and family. In fact, their government was, from the Revolution of 1688 on, a thorough oligarchy, divided among a few great houses. That they should not have broken through this rule in Burke's case, and admitted to the Cabinet a man to whom they owed so much as they did to him, excited wonder in his own day, and has down to our own time been one of the historical mysteries on which the students of that period love to expend their ingenuity. It is difficult to reconcile this exclusion and neglect of Burke with the unbounded admiration lavished on him by the aristocratic leaders of the party. It is difficult too to account for Burke's quiet acquiescence in what seems to be their ingratitude. There had before his time been no similar instance of party indifference to such claims as he could well make, on such honors and rewards as the party had to bestow.

The most probable explanation of the affair is the one offered by his latest and ablest biographer, Mr. John Morley. Burke had entered public life without property,—probably the most serious mistake, if in his case it can be called a mistake, which an English politician can commit. It is a wise and salutary rule of English public life that a man who seeks a political career shall qualify for it by pecuniary independence. It would be hardly fair in Burke's case to say that he had sought a political career. The greatness of

his talents literally forced it on him. He became a statesman and great parliamentary orator, so to speak, in spite of himself. But he must have early discovered the great barrier to complete success created by his poverty. He may be said to have passed his life in pecuniary embarrassment. This alone might not have shut him out from the Whig official Paradise, for the same thing might have been said of Pitt and Fox: but they had connections; they belonged by birth and association to the Whig class. Burke's relatives were no help or credit to him. In fact, they excited distrust of him. They offended the fastidious aristocrats with whom he associated, and combined with his impecuniousness to make him seem unsuitable for a great place. These aristocrats were very good to him. They lent him money freely, and settled a pension on him, and covered him with social adulation; but they were never willing to put him beside themselves in the government. His latter years therefore had an air of tragedy. He was unpopular with most of those who in his earlier years had adored him, and was the hero of those whom in earlier years he had despised. His only son, of whose capacity he had formed a strange misconception, died young, and he passed his own closing hours, as far as we can judge, with a sense of failure. But he left one of the great names in English history. There is no trace of him in the statute book, but he has, it is safe to say, exercised a profound influence in all succeeding legislation, both in England and America. He has inspired or suggested nearly all the juridical changes which distinguish the England of to-day from the England of the last century, and is probably the only British politician whose speeches and pamphlets, made for immediate results, have given him immortality.

JEFFERSON

(1743–1826)

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

THE consideration of Thomas Jefferson from the literary aspect involves a certain anomaly; for superficially he was not merely no maker of books, but took great pains that most of the productions of his pen should be only for the eye of his few intimates, or should, if issued to the public, appear without his name. His only important book, the "Notes on Virginia,"—which has been, of all works produced south of Mason and Dixon's Line, the most frequently reprinted,—was written to oblige a single man, was then privately printed that a few friends might have copies, and was published only when it was no longer possible to prevent the appearance of a pirated edition. The Summary View of the Rights of British America, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill for Religious Freedom, the Territorial Ordinance of 1784, and the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, were all mere drafts of papers intended for the use of public bodies, necessarily appearing without his name; and so well was the secret of authorship kept that the origin of two of them became the subject of serious historical controversy. Almost the only important paper definitely put forth with his name was his inaugural address as President; which has been hailed as the platform of a new party, but which in fact was rather an expression of

its highest culmination, and therefore by no means an influential factor afterward.

Yet the fact remains that the writings of no single American have so powerfully influenced American thought and history. Jefferson was one of the most prolific of writers; and if not himself a direct molder of public thought through the press, he indirectly affected public sentiment to an unmeasurable degree. Hamilton must be refuted: he wrote to James Madison, roughing out the line of argument to be taken, and begged him to enter the lists. A States-Rights view of the Constitution was needed: he inspired John Taylor to write it. His views on religion ought to be made public: he outlined a book, sent it to Joseph Priestley, and succeeded in getting him to undertake the task. It was Jefferson's often repeated assertion that he never wrote for the press; yet by means of his confidants, no man of his times approached him in the public expression of his ideas. He worked in fact through other men; and his twenty-five thousand letters, in contrast to his half-dozen State papers of moment, revealed the methods by which he influenced public opinion, and created that mass of doctrine, nowhere formulated, that is to-day known as "the Jeffersonian principles."

The consensus of both public opinion and history has assigned to this man rank with Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, as the four Americans who have reached the greatest eminence through public service. But while granting this position, a curious distinction is made, which deserves careful consideration. All men achieving political prominence are the object of attack, necessarily involving not merely criticism of their measures, but also of their character. Washington was accused of murder, treachery, cor-

ruption, hypocrisy, ingratitude, moral cowardice, and private immorality; Franklin was charged with theft, debauchery, intrigue, slander, and irreligion; while the manifold charges against Lincoln remain within the memory of many now living: and so there is nothing strange in the fact that Jefferson was accused of dishonesty, craftiness, slander, irreligion, immorality, cowardice, and incompetence. The contrast consists in the fact that while the failings of Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln have long since been forgotten. and their characters absolutely established in universal estimation, yet toward Jefferson there is still manifested by many a distinct partisan dislike; and as a natural corollary, by another class a distinct partisan affection. Our newspapers, our public orators, and even our histories, to this day give criticism or praise to him that rings so strongly as to suggest a conflict with the living, rather than judgment of the dead. No particular act of Jefferson excited any greater political opposition than did some advocated or enforced by Washington, Franklin, or Lincoln; and it is therefore necessary to seek some deeper reason for this difference than mere personality or policy. Without for a moment belittling the work of these others, the conclusion is forced that they worked for what was temporary, in the sense that when done it passed from the category of what is debatable to that which is decided; while what Jefferson worked for were issues of permanent importance,—in other words, that he was, and therefore still is, merely an expression of forces permanent in man; and to that fact is due the controversy which still centres about his name.

This is in effect to maintain that the political theories and usages originated or adopted by the great Democrat have a far deeper and broader principle underlying them than is

always recognized. In popular estimation, Jefferson stands as the founder of the Democratic party, and the developer of the theory of States-Rights; and on these foundations are based the so-called "Jeffersonian principles," and the respect and acceptance, as well as the criticism and contravention, accorded to them. That this basis was deemed sufficient during his life, is natural; for judgment of a living man must always be partial and superficial. That this limited view should during that time acquire prestige and momentum enough to project it into history, is not strange; the more that the logical conclusions of certain theories advanced by him suited the policy of one of our political parties. The acceptance of this narrow view has enabled his antagonists and critics to charge him with hypocrisy, opportunism, and even lack of any political principles; and the contradictions and instability they have cited in his opinions and conduct have embarrassed even his most devoted adherents. If this view is still to be accepted, these criticisms must stand; and judged by them, the marvel of the Federalists and his later critics, that he should have been the chosen instrument of American democracy, is proper. The scholarly and recluse nature of his tastes and studies; the retiring and limited character of his intercourse with the world; the influence of his social equals; his dislike of party and personal antagonism; and his sensitiveness to abuse and criticism,—make his acceptance of that leadership as strange a problem as that the people should have chosen for their representative a man lacking nearly all of the personal qualities which are presumed to win popularity with the masses. And it is only explicable from the standpoint of his critics as the success of an ambitious and unprincipled self-seeking man, attained by astuteness and chicane so great as to deceive the people.

But if the people embody the total of human thought and experience, as our political theories maintain, there are better reasons than these for his elevation, and for the political influence his name has carried for over one hundred years; better reasons than the leadership of a party, or a fine-spun theory of the respective powers of the State and national governments. The explanation of these anomalies lies deeper than any mere matter of individuality, party success, or rigid political platform. Thus an understanding of what he endeavored to accomplish, explains or softens many of his apparent contradictions and questionable acts. The dominant principle of his creed was, that all powers belonged to the people; and that governments, constitutions, laws, precedents, and all other artificial clogs and "protections," are entitled to respect and obedience only as they fulfill their limited function of aiding—not curtailing—the greatest freedom to the individual. For this reason he held that no power existed to bind the people or posterity, except in their own acts. For this reason he was a strict construer of the national Constitution where he believed it destructive of personal freedom; and he construed it liberally where it threatened to limit the development of the people. He was the defender of the State governments; for he regarded them as a necessary division for local self-government and as natural checks on the national power, and so a safeguard to the people. That he appealed to them in his Resolutions of 1798 was because he believed the people for once unable to act for their own interest; and the theories of that paper are a radical and short-lived contradiction of his true beliefs. Because he believed the national judiciary and the national bank to be opposed to the will of the people, he attacked them. Because he believed he was furthering the

popular will, he interfered in the legislative department and changed office-holders. Because he wished the people free to think and act, he favored separation from England, abolition of religion, and the largest degree of local self-government. As already suggested, his methods and results were not always good, and his character and conduct had many serious flaws. Yet in some subtle way the people understood him, and forgave in him weaknesses and defects they have seldom condoned. And eventually this judgment will universally obtain, as the fact becomes clearer and clearer that neither national independence nor State sovereignty, with the national and party rancors that attach to them, were the controlling aim and attempt of his life; that no party or temporary advantage was the object of his endeavors, but that he fought for the ever-enduring privilege of personal freedom.

Recognition of the principles for which he fought does not, however, imply indorsement of his methods and instruments. Many of his failings can be traced to cowardice; the physical side of which was well known to his age, and the moral side of which is visible in nearly everything he did or wrote. Yet even with this allowance, it is difficult to reconcile such a faith as his in the people, with his constant panics over the smallest events. Indeed, it is hard to believe it possible that a man so instinct with the popular mood could shy wildly at the levees of Washington, and the birthnight balls, as evidences of a monarchical tendency; or conceive that his walking to his inauguration, and his reception of a foreign minister in soiled linen and "slippers down at the heel," were serious political manœuvres. If he truly believed this "the strongest government on earth," it seems little less than fatuous in him to declare that the scribbling

of one abusive editor had "saved our Constitution," and to refer the success of the Democratic party in 1800 to the influence of another. Still more of his defects can be accounted for by the influence of those with whom he labored: Demos being seldom scrupulous in its ways, and fighting without the feelings or code that go to make warfare a duel of equal conditions. His patronage of such hack libelers as Freneau, Bache, Duane, Paine, and Callender, to say nothing of the half rebellious democratic societies made up chiefly of the mobs of the large cities and the "moonshiners" of the mountains, is well-nigh impossible to account for without a confession of the lack of certain moral qualities innate in most men, and of the *noblesse oblige* of his class.

Not less extraordinary is the freedom and sweepingness of his criticism of the financial plans of Hamilton,—certainly the ablest financier ever in charge of our national treasury, —when Jefferson himself was seldom able to add up a column of figures correctly, for over fifty years of his life was hopelessly insolvent, almost brought about the national mortification of the public arrest for debt of the President of the United States, was the recipient of several public subscriptions that he might live, and in his last years even urged the Legislature of Virginia to allow a lottery in his behalf. As he was blind morally in many respects, so too he seemed blind to the greatest truth of our governing principle,— the rights of the minority, as compared with those of the majority. "The will of the majority is the natural law of society," he wrote; and except for the momentary attitude taken in the Resolutions of 1798, he never urged what is so obvious to any but partisans. On the contrary, his course in Virginia in the destruction of the old aristocracy, and his attack on the Supreme Court, show how absolutely

he was lacking in the spirit of majority and minority compromise which is really the basis of republican government. It is true that in his inaugural address he said, "We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists;" but this only referred to the Federalists who were already coalescing with the Republicans, and toward the leaders of the opposing party he ever held an intolerant and unforgiving course.

A study of his life goes far to explain these facts. From his father, Peter Jefferson, an uneducated Indian-fighter, pioneer, and surveyor, he received an inheritance both of common-sense and of sympathy with the masses. From his mother, Jane Randolph, came a strain of the best gentry blood of Virginia; a line at once famous for its lawyers and statesmen, and shadowed by hereditary insanity. These dual heritages from his parents were both of vital influence in his career. Born on April 2, 1743, at Shadwell, Virginia, on the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, then one of the most western of settlements, the frontier life unquestionably developed the qualities he had received from his father; and bred in this cradle of democracy, he was ever after able to appreciate and to sympathize with the spirit. Nor was his mother's influence less potent; for, carefully educated at William and Mary College, and with an entrée to the best society of the colony, he became the cultivated gentleman that he was. From this double or complex nature flowed curious results. During his whole life he was fighting the battle of the masses, yet at no period did he ever associate with them save in his own county, and then only as a great planter, or county squire; nor is there discernible in anything he did or wrote, the feeling of personal as opposed to theoretical liking for mankind. Humane, sympathetic, broad-minded,

he always was in his views and actions; but in relations to his fellow-kind he seems to have had a distinct repugnance to association with *hoi polloi*. On the contrary, the chief happiness of his life was found in his intercourse with his social equals; and when his adoption of the people's cause had produced social ostracism by the society of Philadelphia, so that old friends of his "crossed the street merely to avoid touching their hats to him," and in his own words, "many declined visiting me with whom I had been on terms of the greatest friendship and intimacy," he ever after, when alluding to the period, used expressions implying that he had endured the keenest suffering. With scarcely an exception, democracy the world over has fought its battles with self-made men as leaders; men near enough the soil not to feel, or at least able to resist, the pressure of higher social forces: but Jefferson was otherwise, and the suffering this alienation and discrimination caused him is over and over again shown by his reiterated expressions of hatred of the very politics to which he gave the larger part of his life.

Nor was it merely by heritage that Jefferson took rank with the "classes;" for intellectually as well, he belonged among them. From his youth he was a close and hard student: he stated himself that he studied over ten hours a day; and James Duane asserted in 1775 that Jefferson was "the greatest rubber-off of dust that he had met with; that he has learned French, Spanish, and wants to learn German." He believed in the study of original sources; and in his desire to study these, even taught himself Anglo-Saxon that he might investigate the development of English law. Only when theorizing on the great principles controlling society does he seem to have taken distinct enjoyment in the political side of his career; and this distinction no

doubt accounts for his great reputation as a theoretical statesman, and his almost absolute failure in every executive office he held. Not the least influence in his life was his intense interest in everything scientific. An eclipse, a new animal or plant, the meteorology or the longitude of a place, or any other scientific datum, was eagerly sought for. Mathematics was another youthful passion, and to this late in life he returned. In his early days he took great pleasure in music, fiction, and poetry; but with advancing years he lost this liking to such a degree that he himself said of the last, "So much has my relish for poetry deserted me that at present I cannot read even Virgil with pleasure." In the words of a biographer, "His instincts were those of a liberal European nobleman, like the Duc de Liancourt; and he built himself at Monticello a chateau above contact with man." Here the management of his farm was his constant delight, but chiefly on its experimental or scientific side, and it is to be noted that practically it never yielded him a profit; here he gathered an unusually fine library of standard books (for the time); and here, except for his few intimates, he shut out the world.

The result of these influences was that from his early manhood he became a thorough skeptic of tradition and precedent; and in his own words, he "never feared to follow truth and reason, to whatever results they led, and bearding every authority which stood in their way." In fact, all through his life there was a certain affectation of original thinking; and a contemporary who knew him well declared that "it constituted a part of Mr. Jefferson's pride to run before the times in which he lived." This foible made him dreaded by the conservatives, and the Federalists were never tired of charging him with being a radical and a man of sub-

limated theories; but in the main his imagination was balanced by an almost equally strong logical quality of mind.

Almost alone of the Revolutionary leaders, Jefferson was born on the frontier. Among those conditions he passed the formative period of his life; and as representative of this region he made his first essay in politics in 1765, and naturally as an advocate and defender of the democratic mountaineers. In the Virginia Assembly, in which his earliest battles were fought, the strongest line of party division was between the aristocratic "planter" interest—great landed and slaveholding proprietors, with the prestige and inertia of favorable laws and offices—and the "settler" interest inhabiting the frontier, far from the law or protection of government, but strong in numbers, independence, and necessities; and in these conflicts he learned how absolutely selfish and grasping all class legislation is. Then came the Revolution; and Jefferson saw governments deriving their authority from laws innumerable, and their force from the strongest nation of Europe, utterly destroyed, with hardly a blow, merely through their non-recognition by the masses. With the Committees of Safety and the Congresses that succeeded, and in which he took a prominent part, he saw the experiment of "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," established and tested. Even more: he was the leader in Virginia from whom the great democratic movement received its greatest impulse; and chiefly by his measures were the State church swept away, and the laws of entail and primogeniture abolished,—reforms which, in his own words, inaugurated "a system by which every fiber would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy, and a foundation laid for a government truly republican." Had he

been in America between 1784 and 1788, he too might have become doubtful as to how far the masses could control themselves; for the reaction of the Revolutionary struggle was severe, and strained democratic institutions almost to anarchy. He would have seen, too, his bills for the establishment of a vast system of public schools and libraries but dead letters, and his act for religious freedom result in the closing of many churches. But in these years he was serving as our minister to France, and witnessing there another great struggle between the privileged and unprivileged. So he returned to America in 1789 true to the influences and lessons of his life, which had taught him to believe that only the people truly knew what the people needed; that those who could take care of themselves were wise and practical enough to help care for the nation; and that the only way of enforcing laws was that they should be made by those who were to obey them. In this country, then in a state of reaction from the anarchy of the last few years, he found his theories in disfavor with the conservative, and government slipping more and more from the control of the governed. Though he reluctantly accepted the appointment of Secretary of State under the new government, to oblige Washington, he disapproved very quickly the Federalist concept of national powers; and after vainly opposing the policy of the administration in which he had taken office, both openly and by stealth, he finally sought voluntary retirement as the greatest protest he could make. Even in this, however, his opposition was maintained; and when finally the Federalist party, misled by its leaders, revolted the nation by its actions, Jefferson was swept into power as the representative of the other extreme. Twice he was chosen President, and nearly every Legisla-

ture in the Union petitioned him to serve a third term; but he declined, and passed into retirement, from which he never was tempted, and in which he died on July 4, 1826,—exactly fifty years after the adoption of his Declaration of Independence.

MIRABEAU

(1749–1791)

BY FRANCIS N. THORPE

THAT unparalleled social upheaval and reorganization called the French Revolution was as productive of literature as of violence and change. To us it seems only literature, and its actors only characters in comedy or tragedy. They believed that they were thinking and doing for mankind, and their eloquence of speech and action moved the world. Revolutionists who take charge of such an upheaval inspire literature. Rarely do they themselves produce it. There are exceptions. Such was Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau, born on the 9th of March, 1749, at Bignon. The record of his life is stranger and more fascinating than fiction. Its episodes have been the quarry of novelists and playwrights; its various fortunes, its immoral depths, its political heights, have furnished figures of speech for modern literature. Judged by the standards of any other time than his own, Mirabeau is a monster. Judged by the standard of the half-century he filled, he was the savior of the French, the father of a people. From his birth to his death his career was an open letter. He had no privacy. All is preserved,—sorrow, ambition, sin, power, eloquence, action, letters, pamphlets, octavos, and the climax, —revolution. The world would scarcely produce such a being now. His was the course of nature. It was possible in 1749, in France.

Never was there child more ugly in face and feature; nor more passionate and uncontrollable. Nature seemed to have played a prank on the world in producing him. He defied law, morals, authority; and because of defiance, was sent by his father to the dungeons of Castles If, and Joux, and Vincennes, in hopes of his death by sickness, or starvation, or despair, or suicide. Yet from each he managed to get release, and ever through grosser immoralities, as would now be said; through intrigue, and friendships, and the collusion of officials, as was said then. "Escape; flight into Switzerland, to Holland, to England, and desperate poverty ever at his elbow. He must write or starve. Whence there issued pamphlets, as on the Order of Cincinnatus; on the Bank of Spain, called of St. Charles; on the Bank of Discount; on the Water Company of Paris, and many more." The pamphlets on French finance attacked the rotten system of the ministry and compelled a reform—and the author's further flight from arrest.

At thirty-one he was done with prison life; at thirty-seven he went to Berlin with hope of making a living there by his writings. He invaded the acquaintance of the Great Frederick, who broke his rule against foreigners and met him, and recognized the man of power at once. But the dying King had other questions on hand than those Mirabeau might raise. To his successor, Frederick William II, Mirabeau sent a pamphlet of some eighty-four octavo pages, being advice how to govern.

Meanwhile French finances were becoming more hopeless. Mirabeau attacked the system which had been followed by Necker and by his successor Calonne, in a fierce pamphlet called "A Denunciation of Stock-Jobbing to the King and the Assembly of Notables." A decree in council suppressed

the pamphlet, and Mirabeau fled from Paris. He knew that he had caused the banishment of two of the most disreputable speculators in the credit of the government.

During his imprisonment at If and Joux he had restlessly written an essay on "Despotism," and a pamphlet on "Lettres-de-Cachet," whose publication had been quickly suppressed. But the time was ready for them, and they were widely circulated and read. Mirabeau was thinking aloud, as the French people were thinking in silence and fiercely.

It was now 1787, and the meeting of the States-General probable. De Brienne, the prime minister, was resolved not to summon them. He was an embodiment of the *ancien régime* which was fast coming to a close. Mirabeau returned to Paris, restless, discerning keenly and accurately the condition of affairs; ambitious to direct them. From this time his letters are the record of revolutionary directions. His insight made his opinions prophetic. But though the fruit was ripe, it still hung on the tree of monarchy. A zephyr would bring it to the ground. Mirabeau at this time published his most important work, on the Prussian monarchy under Frederick the Great, with an inquiry into the condition of the principal countries of Germany. It was in eight octavo volumes, and reads like an extemporaneous speech—but, a speech by Mirabeau. The world has accepted his portrait of Frederick.

The States-General, so ran the ministerial decree, shall meet on the 1st of May, 1789. This was opportunity. Mirabeau sought a constituency and an election. He found them in Aix. "War with the privileged and with privileges."—"I myself shall be personally very monarchic." This was his platform. His campaign was a succession of speeches and

pamphlets The people of Aix made him their idol because he was their hope. His election decided the fate of France. It was now 1789, the year of the Notables. The 4th of May, and all Paris was out to behold this procession from Notre Dame. All eyes were looking for Mirabeau. His ideas were well known; his career had been most scandalous in an age of scandals. The strong man, with the immense head and the lion's mane,—that was he. But there were others in the line. France did not yet know Mirabeau. The King's address is over; the discussions begin. Everybody is full of speech. What name shall the Assembly take? Mirabeau proposed "The Representatives of the People of France," and delivered the first oration that ever was heard by that people. He spoke a second time, but in vain. The Members assumed the title of "National Assembly." This was the beginning of the Reign of Terror. The National Assembly was composed of a few men of landed estate; a few eminent lawyers; but chiefly of adventurers without fortune. "I should not be surprised," remarked Mirabeau, "if civil war were the result of their beautiful decree."

Meanwhile the King had been tampered with. On the 23d he came into the Assembly in royal pomp. "I command you, gentlemen, to disperse immediately, and to repair tomorrow morning to your respective chambers, there to resume your sitting"—and the King withdrew. Some of the clergy had joined the Assembly. There was strong inclination to obey the royal command. Mirabeau was quickly on his feet. "I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity and legislative power, and to remember your oath [at the Tennis Court] which will not permit you to disperse till you have established the constitution." While he was sitting down, amidst applause, the Marquis de Brézé, grand master

of ceremonies, entered, and turning to the President, Bailli, said, "You have heard the King's orders."

"Yes, sir," flashed out Mirabeau: "we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the King; and you, sir, who cannot be his organ with the National Assembly,—you, who have here neither place, nor voice, nor right of speech, —you are not the person to remind us thereof. Go, and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven hence by the power of the bayonet."

That reply overthrew absolute monarchy in France, and began the era of constitutional liberty. From the moment of that utterance, Mirabeau became a political party in France; and he stood alone. Then followed in quick succession his orations, unparalleled in French annals, rarely equaled and still more seldom surpassed in those of any other country.

Oratory is a form of genius; but it makes great demands of those who follow it when the man and the occasion are past. Great indeed is he whose reputation, based on eloquence, survives the ravages of time. To Demosthenic eloquence, Mirabeau gave the full force of a masterful genius for practical politics. Because he was a practical statesman he stood alone, and was an enigma to his colleagues and to the people whom he loved and served. His reputation does not rest merely on a series of dazzling utterances, but on the sound ideas he scattered so lavishly before the Assembly. He foresaw the death of the King and Queen; the overthrow of monarchy and the Reign of Terror. He knew the centuries of wrongs that must be righted to save France from utter disintegration. Yet no word of vengeance or anarchy dropped from him. He would save the monarchy,

and make it the centre of a constitutional system. Therefore his orations dealt wholly with practical matters: civil organization; the veto power; finance; trade; slavery; the landed estates; taxation; the balance of powers under a constitution. He was neither of the Right nor of the Left, but of the whole estate of the people. His speech on the inviolability of letters ranks with Milton's defense of unlicensed printing. From his first conception of a constitutional monarchy, as announced by him in his appeal to the electors of Aix, he never departed. Like Montesquieu, he had learned from the British constitution, but his efforts to secure a like balance of functions for France were unsuccessful. The Radicals demanded a general proscription; Paris was with the Radicals, and Paris was France.

In the midst of his career, while yet in his second youth, he was suddenly cut off, the victim of his uncontrollable passions. The revolution was completing its twenty-third month. Mirabeau was dead. Unparalleled honors were paid to his memory. The Assembly voted him a public funeral. St. Généviève should be devoted to the reception of his ashes, and the birthday of French liberty should be his monument. Paris was in mourning. All parties followed the illustrious dead to the Pantheon. Swiftly the shadow of grief passed over France, and departments and cities held funeral services in his memory. The poets and pamphleteers issued their formal lamentations; the theatres brought out Mirabeau in life and Mirabeau in death.

He had struggled to save the monarchy, and to construct a national government based on constitutional liberty.

After the King's death the royal papers were found in the iron chest; and among them several that disclosed Mirabeau's plans. He had been dead two years. His honors were re-

examined, his memory put under arrest, his bust destroyed; and from the Assembly there went forth a decree that the body of Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau should be withdrawn from the French Pantheon, and that the body of Marat should be put in its place. Soon after, rude hands flung his remains into the burying-place for criminals, in the Faubourg of St. Marcel. To this day no sign marks his grave.

SHERIDAN

(1751–1816)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was the most distinguished member of a distinguished family. His grandfather was Dr. Sheridan, the friend and correspondent of Swift. His father was Thomas Sheridan, elocutionist, actor, manager, and lexicographer. His mother was Frances Sheridan, author of the comedy of "The Discovery" (acted by David Garrick), and of the novel "Miss Sidney Biddulph" (praised by Samuel Johnson). His three granddaughters, known as the beautiful Sheridans, became, one the Duchess of Somerset, another the Countess of Dufferin, and the third the Hon. Mrs. Norton (afterward Lady Stirling-Maxwell). His great-grandson is Lord Dufferin, author and diplomatist. Thus, in six generations of the family, remarkable power of one kind or another has been revealed.

Richard Brinsley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in September, 1751. Before he was ten the family moved to England; and he was presently sent to Harrow. Later he received from his father lessons in elocution, which he was destined to turn to account in Parliament. Before he was nineteen the family settled in Bath, then the resort of fashion. Here the young man observed life, wrote brilliant bits of verse, and fell in love with Miss Linley. The Linleys were all musicians: Miss Elizabeth Linley was a public singer of great

promise; she was not seventeen when Sheridan first met her. She was beset by suitors, with one of whom, a disreputable Captain Mathews (who was the author of a good book on whist), the future dramatist fought two duels. Sheridan eloped with Miss Linley to France; and after many obstacles, the course of true love ran smooth at last and the young pair were married. Although he was wholly without fortune, the husband withdrew his wife from the stage.

Sheridan's education had been fragmentary, and he lacked serious training. But he had wit and self-confidence; and he determined to turn dramatist. His father was an actor, his mother had written plays, and his father-in-law was a composer; and so the stage door swung wide open before him. His first piece, the five-act comedy the "Rivals," was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, January 17, 1775; and it then failed blankly, as it did again on a second performance. Withdrawn and revised, it was soon reproduced with approval. A similar experience is recorded of the "Barber of Seville," the first comedy of Beaumarchais, whose career is not without points of resemblance to Sheridan's. The "Rivals" and the "Barber of Seville" are among the few comedies of the eighteenth century which will survive into the twentieth.

In gratitude to the actor who had played Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Sheridan improvised the farce of "St. Patrick's Day; or, The Scheming Lieutenant;" brought out May 2, 1775, and long since dropped out of the list of acting plays. During the summer he wrote the book of a comic opera, the "Duenna," for which his father-in-law Linley prepared the score, and which was produced at Covent Garden November 21, 1775,—making three new plays which the young dramatist had brought out within the year.

The great actor, David Garrick, who had managed Drury Lane Theatre with the utmost skill for many years, was now about to retire. He owned half of the theatre, and this half he sold to Sheridan and to some of Sheridan's friends; and a little later Sheridan was able to buy the other half also, paying for it not in cash, but by assuming mortgages and granting annuities. It was in the middle of 1776 that David Garrick was succeeded in the management of Drury Lane Theatre by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was then not yet twenty-five years old.

The first new play of the new manager was only an old comedy altered. "A Trip to Scarborough," acted February 24, 1777, was a deodorized version of Vanbrugh's "Relapse;" rather better than most of the revisions of old plays, and yet a disappointment to the play-goers who were awaiting a new comedy. The new comedy came at last in the spring, and those who had high expectations were not disappointed. It was on May 8, 1777, that the "School for Scandal" was acted for the first time, with immense success,—a success which bids fair to endure yet another century and a quarter. With a stronger dramatic framework than the "Rivals," and a slighter proportion of broad farce, the "School for Scandal" is as effective in the acting as its predecessor, while it repays perusal far better.

When Garrick died, early in 1779, Sheridan wrote a "Monody," to be recited at the theatre the incomparable actor had so long directed. And in the fall of that year, on October 30, 1779, he brought out the brightest of farces and the best of burlesques, "The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed"); a delightful piece of theatrical humor,—suggested by Buckingham's "Rehearsal," no doubt, but distinctly superior. The "Critic," like the "Rivals" and the "School

for Scandal," continues to be acted both in Great Britain and the United States. Sheridan's best plays have revealed a sturdy vitality, and a faculty of readaptation to changing theatrical conditions. After the production of the "Critic," Sheridan did not again appear before the public as an original dramatist. Perhaps he was jealous of his reputation; and, aware of the limit of his powers, he knew that he could not surpass the "School for Scandal." Just as Molière used to talk about his "Homme de Cour," which he had not begun when he died, so Sheridan used to talk about a comedy to be called "Affectation," for which he had done no more than jot down a few stray notes and suggestions. Thereafter he confined himself to the outlining of plots for pantomimes, and to improving the plays of other authors. Thus the "Stranger" indubitably owed some of its former effectiveness in English to his adroit touch. Perhaps it was the success of the "Stranger" which led him to rework another of Kotzebue's plays into a rather turgid melodrama with a high-patriotic flavor. This, "Pizarro," was produced on May 24, 1799; and it hit the temper of the time so skillfully that it filled all the theatres in England for many months.

But long before this, Sheridan had entered into political life. He took his seat in Parliament in 1780,—being then not yet thirty. His first speech was a failure, as his first play had been. But he persevered; and in time he became as completely master of the platform as he was of the stage. He was a Whig; and when Fox and North drove out Shelburne, Sheridan was Secretary of the Treasury: but the Whigs went out in 1783. When Burke impeached Warren Hastings, Sheridan was one of the managers of the prosecution; and in the course of the proceedings he delivered two speeches, the recorded effect of which was simply marvelous.

In 1792 Sheridan's wife died, and from that hour the fortune that had waxed so swiftly waned as surely. He neglected the theatre for politics, and his debts began to harass him. He married again in 1795; but it may be doubted whether this second marriage was not a mistake. In 1809 Drury Lane was burnt to the ground; and Sheridan had rebuilt it at enormous cost only fifteen years before. This fire ruined him. In 1812 he made his last speech in Parliament. In 1815 he suffered the indignity of arrest for debt. He died on July 7, 1816.

Sheridan's indebtedness was found to be less than £5,000: that it had not been paid long before was due to his procrastination, his carelessness, and his total lack of business training, He seems to have allowed himself to be swindled right and left. In other ways also is his character not easy to apprehend aright. In his political career he unhesitatingly sacrificed place to patriotism; and during the mutiny at the Nore he put party advantage behind him, and came forward to urge the course of conduct best for the country as a whole. In his private life he was not altogether circumspect; but he lived in days when it was thought no disgrace for a statesman to be overtaken with wine. In all things he was his own worst enemy.

It is as a writer of comedies that Sheridan claims admission into this work; and here his position is impregnable. Of the four comic dramatists of the Restoration,—Congreve, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and Farquhar,—only one, Congreve, was Sheridan's superior as a wit; and Sheridan is the superior of every one of the four as a playwright, as an artist in stage effect, as a master of the medium in which they all of them worked. His only later rival is his fellow-Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith: but of Goldsmith's two comedies, one, the " Good-

Natured Man," has always been a failure, when first acted and whenever a revival has been attempted; and the other, "She Stoops to Conquer," delightful as it is, is what its hostile critics called it when it was first seen, a farce,—it has the arbitrary plot of a farce, though its manner is the manner of comedy. Neither in the library nor in the theatre does "She Stoops to Conquer" withstand the comparison with the "School for Scandal;" and Sheridan has still to his credit the "Rivals" and the "Critic." (It is true that Goldsmith has to his credit the "Vicar of Wakefield" and his poems and his essays; but it is of his plays that a comparison is here made.)

Sheridan is not of course to be likened to Molière: the Frenchman had a depth and a power to which the Irishman could not pretend. But a comparison with Beaumarchais is fair enough, and it can be drawn only in favor of Sheridan; for brilliant as the "Marriage of Figaro" is, it lacks the solid structure and the broad outlook of the "School for Scandal." Both the French wit and the Irish are masters of fence, and the dialogue of these comedies still scintillates as steel crosses steel. Neither of them put much heart into his plays; and perhaps the "School for Scandal" is even more artificial than the "Marriage of Figaro,"—but it is wholly free from the declamatory shrillness which to-day mars the masterpiece of Beaumarchais.

It is curious that the British novelists have often taken up their task in the maturity of middle age, and that the British dramatists have often been young fellows just coming into man's estate. One might say that Farquhar and Vanbrugh, Congreve and Sheridan, all composed their comedies when they were only recently out of their 'teens. Lessing has told us that the young man just entering on the world cannot

possibly know it. He may be ingenious, he may be clever, he may be brilliant,—but he is likely to lack depth and breadth. Here is the weak spot in Sheridan's work. Dash he had, and ardor, and dexterity, and wit; but when his work is compared with the solid and more human plays of Molière, for example, its relative superficiality is apparent. And yet superficiality is a harsh word, and perhaps misleading. What is not to be found in Sheridan's comedies is essential richness of inspiration. Liveliness there is, and dramaturgic skill, and comic invention, and animal spirits, and hearty enjoyment: these are gifts to be prized. To seek for more in the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" is to be disappointed.

HAMILTON

(1757–1804)

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN

HAMILTON'S distinction among the founders of the government of the United States is everywhere acknowledged. Washington stands alone. Next him, in the rank with Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, and Sherman, Alexander Hamilton is placed. Among these illustrious men, no claim could surpass Hamilton's. He was a gallant soldier, an eloquent orator, a persuasive writer, a skillful financier, a successful administrator, and a political philosopher practical as well as wise. He is worthy to be compared in political debate with Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Webster; in organization with Cavour and Bismarck; in finance with Sully, Colbert, Robert Morris, and Gladstone. "My three friends," said Guizot to a young American many years ago, pointing to three portraits which hung upon the walls of his library, —Aberdeen, Hamilton, and Washington. Even his opponents acknowledged his powers. Thus, Jefferson called Hamilton "the Colossus of the Federalists," and Ambrose Spencer said he was "the greatest man this country ever produced." James Kent, an admirer, used terms of more discriminating praise. Allibone has collected similar tributes from Talleyrand, Guizot, and Gouverneur Morris, Story, and Webster. Yet Hamilton was severely criticised during his life by his political enemies, and he encountered attacks

from the newspapers as severe as those which befall any of our contemporaries. Lodge says of him that he was "pre-eminently a leader of leaders; he could do the thinking of his time." No single sentence could express more completely the distinction of his genius: "He could do the thinking of his time." Fortunately, a good deal of the "thinking of his time" is now irrevocably fixed in the Constitution, the laws, the administration, and the institutions of this country, and the name of Hamilton now stands above reproach "among the immortals."

His public life began precociously and ended prematurely. Before he was of age, his powers were acknowledged and his reputation was established. Before he was fifty, all was over. Born in Nevis, one of the smallest of the West Indies, the son of a Scotch merchant and a French mother, he was sent to this country for his education; and unprotected by family ties, with small pecuniary resources, he entered Columbia College, New York, in 1774. From that time onward for thirty years he was pushed forward to one influential station after another, and he was adequate to the highest of them all. Beginning his military service as a captain of artillery, he was soon afterward aid-de-camp and secretary to General Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At a much later period of his life (1797) he was commissioned as a major-general, and served two years as inspector-general at the head of the United States army. In political life he was always prominent, first as a receiver of Continental taxes, then, successively, as a member of the Continental Congress (1782), the New York Legislature (1786), the Annapolis Convention (1786), and finally of the Constitutional Convention and of the ratifying convention in New York. Equal but hardly greater

service was rendered to the country by this extraordinary patriot in the Treasury Department of the United States, of which he was Secretary for five years, under Washington, from 1789 to 1794.

The memoirs of Hamilton have been edited by several hands. Shortly after his death, three volumes of his works were printed. Subsequently, John C. Hamilton the son published a memoir in two volumes; and many years later he wrote in seven volumes a "History of the United States, as it may be read in the writings of Alexander Hamilton." A complete edition of Hamilton's works was edited by Henry Cabot Lodge in nine octavo volumes. In addition to the memoir just referred to, by J. C. Hamilton, there are several biographies, of which the most recent and valuable are those by John T. Morse, Jr. (2 vols., 1876); Henry Cabot Lodge (American Statesmen Series, 1882); and George Shea (second edition, 1880). All the standard histories of the United States—Bancroft, Hildreth, Schouler, Von Holst, Curtis, Fisk, etc.—may be consulted advantageously.

It is easy to form an image of the person of Hamilton, for there are several portraits in oil and a bust in marble by Giuseppe Cerrachi, besides the "Talleyrand miniature." All these have been frequently engraved. But as valuable in another way is the description by Judge Shea of Hamilton's personal appearance, as it was remembered "by some that knew and one that loved him." This sketch is so good that it would be a pity to abridge it.

"He was," says Judge Shea, "a small, lithe figure, instinct with life; erect and steady in gait: a military presence, without the intolerable accuracy of a martinet; and his general address was graceful and nervous, indicating the beauty,

energy, and activity of his mind. A bright, ruddy complexion; light-colored hair; a mouth infinite in expression, its sweet smile being most observable and most spoken of; eyes lustrous with meaning and reflection, or glancing with quick canny pleasantry, and the whole countenance decidedly Scottish in form and expression. He was, as may be inferred, the welcome guest and cheery companion in all relations of civil and social life. His political enemies frankly spoke of his manner and conversation, and regretted its irresistible charm. He certainly had a correct sense of that which is appropriate to the occasion and its object: the attribute which we call good taste. His manner, with a natural change, became very calm and grave when 'deliberation and public care' claimed his whole attention. At the time of which we now speak particularly (1787), he was continually brooding over the State Convention then at hand; moods of engrossing thought came upon him even as he trod the crowded streets, and then his pace would become slower, his head be slightly bent downward, and with hands joined together behind, he wended his way, his lips moving in concert with the thoughts forming in his mind. This habit of thinking, and this attitude, became involuntary with him as he grew in years."

But without these portraits, it would be easy to discover in the incidents of Hamilton's life the characteristics of a gallant, independent, high-spirited man, who never shrunk from danger and who placed the public interests above all private considerations. At times he was rash and unexpected, but his rashness was the result of swift and accurate reasoning and of unswerving will. His integrity was faultless, and bore the severest scrutiny, sometimes under circumstances of stress. We can easily imagine that such a brave and honest knight would have been welcomed to a seat at the Round Table of King Arthur.

Recall his career; a mere boy, he leaves his West India home to get a college education in this country. Princeton

for technical reasons would not receive him, and he proceeds at once, and not in vain, to the halls of King's College, now known as Columbia. Just after entering college he goes to a mass meeting of the citizens "in the open fields" near the city of New York, and not quite satisfied with the arguments there set forth, he mounts the platform and after a slight hesitation carries with him the entire assembly. When the Revolutionary War begins he enlists at once, and takes part in the battle of Long Island, the consequent retreat to White Plains, and the contests at Trenton and Princeton. He makes a brilliant assault upon the enemy's redoubts at Yorktown. While on the staff of Washington, a reproof from the General cuts him to the quick, and on the instant he says, "We part," and so retires from military service. His standing at the bar of New York is that of a leader. When the Constitutional Convention assembles, he takes part in its deliberations; and though not entirely satisfied with the conclusions reached, he accepts them, and becomes with Jay and Madison one of the chief exponents and defenders of the new Constitution. Under Washington as President he is placed in charge of the national finances, and soon establishes the public credit on the basis which has never since been shaken. Low creatures endeavor to blackmail him, and circulate scandalous stories respecting his financial management: he bravely tells the whole truth, and stands absolutely acquitted of the least suspicion of official malfeasance. In 1799, when war with France is imminent, Washington, again selected as commander-in-chief, selects him as the first of three major-generals on whom he must depend. Finally, when Aaron Burr challenges him he accepts the challenge; he makes his will, meets his enemy, and falls with a mortal wound.

The news of his death sent a thrill of horror through the country, not unlike that which followed the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. The story of the duel has often been told, but nowhere so vividly as in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, recently published. His countrymen mourned the death of Hamilton as they had mourned for no other statesman except Washington. Morris's speech at the funeral, under circumstances of great popular excitement, brings to mind the speech of Brutus over the body of Cæsar. Unless there had been great restraint on the part of the orator, the passions of the multitude would have been inflamed against the rival who fired the fatal shot.

It is time to pass from that which is transient in Hamilton's life to that which will endure as long as this government shall last,—to the ideas suggested and embodied by the framers of the Constitution in fundamental measures. The distinction of Hamilton does not depend upon the stations that he held, however exalted they may appear, in either the political or the military service of his country. It was his "thinking" that made him famous: his "thinking" that perpetuated his influence as well as his fame, through the nine decades that have followed since his death. Even now, when his personality is obscurely remembered, his political doctrines are more firmly established than ever before. The adjustment of the democratic principles of which Jefferson was the exponent and the national principles which Hamilton advocated still prevails: but as Morse sagaciously says, "the democratic system of Jefferson is administered in the form and on the principles of Hamilton."

In the anxious days of the Confederation,—when the old government had been thrown off, and when men were groping with conflicting motives after a new government which

should secure union with independence, national or Continental authority with the preservation of State rights,—Hamilton was one of the earliest to perceive the true solution of the problem. He bore his part in the debates, always inclining toward a strong federal government. The conclusions which were reached by the Convention did not meet his unqualified assent; but he accepted them as the best results that could then be secured. He became their expounder and their defender. The essays which he wrote, with those of his two colleagues Jay and Madison, were collected in a volume known as "The Federalist,"—a volume which is of the first importance in the interpretation of the Constitution of the United States. Successive generations of judges, senators, statesmen, and publicists, recur to its pages as to a commentary of the highest value. The opinion of Mr. Curtis, the historian of the Constitution, will not be questioned. "These essays," he says, "gave birth to American constitutional law, which was thus placed above arbitrary construction and brought into the domain of legal truth." "They made it a science, and so long as the Constitution shall exist, they will continue to be resorted to as the most important source of contemporaneous interpretation which the annals of the country afford."

Hamilton's confidence in the power of the press to enlighten and guide the public was balanced by grave apprehensions as to the fate of the Constitution. "A nation," he said, "without a national government is an awful spectacle. The establishment of a Constitution, in a time of profound peace, by the voluntary consent of a whole people, is a prodigy to the completion of which I look forward with trembling anxiety." We who have lived to see the end of a century of constitutional government, in the course of

which appeal has been made to the sword, we who live secure in the unique advantages of our dual governments, find it hard even to imagine the rocks through which the ship of State was steered by the framers of the Constitution.

As a financier, not less than as a statesman, Hamilton showed exceptional ability. He had the rare qualities of intellect which enabled him to perceive the legitimate sources of revenue, the proper conditions of national credit, and the best method of distributing over a term of years the payment required by the emergencies of the State. Commerce and trade were palsied; currency was wanting; confidence was shaken; counsels were conflicting. These difficulties were like a stimulant to the mind of Hamilton. He mastered the situation, he proposed remedies, he secured support, he restored credit. From his time to the present, in peace and war, notwithstanding temporary embarrassments and occasional panics, the finances of the government have been sound, and its obligations accepted wherever offered. In the long line of honest and able secretaries who have administered the treasury, Hamilton stands as the first and greatest financier.

His ability was not alone that of a reasoner upon the principles of political economy. He was ingenious and wise in devising methods by which principles may be reduced to practice. The Treasury Department was to be organized. Hamilton became the organizer. While Congress imposed upon him the duty of preparing far-reaching plans for the creation of revenue, which he produced with promptness and sagacity, he also found time to devise the complex machinery that was requisite, and the system of accounts. "So well were these tasks performed," says Morse, "that the

plans still subsist, developing and growing with the nation, but at bottom the original arrangements of Hamilton."

This administrative ability was shown on a large scale the second time, but in another field. When it became necessary, in view of a foreign war that seemed impending, to organize an army, it was Washington who called to this service his former comrade in arms, the man who had organized the Treasury at the beginning of his first administration. Here, as before, Hamilton's abilities were employed successfully.

The limits of this article preclude the enumeration of Hamilton's services in many subordinate ways,—for example, his influence in securing the acceptance of the treaty with England. It is enough in conclusion to repeat the words of two great thinkers. Daniel Webster spoke as follows in 1831:—

"He was made Secretary of the Treasury; and how he fulfilled the duties of such a place, at such a time, the whole country perceived with delight and the whole world saw with admiration. He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States, as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

And Francis Lieber, in his "Civil Liberty and Self-Government," wrote thus in 1853:—

"The framers of our Constitution boldly conceived a federal republic, or the application of the representative principle, with its two houses, to a confederacy. It was the first instance in history. The Netherlands, which served our forefathers as models in many respects, even in the name

bestowed on our confederacy, furnished them with no example for this great conception. It is the chief American contribution to the common treasures of political civilization. It is that by which America will influence other parts of the world, more than by any other political institution or principle. . . . I consider the mixture of wisdom and daring shown in the framing of our Constitution as one of the most remarkable facts in all history."

CLAY

(1777–1852)

BY JOHN R. PROCTER

HENRY CLAY must not be judged as an orator by his reported speeches, which are but skeletons of the masterly originals, but by the lasting effect of these speeches on those who heard them, and by his ability as an originator of important measures and his success in carrying these measures to a conclusion by convincing and powerful oratory. Judged by his achievements and by his wide-spread influence, he must take rank as a statesman and orator of pre-eminent ability. The son of a poor Baptist clergyman, with but scant advantages for acquiring an education; leaving home at an early age and going among strangers to a community where family ties and social connections were a controlling element;—this poor boy, with no family influence, assumed at once, by sheer force of character and ability, a leadership which he held undisputed until his death. And years after he had passed away, it was the "followers of Henry Clay" who kept Kentucky from joining the States of the South in their unsuccessful efforts to withdraw from the Union.

Of his oratory Robert C. Winthrop wrote after a lapse of years: "I can only bear witness to an impressiveness of speech never exceeded, if ever equaled, within an experience

of half a century, during which I have listened to many of the greatest orators on both sides of the Atlantic." As a parliamentary leader, Rhodes calls him the greatest in our history. "His leadership," says Mr. Schurz, "was not of that mean order which merely contrives to organize a personal following; it was the leadership of a statesman zealously striving to promote great public interests."

As a presiding officer he was the most commanding Speaker the National House of Representatives has ever had. Winthrop, who served long with him in Congress, said of him:—"No abler or more commanding presiding officer ever sat in the Speaker's chair on either side of the Atlantic. Prompt, dignified, resolute, fearless, he had a combination of intellectual and physical qualities which made him a natural ruler over men." He was six times elected Speaker, sometimes almost by acclamation; and during the many years which he presided over the House not one of his decisions was ever reversed.

As a Secretary of State, during his term of four years the treaties with foreign countries negotiated by him exceeded in numbers all that had been negotiated by other secretaries, during the previous thirty-five years of our constitutional history. As a diplomat, he showed himself at Ghent more than a match for the trained diplomatists of the old world.

And with all these he was—at his ideal country home, Ashland, surrounded by wooded lawns and fertile acres of beautiful blue-grass land—a most successful farmer and breeder of thoroughbred stock, from the Scotch collie to the thoroughbred race-horse. I have been told by one who knew him as a farmer that no one could guess nearer to the weight of a Shorthorn bullock than he. He was as much at home with horses and horsemen as with senators and diplomats.

I have known many men who were friends and followers of Mr. Clay, and from the love and veneration these men had for his memory, I can well understand why the historian Rhodes says, "No man has been loved as the people of the United States loved Henry Clay."

Clay seemed to have had honors and leadership thrust upon him. Arriving in Kentucky in 1797, he at once advocated the gradual emancipation of slaves, regardless of the strong prejudices to the contrary of the rich slaveholding community in which he had cast his lot; yet, unsolicited on his part, this community elected him to the State Legislature by a large majority in 1803, and before three years of service he was chosen by his fellow members to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. And until his death in 1852, his constituents in Kentucky vied with each other in their desires to keep him as their representative in either the national Senate or House of Representatives. He entered the latter in 1811, and was selected as Speaker of that body almost by acclamation on the first day of his taking his seat. After a long life spent in his country's service he was elected *unanimously* to the Senate in 1848, despite party strife and the fact that the two parties were almost evenly divided in Kentucky.

No attempt can here be made to even recapitulate the events of importance connected with his long public services. I will call attention only to some of the most important measures which he carried by his magnificent leadership.

Clay assumed the leadership of those who urged resistance to the unjust and overbearing encroachments of Great Britain, and he more than any one else was instrumental in overcoming opposition and forcing a declaration of war.

This war—a second war for independence, which changed this country from a disjointed confederacy liable to fall asunder, to a compact, powerful, and self-respecting Union —will ever be regarded as one of the crowning glories of his long and brilliant career. He proved more than a match in debate for Randolph, Quincy, and other able advocates for peace. When asked what we were to gain by war, he answered, "What are we not to lose by peace? Commerce, character,—a nation's best treasure, honor!"

In answer to the arguments that certificates of protection authorized by Congress were fraudulently used, his magnificent answer, "The colors that float from the mast-head should be the credentials of our seamen," electrified the patriots of the country. There is but a meagre report of this great speech, but the effect produced was overwhelming and bore down all opposition. It is said that men of both parties, forgetting all antipathies under the spell of his eloquence, wept together. Mr. Clay's first speech on entering Congress was in favor of the encouragement of domestic manufactures, mainly as a defensive measure in anticipation of a war with Great Britain; arguing that whatever doubts might be entertained as to the general policy of encouraging domestic manufactures by import duties, none could exist regarding the propriety of adopting measures for producing such articles as are requisite in times of war. If his measure for the increase of the standing army had been adopted in time, the humiliating reverses on land during the early part of the war would have been averted. He carried through a bill for the increase of the navy, and the brilliant naval victories of the war of 1812 followed. In the debate on the bill to provide for a standing army, it was argued that twenty-five thousand could not be had in the United States.

Clay aroused the people of Kentucky to such enthusiasm that fifteen thousand men volunteered in that State alone, and members of Congress shouldered their muskets and joined the ranks.

Henry Clay's faith in the destiny of his country, and his heroic determination that a continuation of the war was preferable to the terms proposed, prevented humiliating concessions. The American Commissioners were Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard, and Jonathan Russell, and the British Commissioners Lord Gambier, Henry Goulbourn, and William Adams. The news received by Clay on his arrival in Europe was not calculated to inspire him with hope. From Mr. Bayard he received a letter (dated April 20, 1814) with news of the triumph of the allies over Napoleon, and stating:—

"There is reason to think that it has materially changed the views of the British Ministry. . . . The great augmentation of their disposable force presents an additional temptation to prosecute the war."

By the same mail Mr. Gallatin writes from London (April 22, 1814):—

"You are sufficiently aware of the total change in our affairs produced by the late revolution, and by the restoration of universal peace in the European world, from which we are alone excluded. A well-organized and large army is at once liberated from any European employment, and ready, together with a superabundant naval force, to act independently against us. How ill prepared we are to meet it in a proper manner, no one knows better than yourself; but above all, our own divisions and the hostile attitude of the Eastern States give room to apprehend that a continuation of the war might prove vitally fatal to the United States."

Mr. Russell writes from Stockholm (July 2, 1814):—

"My distress at the delay which our joint errand has encountered has almost been intolerable, and the kind of comfort I have received from Mr. Adams has afforded very little relief. His apprehensions are rather of a gloomy cast with regard to the result of our labors."

Mr. Crawford, our Minister to France, who with Clay favored a vigorous prosecution of the war, writes to him (July 4, 1814):—

"I am thoroughly convinced that the United States can never be called upon to treat under circumstances less auspicious than those which exist at the present moment, unless our internal bickerings shall continue to weaken the efforts of the government."

With discouraging news from home, the seat of government taken, and the Capitol burned, the Eastern States opposing the war and threatening to withdraw from the Union, and his fellow commissioners in the despondent mood evidenced by the above-quoted letters,—it is amazing that Clay, whom some historians have called a compromiser by nature, opposed any and all concessions and wished that the war should go on.

By the third article of the treaty of 1783 it was agreed that citizens of the United States should not fish in the waters or cure fish on the land of any of the maritime provinces north of the United States after they were settled, without a previous agreement with the inhabitants or possessors of the ground.

By the eighth article of the same treaty, it was agreed that the navigation of the Mississippi River should *ever* remain free and open to the subjects of Great Britain and the

United States. It was then supposed that the British Canadian possessions included the head-waters of this river. By the Jay treaty of 1794 this was confirmed, and "that all ports and places on its eastern side, to whichsoever of the parties belonging, might be freely resorted to and used by both parties." At this time Spain possessed the sovereignty of the west side of the river, and both sides from its mouth to 31 degrees north latitude. The United States acquired by the Louisiana purchase of 1803 all the sovereignty of Spain which had previously been acquired by France.

Gallatin proposed to insert a provision for the renewal to the United States of the rights in the fisheries, and as an equivalent to give to Great Britain the right to the navigation of the Mississippi River. This was favored by Gallatin, Adams, and Bayard, and opposed by Clay and Russell. Mr. Clay, seeing that he was in a minority, stated that he would affix his name to no treaty which contained such a provision. After this firm stand Mr. Bayard left the majority. Clay's "obstinacy" in opposing concessions is well shown in Mr. Adams's Journal:—

"To this last article [the right of the British to navigate the Mississippi River] Mr. Clay makes strong objections. He is willing to leave the matter of the fisheries as a nest-egg for another war. . . . He considers it a privilege much too important to be conceded for the mere liberty of drying fish upon a desert, but the Mississippi was destined to form a most important part of the interests of the American Union. . . . Mr. Clay, of all the members, had alone been urgent to present an article stipulating the abolition of impressment. Mr. Clay lost his temper, as he generally does whenever the right of the British to navigate the Mississippi is discussed. . . .

"December 11. He [Clay] was for war three years longer. He had no doubt but three years more of war would make

us a warlike people, and that then we should come out of the war with honor. . . . December 22. At last he turned to me, and asked me whether I would not join him now and break off negotiations."

After five months of weary negotiations under most adverse conditions so far as the American commissioners were concerned, the treaty was signed on December 24, 1814. During all these months Clay had resisted any and all concessions, and none were made. The Marquis of Wellesley declared in the House of Lords that the American commissioners had shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole of the correspondence.

During Mr. Clay's absence at Ghent, his admiring constituents returned him to Congress by an almost unanimous vote. A year later in Congress, Clay referred to his part in the bringing on the war as follows:—

"I gave a vote for a declaration of war. I exerted all the little influence and talent I could command to make the war. The war was made. It is terminated. And I declare with perfect sincerity, if it had been permitted to me to lift the veil of futurity and to foresee the precise series of events which had occurred, my vote would have been unchanged. We had been insulted and outraged and spoliated upon by almost all Europe,—by Great Britain, by France, Spain, Denmark, Naples, and to cap the climax, by the little contemptible power of Algiers. We had submitted too long and too much. We had become the scorn of foreign powers and the derision of our own citizens. What have we gained by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves; and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war? What is our situation now? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home."

Clay more than any other man forced the war. It was

the successful military hero of this war—the victor of New Orleans—who defeated him in after years for the Presidency.

The heated struggle in Congress over the admission of Missouri into the Union first brought prominently forward the agitation of the slavery question. This struggle, which lasted from 1818 to 1821, threatened the very existence of the Union. Jefferson wrote from Monticello:—

"The Missouri question is the most portentious one that has ever threatened the Union. In the gloomiest moments of the Revolutionary War I never had any apprehension equal to that I feel from this source."

Mr. Schurz, writing of the feeling at the time, says:—

"While thus the thought of dissolving the Union occurred readily to the Southern mind, the thought of maintaining the government and preserving the Union by means of force hardly occurred to anybody. It seemed to be taken for granted on all sides that if the Southern States insisted on cutting loose from the Union, nothing could be done but to let them go."

The two sections were at this time so evenly balanced that the maintenance of the Union by force could not have been successfully attempted. The compromise which admitted Missouri to the Union as a slave State, and recognized the right of settlers to carry slaves into the territory south of 36 degrees 30 minutes, was carried through by the splendid leadership of Clay, who thus earned the title of "the great pacificator." Future historians will accord to him the title of the savior of the Union.

Upon the adoption of the compromise measures Mr. Clay resigned his seat in Congress to give his attention to his

private affairs, being financially embarrassed by indorsing for a friend. During his stay at home there was a fierce controversy over the issue of paper money and relief measures to favor debtors who had become involved through the recklessness following such inflation. Against what seemed to be an overwhelming popular feeling, Clay arrayed himself on the side of sound money and sound finance. In 1823 he was again returned to the House of Representatives without opposition, and was chosen Speaker by a vote of 139 to 42.

Soon after his entrance into Congress Clay took advanced ground in favor of building roads, improving water-ways, and constructing canals by the general government, in order to connect the seaboard States with the "boundless empire" of the growing West. He became the leader, the foremost champion, of a system which was bitterly opposed by some of the ablest statesmen of the time as unauthorized by the Constitution. Clay triumphed, and during his long public service was the recognized leader of a system which, though opposed at first, has been accepted as a national policy by both of the great political parties. That he was actuated by a grand conception of the future destiny of the country, and the needs of such improvements to insure a more perfect union, his able speeches on these questions will show. In one he said:—

"Every man who looks at the Constitution in the spirit to entitle him to the character of statesman, must elevate his views to the height to which this nation is destined to reach in the rank of nations. We are not legislating for this moment only, or for the present generation, or for the present populated limits of the United States; but our acts must embrace a wider scope,—reaching northward to the Pacific and southwardly to the river Del Norte. Imagine this extent of territory with sixty or seventy or a hundred

millions of people. The powers which exist now will exist then; and those which will exist then exist now. . . What was the object of the Convention in framing the Constitution? The leading object was UNION,—Union, then peace. Peace external and internal, and commerce, but more particularly union and peace, the great objects of the framers of the Constitution, should be kept steadily in view in the interpretation of any clause of it; and when it is susceptible of various interpretation, that construction should be preferred which tends to promote the objects of the framers of the Constitution, to the consolidation of the Union. . . . No man deprecates more than I do the ideal consolidation; yet between separation and consolidation, painful as would be the alternative, I should greatly prefer the latter."

Congress now appropriates yearly for internal improvements a sum far greater than the entire revenue of the government at the time Clay made this speech.

It is but natural that Clay's ardent nature and his love of liberty would incline him to aid the people of Central and South America in their efforts to free themselves from Spanish oppression and misrule. Effective here as in all things undertaken by him, his name must always be linked with the cause of Southern American independence. Richard Rush, writing from London to Clay in 1825, says: "The South Americans owe to you, more than to any other man of either hemisphere, their independence." His speeches, translated into Spanish, were read to the revolutionary armies, and "his name was a household name among the patriots." Bolivar, writing to him from Bogotá, in 1827, says: "All America, Columbia, and myself, owe your Excellency our purest gratitude for the incomparable services which you have rendered to us, by sustaining our cause with sublime enthusiasm."

In one of his speeches on this subject Clay foreshadows

a great American Zollverein. The failure of the Spanish-American republics to attain the high ideals hoped for by Clay caused him deep regret in after years.

The tariff of 1824 was another triumph of Clay's successful leadership, since which time he has been called the father of what has been termed the "American System." It must be remembered that Clay was first led to propose protective duties in order to prepare this country for a war which he felt could not be avoided without loss of national honor. When in 1824 he advocated increased tariff duties in order to foster home industries, protection was universal; even our agricultural products were excluded from British markets by the Corn Laws. The man who would now advocate in Congress duties as low as those levied by the tariff law of 1824, would be called by protectionists of the present day a free-trader. When in 1833 nullification of the tariff laws was threatened, Clay, while demanding that the laws should be enforced and that if necessary nullification should be put down by the strong arm of the government, feared that the growing discontent of the South and the obstinacy of a military President threatened the Union, introduced and carried to a conclusion a compromise tariff measure that brought peace to the country.

It was unfortunate that Clay temporarily relinquished his leadership in Congress to accept the premiership in the Cabinet of President Adams. Although the exacting official duties were not congenial, and proved injurious to his health, his administration of this high office was brilliant and able, as is well attested by the number of important treaties concluded, and by his brilliant state papers. His instructions to the United States delegates to the Panama Congress of American Republics will grow in importance in the years to

come, because of the broad principles there enunciated,—that private property should be exempt from seizure on the high seas in times of war.

His chivalrous loyalty to President Adams was fully appreciated, and his friendship reciprocated. After the close of his administration Mr. Adams in a speech said:—

"As to my motives for tendering him the Department of State when I did, let the man who questions them come forward. Let him look around among the statesmen and legislators of the nation and of that day. Let him select and name the man whom, by his pre-eminent talents, by his splendid services, by his ardent patriotism, by his all-embracing public spirit, by his fervid eloquence in behalf of the rights and liberties of mankind, by his long experience in the affairs of the Union, foreign and domestic, a President of the United States intent only upon the honor and welfare of his country ought to have preferred to Henry Clay."

Just before the close of his administration President Adams offered him a position on the bench of the Supreme Court, which he declined.

Clay was a slaveholder,—a kind master,—but through his entire public life an open advocate of emancipation. He probably received his early predilections against slavery from his association with Chancellor Wythe, before removing from Virginia, as indeed the best part of his education probably came from personal contact with that able man.

The intellectual forces of the border slave States were arrayed in favor of emancipation, until, as Clay writes with some feeling in 1849, they were driven to an opposite course "by the violent and indiscreet course of ultra abolitionists in the North;" but Clay remained to his death hopeful that by peaceable means his country might be rid of this great evil. In the letter above quoted, writing of his failure to

establish a system of gradual emancipation in Kentucky, he says:—

"It is a consoling reflection that although a system of gradual emancipation cannot be established, slavery is destined inevitably to extinction by the operation of peaceful and natural causes. And it is also gratifying to believe that there will not be probably much difference in the period of its existence, whether it terminates legally or naturally. The chief difference in the two modes is that according to the first, we should take hold of the institution intelligently and dispose of it cautiously and safely; while according to the other it will some day or other take hold of us, and constrain us in some manner or other to get rid of it."

As early as 1798, he made his first political speeches in Kentucky advocating an amendment to the State Constitution, providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves. Referring to the failure to adopt this amendment, he said in a speech delivered in the capital of Kentucky in 1829:—

"I shall never cease to regret a decision, the effects of which have been to place us in the rear of our neighbors who are exempt from slavery, in the state of agriculture, the progress of manufactures, the advance of improvements, and the general progress of society."

In these days, when public men who should be leaders bend to what they believe to be the popular wishes, the example of Clay, in his bold disregard of the prejudices and property interests of his constituents, is inspiring.

George W. Prentice was sent from New England to Kentucky to write a life of Clay, and writing in 1830 he says:—

"Whenever a slave brought an action at law for his liberty, Mr. Clay volunteered as his advocate, and it is said that in the whole course of his practice he never failed to obtain a verdict in the slave's favor. . . . He has been the

slaves' friend through life. In all stations he has pleaded the cause of African freedom without fear from high or low. To him more than to any other individual is to be ascribed the great revolution which has taken place upon this subject—a revolution whose wheels must continue to move onward till they reach the goal of universal freedom."

Three years before this was written, Clay in a speech before the Colonization Society said:—

"If I could be instrumental in eradicating this deepest stain upon the character of my country, and removing all cause of reproach on account of it by foreign nations; if I could only be instrumental in ridding of this foul blot that revered State which gave me birth, or that not less beloved State which kindly adopted me as her son, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror."

He longed to add the imperial domain of Texas to this country, but feared that it would so strengthen the slave power as to endanger the Union; and when finally he yielded to the inevitable, the Free-Soilers threw their votes to Birney and thus defeated Clay for the Presidency. He deprecated the war with Mexico, yet gave his favorite son as a soldier, who fell at Buena Vista. He stood for the reception of anti-slavery petitions by Congress, against the violent opposition of the leading men of his own section. He continued steadfast to the end, writing in 1849 that if slavery were, as claimed, a blessing, "the principle on which it is maintained would require that one portion of the white race should be reduced to bondage to serve another portion of the same race, when black subjects of slavery could not be obtained." He proposed reasonable schemes for gradual emancipation and deportation, which would, if adopted, have

averted the war and settled peaceably the serious problem. He warned the Southerners in 1849 that their demands were unreasonable, and would "lead to the formation of a sectional Northern party, which will sooner or later take permanent and exclusive possession of the government."

Seeming inconsistencies in Mr. Clay's record on this subject will disappear with a full understanding of the difficulties of his position. Living in a State midway between the North and South, where slavery existed in its mildest and least objectionable form, yet fully alive to its evils, recognizing that the grave problem requiring solution was not alone slavery, but the presence among a free people of a numerous, fecund, servile, alien race; realizing that one section of the country, then relatively too powerful to be ignored, was ready to withdraw from the Union rather than to submit to laws that would endanger slavery; loving the Union with an ardor not excelled by that of any public man in our history; wishing and striving for the emancipation of the slaves, yet too loyal to the Union to follow the more zealous advocates of freedom in their "higher law than the Constitution" crusade,—Mr. Clay in his whole course on this question was consistent and patriotic in the highest degree.

The crowning triumph of a long life of great achievements was his great compromise measures of 1850. These, with their predecessors of 1821 and 1833, have caused some writers to speak of Clay as a man of compromising nature. The reverse is true. Bold, aggressive, uncompromising, and often dictatorial by nature, he favored compromise when convinced that only by such means could civil war or a disruption of the Union be averted. And he was right. He averted a conflict or separation from the Union when

the relative strength of the South was such as to have rendered impossible the preservation of the Union by force. The Constitution was a compromise, without which there would have been no union of States. That the compromise did not long survive him was no fault of Clay's, but chargeable to the agitators of both sections, who cared less for the Union than for their pet theories or selfish interests.

Two years after his death the compromise measures were repealed, and the most destructive civil war of modern times and a long list of resultant evils are the result. Those who knew Henry Clay and had felt his wonderful power as a leader, are firm in the belief that had he been alive and in the possession of his faculties in 1861, the Civil War would have been averted. His name and the memory of his love for the Union restrained his adopted State from joining the South.

The struggle over the passage of the compromise measures, lasting for seven months, was one of the most memorable parliamentary struggles on record. The old hero, Henry Clay, broken in health, with the stamp of death upon him, for six weary months led the fight with much of his old-time fire and ability. Sustained by indomitable will and supreme love of country, "I am here," he said, "expecting soon to go hence, and owing no responsibility but to my own conscience and to God." In his opening speech, which lasted for two days, he said:—

"I owe it to myself to say that no earthly power could induce me to vote for a specific measure for the introduction of slavery where it had not before existed, either south or north of that line. Sir, while you reproach, and justly too, our British ancestors for the introduction of this institution upon the continent of America, I am for one unwilling that the posterity of the present inhabitants of California and

New Mexico shall reproach us for doing just what we reproach Great Britain for doing to us."

He upbraided on the one hand the ultra abolitionists as reckless agitators, and hurled defiance at disunionists of the South, while at the same time appealing to the loftier nature and patriotic impulses of his hearers:—

"I believe from the bottom of my soul that this measure is the reunion of the Union. And now let us discard all resentments, all passions, all petty jealousies, all personal desires, all love of peace, all hungering after gilded crumbs which fall from the table of power. Let us forget popular fears, from whatever quarter they may spring. Let us go to the fountain of unadulterated patriotism, and performing a solemn lustration, return divested of all selfish, sinister, and sordid impurities, and think alone of our God, our country, our conscience, and our glorious Union."

As described by Bancroft, Clay was "in stature over six feet, spare and long-limbed; he stood erect as if full of vigor and vitality, and ever ready to command. His countenance expressed perpetual wakefulness and activity. His voice was music itself, and yet penetrating and far-reaching, enchanting the listeners; his words flowed rapidly without sing-song or mannerism, in a clear and steady stream. Neither in public nor in private did he know how to be dull."

Bold, fearless, commanding, the lordliest leader of his day, he was yet gentle, and as an old friend wrote, "was the most emotional man I ever knew. I have seen his eyes fill instantly on shaking the hand of an old friend, however obscure, who had stood by him in his early struggles." The manliest of men, yet his voice would tremble with emotion on reading aloud from a letter the love messages from a little grandchild.

The following, told me by a gentleman who knew Mr. Clay, illustrates the true gentleman he was:—

"When I was a small boy my father took me with him to visit Mr. Clay at his home Ashland. We found some gentlemen there who had been invited to dinner. Just before they went in to dinner my father told me privately to run out and play on the lawn while they were dining. As the gentlemen came out, Mr. Clay saw me, and calling me to him said, 'My young friend, I owe you an apology.' Turning to the gentlemen he said, 'Go into the library, gentlemen, and light your cigars—I will join you presently.' Taking me by the hand he returned with me to the table, ordered the servants to attend to my wants, and conversed most delightfully with me until I had finished my dinner."

He had the faculty of making friends and holding them through life by ties which no circumstances or conditions could sever.

When Clay passed away there was no one whose Unionism embraced all sections, who could stand between the over-zealous advocates of abolition of slavery on the one side and the fiery defenders of the "divine institution" on the other. Sectionalism ran riot, and civil war was the result. During the many years when the North and South were divided on the question of slavery, and sectional feeling ran high, Henry Clay was the only man in public life whose broad nationalism and intense love for the Union embraced all sections, with no trace of sectional bias. He can well be called "The Great American."

WEBSTER

(1782–1852)

BY CARL SCHURZ

OF the generation of American statesmen that followed those of the Revolutionary period, few will live as long in the memory of the people, and none as long in the literature of the country, as Daniel Webster. His figure rises above the level of his time like a monument of colossal proportions. He was a child of the War of Independence, born in 1782. His father, a Puritan of stern and sterling character, had, as a backwoods farmer in New Hampshire, been an Indian fighter while New England had an Indian frontier, a soldier in the French war, and a captain in the Revolutionary army. His high standing among his neighbors made him a judge of the local court. Ambitious for his children, he strained his scanty means to the utmost to give his son the best education within reach, first at Exeter Academy, then at Dartmouth College. From his earliest days Daniel was petted by good fortune. His seemingly delicate health, his genial nature, and his promising looks, put, in the family circle, everybody at his service, even at personal sacrifice; and such sacrifice by others he became gradually accustomed to expect, as a prince expects homage.

At the academy and the college he shone not by phenomenal precocity, but by rapid progress in the studies he liked,—Latin, literature, and history. He did not excel in the qualities of the genuine scholar,—patient and thorough research, and the eager pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; but he

was a voracious reader, assimilating easily what he read by dint of a strong memory and of serious reflection, and soon developed the faculty of making the most of what he knew by clear, vigorous, affluent, and impressive utterance. At an early age, too, he commanded attention by a singular charm of presence, to which his great dark eyes contributed not a little; and notwithstanding his high animal spirits, by a striking dignity of carriage and demeanor,—traits which gradually matured into that singularly imposing personality, the effect of which is described by his contemporaries in language almost extravagant, borrowing its similes from kings, cathedrals, and mountain peaks.

His conspicuous power of speech caused him, even during his college days, to be drawn upon for orations on the Fourth of July and other festive days. The same faculty, reinforced by his virtue of knowing what he knew, gave him, after he had gone through the usual course of law study, early successes at the bar, which soon carried him from the field of legal practice into political life. He inherited Federalism from his father, and naturally accepted it, because he was a conservative by instinct and temperament. Existing things had a *prima facie* claim upon his respect and support, because they existed. He followed his party with fidelity, sometimes at the expense of his reason and logic, but without the narrow-mindedness of a proscriptive partisan spirit. In the excited discussions which preceded and accompanied the War of 1812, he took an active part as a public speaker and a pamphleteer. Something happened then, at the very beginning of his public career, that revealed in strong light the elements of strength as well as those of weakness in his nature. In a speech on the Fourth of July, 1812, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, he set forth in vigorous language his opposi-

tion to the war policy of the Administration; but with equal emphasis he also declared that the remedy lay, not in lawless resistance, but only in " the exercise of the constitutional right of suffrage,"—a proposition then by no means popular with the extreme Federalists of New England. A few weeks later he was appointed by a local mass convention of Federalists to write an address on the same subject, which became widely known as the " Rockingham Memorial." In it he set forth with signal force the complaints of his party; but as to the remedy, he consented to give voice to the sense of the meeting by a thinly veiled threat of secession, and a hint at the possibility of a dissolution of the Union. In the first case he expressed his own opinions as a statesman and a patriot; in the second he accepted the opinions of those around him as his own, and spoke with equal ability and vigor as the mouthpiece or attorney of others: a double character, destined to reappear from time to time in his public life with puzzling effect.

New Hampshire sent him to Congress, where he took his seat in the House of Representatives in May, 1813. He soon won a place in the front rank of debaters, especially on questions of finance. But the two terms during which he represented a New Hampshire constituency were a mere prelude to his great political career. In 1817 he left Congress to give himself to his legal practice, which gained much in distinction and lucrativeness by his removal to Boston. He rose rapidly to national eminence as a practitioner in the Federal as well as the State tribunals. It was there that he won peculiar lustre through his memorable argument in the famous Dartmouth College case before the Federal Supreme Court, which fascinated John Marshall on the bench, and moved to tears the thronged audience in the courtroom. It

left Webster with no superior and with few rivals at the American bar. It may be questioned whether he was a great lawyer in the highest sense. There were others whose knowledge was larger and more thorough, and whose legal opinion carried greater authority. But hardly any of these surpassed him in the faculty of seizing, with instinctive sureness of grasp, the vital point of a cause, of endowing mere statement with the power of demonstration, of marshaling facts and arguments in massive array for concentric attack on the decisive point, of moving the feelings together with the understanding by appeals of singular magic, and also of so assimilating and using the work of others as if it had been his own. Adding to all this the charm of that imposing personality, which made every word falling from his lips sound as if it were entitled to far more than ordinary respect, he could not fail to win brilliant successes. He was engaged in many of the most important and celebrated cases of his time—some then celebrated and still remembered because of the part he played in them.

In Boston, Webster found a thoroughly congenial home. Its history and traditions, its wealth and commercial activity, the high character of its citizenship, the academic atmosphere created by its institutions of learning, the refined tone of its social circles, the fame of its public men, made the Boston of that period, in the main attributes of civilized life, the foremost city in the United States. Boston society received Webster with open arms, and presently he became in an almost unexampled measure its idol. Together with the most distinguished personages of the State, among them the venerable John Adams, he was elected a member of the convention called to revise the State Constitution, where as the champion of conservative principles he advocated and car-

ried the proposition that the State Senate should remain the representative of property. When in 1820, the day arrived for the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it was he whom the public voice designated as the orator of the day. The oration, with its historical picturesqueness, its richness of thought and reasoning, its broad sweep of contemplation, and the noble and magnificent simplicity of its eloquence, was in itself an event. No literary production of the period in America achieved greater renown. From that time on, Massachusetts loved to exhibit herself in his person on occasions of state; and in preference to all others, Webster was her spokesman when she commemorated the great events of her history. As such he produced a series of addresses—at the laying of the corner-stone, and later at the completion, of the Bunker Hill monument, on the death of John Adams and of Thomas Jefferson, and on other occasions—which his contemporaries acclaimed as ranking with the great oratorical achievements of antiquity.

Webster soon appeared in Congress again: first in 1823, in the House of Representatives, as the member from the Boston district; and a few years later in the Senate. Then began the most brilliant part of his political career. It was the period when the component elements of the old political parties—the Federalists and the Republicans—became intermingled; when old party issues vanished; and when new questions, or rather old questions in new shapes and relations, caused new groupings of men to be formed. In the confusion of the political and personal conflicts which characterized the so-called "era of good feeling," and which immediately followed it, Webster became a supporter of the administration of John Quincy Adams; and, as an old Fed-

eralist and conservative, was naturally attracted by that combination of political forces which subsequently organized itself as the Whig party.

In the House of Representatives, he attracted the attention of the world abroad by a stinging philippic against the "Holy Alliance" in a eulogy on the Greek revolution, and by a sober exposition of the Monroe Doctrine in a speech on the famous Panama mission. But his most remarkable achievement was an argument against Henry Clay's "American System"—tariff Protection as a policy, the very policy which was destined to become the corner-stone of the Whig platform. Webster's Free Trade speech—for so it may be called—summed up and amplified the views he had already expressed on previous occasions, in a presentation of fundamental principles so broad and clear, with a display of knowledge so rich and accurate, and an analysis of facts and theories so keen and thorough, that it stands unsurpassed in our political literature, and may still serve as a text-book to students of economic science. But Clay's tariff was adopted nevertheless; and four years later Webster abandoned many of his own conclusions, on the ground that in the mean time New England, accepting Protection as the established policy of the country, had invested much capital in manufacturing enterprises, the success of which depended upon the maintenance of the protective policy, and should therefore not be left in the lurch. For this reason he became a protectionist. This plea appeared again and again in his high-tariff speeches which followed; but he never attempted to deny or shake the broad principles so strongly set forth in his great argument of 1824.

Webster reached the highest point of his power and fame when, in 1830, he gave voice as no one else could to the

national consciousness of the American people. Before the War of 1812, the Union had been looked upon by many thoughtful and patriotic Americans as an experiment,—a promising one indeed, but of uncertain issue. Whether it would be able to endure the strain of divergent local interests, feelings, and aspirations, and whether its component parts would continue in the desire permanently to remain together in one political structure, were still matters of doubt and speculation. The results of the War of 1812 did much to inspire the American heart with a glow of pride in the great common country, with confident anticipations of its high destinies, and with an instinctive feeling that the greatness of the country and the splendors of its destinies depended altogether upon the permanency of the Union. The original theory that the Constitution of the United States was a mere compact of partnership between independent and sovereign commonwealths, to be dissolved at will, whatever historical foundation it may have had, yielded to an overruling sentiment of a common nationality.

This sentiment was affronted by the Nullification movement in South Carolina, which, under the guise of resistance to the high tariff of 1828, sought to erect a bulwark for slavery through the enforcement of the doctrine that a State by its sovereign action could overrule a Federal law, and might, as a last resort, legally withdraw from the "federal compact." Against this assumption Webster rose up in his might, like Samson going forth against the Philistines. In his famous "Reply to Hayne," he struck down the doctrine of the legality of State resistance and of secession with blows so crushing, and maintained the supremacy of the Federal authority in its sphere, and the indissolubility of the Union, with an eloquence so grand and triumphant, that as his words

went over the land the national heart bounded with joy and broke out in enthusiastic acclamations. At that moment Webster stood before the world as the first of living Americans. Nor was this the mere sensation of a day. His "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" remained the watchword of American patriotism, and still reverberated thirty years later in the thunders of the Civil War. That glorious speech continues to hold the first place among the monuments of American oratory.

In the contest against the Nullification movement in South Carolina, Webster firmly maintained, against Henry Clay's compromise policy, that wherever the national authority was lawlessly set at defiance, peace should never be purchased by concession to the challengers; and that it was time to "test the strength of the government." He therefore sturdily supported President Jackson's "force bill," although the administration of that doughty warrior was otherwise most uncongenial to him. But when the compromise had actually been adopted, he dropped back into the party line behind Clay's leadership, which he thenceforth never again forsook. There was an element of indolence in his nature which it needed strong impulses to overcome, so as to set the vast machinery of his mind in full motion. Such an impulse was furnished again by Jackson's attack on the United States Bank, and by other somewhat autocratic financial measures. Webster opposed this policy in a series of speeches on currency and banking, which deserve very high rank in the literature of that branch of economics. They were not free from partisan bias in the specific application of those fundamental principles of which Webster had such a masterly grasp; but notwithstanding this, his deep insight into the nature and conditions of credit, and his thorough study and profound judg-

ment of the functions of banking, made him an invaluable teacher of the science of public finance. Nobody has ever depicted the vices and dangers inherent in an unsound currency, and the necessity of grounding the monetary system upon a firm basis of value, with greater force and more convincing lucidity.

But in spite of the brilliancy and strength of his efforts in opposing Jackson's willful and erratic policies, Webster never became the real leader of the Whig party. Although he was greatly the superior of Clay in wealth of knowledge, in depth of thought, in statesmanlike breadth of view, in solidity of reasoning power, and in argumentative eloquence, he fell far behind him in those attributes which in contests for general leadership are apt to turn the scale: the spirit of initiative, force of will, that sincere self-confidence which extorts confidence from others, bold self-assertion in doubtful situations, and constant alertness in watching and directing the details of political movements. Clay therefore remained the general leader of the Whig party; while Webster, with New England at his back, stood now by his side, now behind him, as in feudal times a great duke, rich in treasure and lands and retainers, himself of royal blood, may have stood now behind, now by the side of his king.

Unhappily for himself, Webster was not satisfied with the theatre of action on which his abilities fitted him for the greatest service, and on which he achieved his highest renown. At a comparatively early period of his career he ardently wished to be sent as minister to England; and he bore a grudge to John Quincy Adams for his failure to gratify that desire. Ever since his "Reply to Hayne" had made his name a household word in the country, an ungovernable longing possessed him to be President of the United

States. The morbid craving commonly called "the Presidential fever" developed in him, as it became chronic, its most distressing form; disordering his ambition, unsettling his judgment, and warping his statesmanship. His imagination always saw the coveted prize within his grasp, which in reality it never was. He lacked the sort of popularity which since the administration of John Quincy Adams seemed to be required for a Presidential candidacy. He traveled over the land south and north, and east and west, to manufacture it for himself; but in vain. The people looked at him with awe, and listened to him with rapture and wonder; but as to the Presidency, the fancy and favor of the politicians, as well as of the masses, obstinately ran to other men. So it was again and again. Clay, too, was unfortunate as a Presidential candidate; but he could have at least the nomination of his party so long as there appeared to be any hope for his election. Webster was denied even that. The vote for him in the party conventions was always distressingly small; usually confined to New England, or only a part of it. Yet he never ceased to hope against hope, and thus to invite more and more galling disappointments. To Henry Clay he could yield without humiliation; but when he saw his party prefer to himself not once, but twice and three times, men of only military fame, without any political significance whatever, his mortification was so keen that in the bitterness of his soul he twice openly protested against the result. Worse than all this, he had to meet the fate—a fate not uncommon with chronic Presidential candidates—to see the most important and most questionable act of his last years attributed to his inordinate craving for the elusive prize.

The cause of this steady succession of failures may have been, partly, that the people found him too unlike themselves,

too unfamiliar to the popular heart; and partly that the party managers shrunk from nominating him because they saw in him not only a giant, but a very vulnerable giant, who would not "wear well" as a candidate. They had indeed reason to fear the discussions to which in an excited canvass his private character would be subjected. Of his moral failings, those relating to money were the most notorious and the most offensive to the moral sense of the plain people. In the course of his public life he became accustomed not only to the adulation but also to the material generosity of his followers. Great as his professional income was, his prodigality went far beyond his means; and the recklessness with which he borrowed and forgot to return, betrayed an utter insensibility to pecuniary obligation. With the coolest nonchalance he spent the money of his friends, and left to them his debts for payment. This habit increased as he grew older, and severely tested the endurance of his admirers. So grave a departure from the principles of common honesty could not fail to cast a dark shadow upon his character, and it is not strange that the cloud of distrust should have spread from his private to his public morals. The charge was made that he stood in the Senate advocating high tariffs as the paid attorney of the manufacturers of New England. It was met by the answer that so great a man would not sell himself. This should have been enough. Nevertheless, his defenders were grievously embarrassed when the fact was pointed out that it was after all in great part the money of the rich manufacturers and bankers that stocked his farm, furnished his house, supplied his table, and paid his bills. A man less great could hardly have long sustained himself in public life under such a burden of suspicion. That Daniel Webster did sustain himself, strikingly proved the strength of his prestige. But his

moral failings cost him the noblest fruit of great service,—an unbounded public confidence.

Although disappointed in his own expectations, he vigorously supported General Harrison for the Presidency in the campaign of 1840, and in 1841 was made Secretary of State. He remained in that office until he had concluded the famous Ashburton treaty, under the administration of President Tyler, who turned against the Whig policies. After his resignation he was again elected to the Senate. Then a fateful crisis in his career approached.

The annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the acquisition of territory on our southern and western border, brought the slavery question sharply into the foreground. Webster had always, when occasion called for a demonstration of sentiment, denounced slavery as a great moral and political evil; and although affirming that under the Constitution it could not be touched by the action of the general government in the States in which it existed, declared himself against its extension. He had opposed the annexation of Texas, the war against Mexico, and the enlargement of the republic by conquest. But while he did not abandon his position concerning slavery, his tone in maintaining it grew gradually milder. The impression gained ground that as a standing candidate for the Presidency, he became more and more anxious to conciliate Southern opinion.

Then the day came that tried men's souls. The slave power had favored war and conquest, hoping that the newly acquired territory would furnish more slave States and more Senators in its interest. That hope was cruelly dashed when California presented herself for admission into the Union, with a State constitution excluding slavery from her soil. To the slave power this was a stunning blow. It had fought for

more slave States and conquered for more free States. The admission of California would hopelessly destroy the balance of power between freedom and slavery in the Senate. The country soon was ablaze with excitement. In the North the anti-slavery feeling ran high. The "fire-eaters" of the South, exasperated beyond measure by their disappointment, vociferously threatened to disrupt the Union. Henry Clay, true to his record, hoped to avert the danger by a compromise. He sought to reconcile the South to the inevitable admission of California by certain concessions to slavery, among them the ill-famed and ill-fated Fugitive Slave Law; a law offensive not only to anti-slavery sentiment, but also to the common impulses of humanity and to the pride of manhood.

Webster had to choose. The anti-slavery men of New England, and even many of his conservative friends, hoped and expected that he would again, as he had done in Nullification times, proudly plant the Union flag in the face of a disunion threat, with a defiant refusal of concession to a rebellious spirit, and give voice to the moral sense of the North. But Webster chose otherwise. On the 7th of March, 1850, he spoke in the Senate. The whole country listened with bated breath. While denouncing secession and pleading for the Union in glowing periods, he spoke of slavery in regretful but almost apologetic accents, upbraided the abolitionists as mischievous marplots, earnestly advocated the compromise, and commended that feature of it which was most odious to Northern sentiment,—the Fugitive Slave Law.

From this "Seventh of March Speech"—by that name it has passed into history—Webster never recovered. It stood in too striking a contrast to the "Reply to Hayne." There was indeed still the same lucid comprehensiveness of statement. The heavy battalions of argument marched with the

same massive tread. But there was lacking that which had been the great inspiration of the "Reply to Hayne,"—the triumphant consciousness of being right. The effect of the speech corresponded to its character. Southern men welcomed it as a sign of Northern submissiveness, but it did not go far enough to satisfy them. The impression it made upon the anti-slavery people of the North was painful in the extreme. They saw in it "the fall of an archangel." Many of them denounced it as the treacherous bid of a Presidential candidate for Southern favor. Their reproaches varied from the indignant murmur to the shrillest note of execration. Persons less interested or excited looked up at the colossal figure of the old hero of "Liberty and Union" with a sort of bewildered dismay, as if something unnatural and portentous had happened to him. Even many of his stanchest adherents among the conservative Whigs stood at first stunned and perplexed, needing some time to gather themselves up for his defense.

This was not surprising. Henry Clay could plan and advocate the compromise of 1850 without loss of character. Although a man of anti-slavery instincts, he was himself a slaveholder representing a slaveholding community, a compromiser in his very being; and compromise had always been the vital feature of his statesmanship. But Webster could not apologize for slavery, and in its behalf approve compromise and concession in the face of disunion threats, without turning his back upon the most illustrious feat of his public life. Injustice may have been done to him by the assailants of his motives, but it can hardly be denied that the evidence of circumstances stood glaringly against him. He himself was ill at ease. The virulent epithets and sneers with which he thenceforth aspersed anti-slavery principles and

anti-slavery men—contrasting strangely with the stately decorum he had always cultivated in his public utterances—betrayed the bitterness of a troubled soul.

The 7th of March speech, and the series of addresses with which he sought to set right and fortify the position he had taken, helped greatly in inducing both political parties to accept the compromise of 1850; and also in checking, at least for the time being, the anti-slavery movement in the Northern States. But they could not kill that movement, nor could they prevent the coming of the final crisis. They did, however, render him acceptable to the slave power, when, after the death of General Taylor, President Fillmore made him Secretary of State. Once more he stirred the people's heart by a note addressed to the Chevalier Hülsemann, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, in which, defending the mission of a special agent to inquire into the state of the Hungarian insurrection, he proudly justified the conduct of the government, pointed exultingly to the greatness of the republic, and vigorously vindicated the sympathies of the American people with every advance of free institutions the world over. The whole people applauded, and this was to him the last flash of popularity.

In 1852 his hope to attain the Whig nomination for the Presidency rose to the highest pitch, although his prospects were darker than ever. But he had reached the age of seventy; this was his last chance, and he clung to it with desperate eagerness. He firmly counted upon receiving in the convention a large number of Southern votes; he received not one. His defeat could hardly have been more overwhelming. The nomination fell to General Scott. In the agony of his disappointment, Webster advised his friends to vote for the Democratic candidate, Franklin Pierce. In 1848 he had

declared General Taylor's nomination to be one "not fit to be made;" but after all he had supported it. Then he still saw a possibility for himself ahead. In 1852, the last hope having vanished, he punished his party for having refused him what he thought his due, by openly declaring for the opposition. The reasons he gave for this extreme step were neither tenable, nor even plausible. It was a wail of utter despair.

His health had for some time been failing, and the shock which his defeat gave him aggravated his ailment. On the morning of October 24, 1852, he died. Henry Clay's death had preceded his by four months. The month following saw the final discomfiture of the Whig party. The very effort of its chiefs to hold it together, and to preserve the Union by concessions to slavery, disrupted it so thoroughly that it could never again rally. Its very name soon disappeared. Less than two years after Webster's death the whole policy of compromise broke down in total collapse. Massachusetts herself had risen against it, and in Webster's seat in the Senate sat Charles Sumner, the very embodiment of the uncompromising anti-slavery conscience. The "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery rudely swept aside all other politics and filled the stage. The thunder-clouds of the coming Civil War loomed darkly above the horizon.

In the turmoils that followed, all of Webster's work sank into temporary oblivion, except his greatest and best. The echoes of the "Reply to Hayne" awoke again. "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" became not merely the watchword of a party, but the battle-cry of armed hosts. "I still live," had been his last words on his death-bed. Indeed, he still lived in his noblest achievement, and thus he will long continue to live.

Over Webster's grave there was much heated dispute as to the place he would occupy in the history of his country. Many of those who had idolized him during his life extolled him still more after his death, as the demigod whose greatness put all his motives and acts above criticism, and whose genius excused all human frailties. Others, still feeling the smart of the disappointment which that fatal 7th of March had given them, would see in him nothing but rare gifts and great opportunities prostituted by vulgar appetites and a selfish ambition. The present generation, remote from the struggles and passions of those days, will be more impartial in its judgment. Looking back upon the time in which he lived, it beholds his statuesque form towering with strange grandeur among his contemporaries,—huge in his strength, and huge also in his weakness and faults; not indeed an originator of policies or measures, but a marvelous expounder of principles, laws, and facts, who illumined every topic of public concern he touched, with the light of a sovereign intelligence and vast knowledge; who, by overpowering argument, riveted around the Union unbreakable bonds of constitutional doctrine; who awakened to new life and animated with invincible vigor the national spirit; who left to his countrymen and to the world invaluable lessons of statesmanship, right, and patriotism, in language of grand simplicity and prodigiously forceful clearness; and who might stand as its greatest man in the political history of America, had he been a master character as he was a master mind.

CALHOUN

(1782–1850)

BY W. P. TRENT

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S importance as a statesman has naturally stood in the way of his recognition as a writer, and in like manner his reputation as an orator has overshadowed his just claims to be considered our most original political thinker. The six volumes of his collected works, which unfortunately do not embrace his still inaccessible private correspondence, are certainly not exhilarating or attractive reading; but they are unique in the literature of America, if not of the world, as models of passionless logical analysis. Whether passionless logical analysis is ever an essential quality of true literature, is a matter on which opinions will differ; but until the question is settled in the negative, Calhoun's claims to be considered a writer of marked force and originality cannot be ignored. It is true that circumstances have invalidated much of his political teaching, and that it was always negative and destructive rather than positive and constructive; it is true also that much of the interest attaching to his works is historical rather than literary in character: but when all allowances are made, it will be found that the "Disquisition on Government" must still be regarded as the most remarkable political treatise our country has produced, and that the position of its author as the head of a school of political thought is commanding, and in a way unassailable.

The precise character of Calhoun's political philosophy, the keynote of which was the necessity and means of defending the rights of minorities, cannot be understood without a brief glance at his political career. His birth in 1782 just after the Revolution, and in South Carolina, gave him the opportunity to share in the victory that the West and the far South won over the Virginians, headed by Madison. His training at Yale gave a nationalistic bias to his early career, and determined that search for the *via media* between consolidation and anarchy which resulted in the doctrine of nullification. His services in Congress and as Secretary of War under Monroe gave him a practical training in affairs that was not without influence in qualifying his tendency to indulge in doctrinaire speculation. His service as Vice-President afforded the leisure and his break with Jackson the occasion, for his close study of the Constitution, to discover how the South might preserve slavery and yet continue in the Union. Finally, his position as a non-aristocratic leader of a body of aristocrats, and his Scotch-Irish birth and training, gave a peculiar strenuousness to his support of slavery, which is of course the corner-stone of his political philosophy; and determined his reliance upon logic rather than upon an appeal to the passions as the best means of inculcating his teaching and of establishing his policy. His political treatises, "A Discourse on Government" and "On the Constitution and Government of the United States," written just before his death in 1850; his pamphlets like the "South Carolina Exposition" and the "Address to the People of South Carolina;" and the great speeches delivered in the Senate from 1832 to the end of his term, especially those in which he defended against Webster the doctrine of nullification, could have emanated only from

an up-country South-Carolinian who had inherited the mantle of Jefferson, and had sat at the feet of John Taylor of Caroline and of John Randolph of Roanoke. Calhoun was, then, the logical outcome of his environment and his training; he was the fearless and honest representative of his people and section; and he was the master from whom rash disciples like Jefferson Davis broke away, when they found that logical analysis of the Constitution was a poor prop for slavery against the rising tide of civilization.

As a thinker Calhoun is remarkable for great powers of analysis and exposition. As a writer he is chifly noted for the even dignity and general serviceableness of his style. He writes well, but rather like a logician than like an inspired orator. He has not the stateliness of Webster, and is devoid of the power of arousing enthusiasm. The splendor of Burke's imagination is utterly beyond him, as is also the epigrammatic brilliance of John Randolph,—from whom, however, he took not a few lessons in constitutional interpretation. Indeed, it must be confessed that for all his clearness and subtlety of intellect as a thinker, Calhoun is as a writer distinctly heavy. In this as in many other respects he reminds us of the Romans, to whom he was continually referring. Like them he is conspicuous for strength of practical intellect; like them he is lacking in sublimity, charm, and nobility. It follows then that Calhoun will rarely be resorted to as a model of eloquence, but that he will continue to be read both on account of the substantial additions he made to political philosophy, and of the interesting exposition he gave of theories and ideas once potent in the nation's history.

Notwithstanding the bitterness of accusation brought against him, he was not a traitor nor a man given over to selfish ambition, as Dr. von Holst, his most competent

biographer and critic, has clearly shown. Calhoun believed both in slavery and in the Union, and tried to maintain a balance between the two, because he thought that only in this way could his section maintain its prestige or even its existence. He failed, as any other man would have done; and we find him, like Cassandra, a prophet whom we cannot love. But he did prophesy truly as to the fate of the South; and in the course of his strenuous labors to divert the ruin he saw impending, he gave to the world the most masterly analysis of the rights of the minority and of the best methods of securing them that has yet come from the pen of a publicist.

CARLYLE

(1795–1881)

BY LESLIE STEPHEN

THE hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle—(December 4, 1795)—was lately commemorated. The house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, which he had occupied from 1834 till his death (February 4, 1881), was handed over to trustees to be preserved as a public memorial. No house in the British islands has more remarkable associations. Thither Carlyle had come in his thirty-eighth year, still hardly recognized by the general public, though already regarded by a small circle as a man of extraordinary powers. There he went through the concluding years of the long struggle which ended by a hard-won and scarcely enjoyed victory. There he had been visited by almost all the most conspicuous men of letters of his time: by Jeffrey, Southey, and J. S. Mill; by Tennyson and Browning, the greatest poets, and by Thackeray and Dickens, the greatest novelists of his generation; by the dearest friends of his youth, Irving and Emerson and John Sterling, and by his last followers, Froude and Ruskin. There too had lived until 1866 the woman who had shared his struggles, whom he loved and admired without stint, and whom he was yet destined to remember with many bitter pangs of remorse. Their story, laid bare with singular fulness, has invested the scene of their joys and sorrows, their alienation and reconciliations, with extraordinary interest.

Every one who has read the "Reminiscences" and the later mass of biographical matter must be glad to see the "sound-proof" room, and the garden haunted by the "demon-fowls," and the other dumb witnesses of a long tragi-comedy. No one was so keenly sensitive as Carlyle to the interest of the little gleams of light which reveal our ancestors not only stirred by the great passions, but absorbed like ourselves by the trivialities of the day. A similar interest will long attach to the scene of his own trials.

Carlyle's life was a struggle and a warfare. Each of his books was wrenched from him, like the tale of the "Ancient Mariner," by a spiritual agony. The early books excited the wrath of his contemporaries, when they were not ridiculed as the grotesque outpourings of an eccentric humorist. His teaching was intended to oppose what most people take to be the general tendency of thought, and yet many who share that tendency gladly acknowledge that they owe to Carlyle a more powerful intellectual stimulus than they can attribute even to their accepted teachers. I shall try briefly to indicate the general nature of his message to mankind, without attempting to consider the soundness or otherwise of particular views.

Carlyle describes what kind of person people went to see in Cheyne Row. "The very sound of my voice," he says, "has got something savage-prophetic: I am as a John the Baptist girt about with a leather girdle, whose food is locusts and wild honey." Respectable literary society at "æsthetic tea-parties" regarded him as the Scribes and Pharisees regarded the Hebrew prophet. He came among them to tear the mask from their hypocritical cant. Carlyle was not externally a Diogenes. Though the son of peasants, he had the appearance and manner of a thorough gentleman in spite

of all his irritable outbreaks. But he was not the less penetrated to the core with the idiosyncrasies of his class. The father, a Davie Deans of real life, had impressed the son profoundly. Carlyle had begun life on the same terms as innumerable young Scots. Strict frugality had enabled him to get a college training and reach the threshold of the ministry. His mother could look forward to the exquisite pleasure of seeing "her own bairn wag his head in a pulpit!" But at this point Carlyle's individuality first asserted itself. He could not step into any of the ordinary grooves. His college teachers appeared to him to offer "sawdust" instead of manna from heaven. The sacred formulæ of their ancestral creed had lost their savor. Words once expressive of the strongest faith were either used to utter the bigotry of narrow pedants, or were adopted only to be explained away into insipid commonplace. Carlyle shared the intellectual movement of his time too much to profess any reverence for what he called the "Hebrew old-clothes." Philosophers and critics had torn them to rags. His quarrel however was with the accidental embodiment, not with the spirit of the old creeds. The old morality was ingrained in his very nature; nor was he shocked, like some of his fellows, by the sternness of the Calvinistic views of the universe and life. The whole problem was with him precisely to save this living spirit. The skeptics, he thought, were, in the German phrase, "emptying out the baby with the bath." They were at war with the spirit as well as with the letter; trying to construct a godless universe; to substitute a dead mechanism for the living organism; and therefore to kill down at the root every noble aspiration which could stimulate the conscience, or strengthen a man to bear the spectacle of the wrongs and sufferings of mankind.

The crisis of this struggle happened in 1821. After giving up the ministry, Carlyle had tried "schoolmastering," and found himself to be least fitted of mankind for a function which demands patience with stupidity. He had just glanced at the legal profession only to be disgusted with its chicaneries. Hack authorship was his only chance. The dyspeptic disorder which tormented him through life was tormenting him. "A rat was gnawing at the pit of his stomach." Then he was embittered by the general distress of his own class. Men out of work were threatening riots and the yeomanry being called out to suppress them. Carlyle was asked by a friend why he too did not come out with a musket. "Hm! yes," he replied, "but I haven't quite settled on which side." It was while thus distracted, that after three weeks of sleeplessness he experienced what he called his "conversion." The universe had seemed to him "void of life, of purpose, of volition, even of hostility; it was one huge and immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. Oh, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death!" And then he suddenly resolved to resist. Why go on trembling like a coward?—"As I so thought, there rushed a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me forever. I was strong, of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god: ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was in it, but indignation and grim, fell-eyed defiance." These are the phrases of his imaginary hero in "Sartor Resartus." In the "Reminiscences" he repeats the statement in his own person. He had won "an immense victory;" he had escaped from the "foul mud gods" and soared into the "eternal blue of ether" where he had "for the spiritual

part ever since lived." He could look down upon his fellow creatures still "weltering in that fatal element," "pitying the religious part of them and indignant against the frivolous;" enjoying an inward and supreme happiness which still remained to him, though often "eclipsed" in later years.

To understand this crisis is to understand his whole attitude. The change was not of the purely logical kind. Carlyle was not converted by any philosophical system. Coleridge, not long before, had found in Kant and Schelling an answer to similar perplexities. Carlyle, though he respected the German metaphysicians, could never find their dogmas satisfactory to his shrewd Scottish sense. His great helper, he tells us, in the strait, was not Kant but Goethe. The contrast between that serene prophet of culture and the rugged Scottish Puritan is so marked that one may be tempted to explain the influence partly by personal accident. Carlyle grew up at a time when the British public was just awaking to the existence of Germany; and not only promoted the awakening but was recognized by the great Goethe himself. He may well have been inclined in later years to exaggerate a debt due to so welcome a recognition. And yet it is intelligible that in Goethe, Carlyle saw what he most required. A man of the highest genius and a full representative of the most advanced thought could yet recognize what was elevating in the past as clearly as what was the true line of progress for us to pursue; and while casting aside the dead trappings as decidedly as Carlyle, could reach serene heights above the petty controversies where men wrangled over extinct issues. Goethe had solved the problem which vexed Carlyle's soul, and set an inspiring example of the true spirit and its great reward.

Carlyle, however, was not qualified by temperament or

mental characteristics to follow Goethe's steps. If not primarily a reasoner, and too impatient perhaps for slow logical processes, he was also not a poet. Some of the greatest English teachers of his period embodied their conceptions of the world in poetry. Wordsworth and Shelley and Byron, in particular, were more effective representatives of the chief spiritual influences of the day than the few speculative writers. Carlyle thought for a time that he could utter himself in verse, or at least in prose fiction. He tried, only to feel his incompetence. As Froude observes, he had little ear for metrical composition. There were other and perhaps greater obstacles. A poet must be capable of detachment from the actual world in which he lives, however, profound his interest in its great problems. He must be able to dwell with "seraph contemplation" and stand aside from the actual contest. To Carlyle such an attitude was partly impossible, partly contemptible. He had imbibed the Puritan aversion to æsthetic enjoyments. He had been brought up in circles where it was thought wrong for a child to read the "Arabian Knights," and where Milton could only obtain a doubtful admission as a versifier of the Scriptural narrative. Carlyle retained the prejudice. He always looked askance at poetry which had no immediate bearing upon conduct, and regarded "æsthetic" as equivalent to frivolous. "May the devil fly away with the fine arts" is a sentiment which he quotes with cordial sympathy. This view was congenial to his inborn characteristics.

One striking peculiarity was his extraordinary "receptivity" of all outward impressions. The strange irritability which he set down to the "hag Dyspepsia" made him resemble a patient in whom disease has produced a morbidly excessive sensibility. Little annoyances were magnified into

tragic dimensions. The noises in a next-door house affected him as an earthquake might affect others. His memory was as retentive as his impressions were strong. Froude testifies that his account of a little trip to Paris, written forty years later without reference to memoranda, is verified down to the minutest details by contemporary letters. Scenes instantaneously photographed on his memory never faded. No one had a keener eye for country. When he visited Germany he brought back pictures of the scenes of Frederick's battles, which enabled him to reproduce them with such startling veracity that after reading you seem to remember the reality, not the book. In history he seeks to place before us a series of visions as distinct as actual eyesight: to show us Cromwell watching the descent of the Scottish army at Dunbar, or the human whirlpool raging round the walls of the Bastille. We—the commonplace spectators—should not, it is true, even at present see what was visible to Carlyle, any more than we see a landscape as Turner saw it. We may wish that we could. At any rate, we have the conviction of absolute truthfulness to the impression made on a powerful idiosyncrasy. We perceive, as by the help of a Rembrandt, vast chaotic breadths of gloomy confusion, with central figures thrown out by a light of extraordinary brilliancy. Carlyle, indeed, always has it in mind that what we call reality is but a film on the surface of mysterious depths. We are such stuff, to repeat his favorite quotation, as dreams are made of. Past history is a series of dreams; the magic of memory may restore them for an instant to our present consciousness. But the most vivid picture of whatever is not irrecoverably lost always brings, too, the pathetic sense that we are after all but ephemeral appearances in the midst of the eternities and infinities. Over-

whelmed by this sense of the unsubstantiality even of the most real objects, Carlyle clutches, as it were with the energy of despair, every fading image; and tries to invest it with something of its old brightness. Carlyle was so desirous to gain this distinctness of vision that he could not be happy in personal descriptions till, if possible, he had examined the portrait of his hero and satisfied himself that he could reproduce the actual bodily appearance. The face, he holds, shows the soul. And then his shrewd Scottish sagacity never deserts him. If the hero sometimes becomes, like most heroes, a little too free from human infirmities, the actors in his dramas never become mere walking gentlemen. In Dryasdust he gives us lay figures, bedizened at times with shallow paradoxes; but Carlyle always deals in genuine human nature. His judgment may not be impartial, but at least it is not nugatory. He sees the man from within and makes him a credible individual, not a mere bit of machinery worked by colorless formulæ. With this eye for character goes the keen sense of grim humor which keeps him in touch with reality. Little incidents bring out the absurd side of even the heroic. The most exciting scenes of his "French Revolution" are heightened by the vision of the shivering usher who "accords the grand entries" when the ferocious mob is rushing into the palace—not "finding it convenient," as Carlyle observes, "to refuse them;" and of the gentleman who continues for an hour to "demand the arrestment of knaves and dastards"—a most comprehensive of all known petitions. Carlyle's "mannerism" is one result of this strain to be graphic. It has been attributed to readings of Jean Paul, and by Carlyle himself, partly to Irving and partly to the early talk in his father's home. It appears at any rate as soon as Carlyle gets confidence enough in him-

self to trust to his own modes of impression; and if it may fairly be called a mannerism, was not an affectation. It was struck out in the attempt to give most effective utterance to his genuine thought, and may be compared, as Burke said of Johnson's conversation, to the "contortions of the Sibyl."

It is time, however, to try to say what was the prophetic message thus delivered. Carlyle, I have said, had no logical system of philosophy, and was too much of a "realist" (in one sense) to find poetry congenial. He has to preach by pictures of the past; by giving us history, though history transfused with poetry; an account of the external fact which shall reveal the real animating principle, quietly omitted by statisticians and constitutional historians. The doctrine so delivered appears to be vague. What, the ordinary believer may ask, would be left of a religion if its historical statements should turn out to be mere figments and its framework of dogmas to be nonsense? He would naturally reply, Nothing. Carlyle replies, Everything. The spirit may survive, though its whole visible embodiment should be dissolved into fiction and fallacy. But to define this spirit is obviously impossible. It represents a tone of thought, a mode of contemplating life and the world, not any distinct set of definite propositions. Carlyle was called a "mystic," and even, as he says, was made into a "mystic school." We may accept the phrase, so far as mysticism means the substitution of a "logic of the heart" for a "logic of the head"—an appeal to sentiment rather than to any definite reasoning process. The "mystic" naturally recognizes the inner light as shining through many different and even apparently contradictory forms. But most mystics retain, in a new sense perhaps, the ancient formulæ. Carlyle rejected them so

markedly that he shocked many believers, otherwise sympathetic. His early friend Irving, who tried to restore life to the old forms, and many who accepted Coleridge as their spiritual guide, were scandalized by his utterances. He thought, conversely, that they were still masquerading in "Hebrew old-clothes," or were even like the apes who went on chattering by the banks of the Dead Sea, till they ceased to be human. He regards the "Oxford movement" with simple contempt. His dictum that Newman had "no more brain than a moderate-sized rabbit" must have been followed, as no one will doubt who heard him talk, by one of those gigantic explosions of laughter which were signals of humorous exaggeration. But it meant in all seriousness that he held Newman to be reviving superstitions unworthy of the smallest allowance of brain.

Yet Carlyle's untiring denunciation of "shams" and "unrealities" of this, as of other varieties, does not mean unqualified antipathy. He feels that the attempt to link the living spirit to the dead externals is a fatal enterprise. That may be now a stifling incumbrance, which was once the only possible symbol of a living belief. Accordingly, though Carlyle's insistence upon the value of absolute intellectual truthfulness is directed against this mode of thought, his attack upon the opposite error is more passionate and characteristic. The "Sartor Resartus," his first complete book (1833–4), announced and tried to explain his "conversion." To many readers it still seems his best work, as it certainly contains some of his noblest passages. It was unpopular in England, and (an Englishman must say it with regret) seems to have been first appreciated in America. It gave indeed many sharp blows at English society: it expresses his contempt for the upper literary strata, who like Jeffrey com-

plained of him for being so "desperately in earnest;" and for the authors, who were not "prophets," but mere caterers to ephemeral amusement. But the satire, I cannot but think, is not quite happy. The humor of the "Clothes Philosophy" is a little strained; to me, I confess, rather tiresome: and the impressive passages just those where he forgets it.

His real power became obvious beyond all cavil on the publication of the "French Revolution" (1837). Not for a hundred years, he declared, had the public received any book that "came more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." That expresses, as I think, the truth. The book is not to be "read for information." The facts would now require much restatement; and moreover, the narrative is too apt to overleap prosaic but necessary facts in order to fasten upon the picturesque passages. But considered as what it is, a "prose epic," a moving panorama, drawn with astonishing force and perception of the tremendous tragi-comedy involved, it is unequaled in English literature. The doctrine inculcated is significant. Carlyle's sympathies were in one sense with the Revolution. He felt, he says, that the Radicals were "guild-brothers," while the Whigs were mere "amateurs." He was even more thoroughly convinced than the Radicals that a thoroughgoing demolition of the old order was essential. The Revolution was but the first volcanic outburst of the great forces still active below the surface. Europe, he says ("Chartism"), lay "hag-ridden" and "quack-ridden." The quack is the most hideous of hags; he is a "falsehood incarnate." To blow him and his to the four winds was the first necessity. The French Revolution was "the inevitable stern end of much: the fearful but also wonderful, indispensable, and

sternly beneficent beginning of much." So far, Carlyle was far more in agreement with Paine than with Burke. But what was to follow when the ground was cleared? When you have cut off your king's head and confiscated the estates of the nobility and the church, you have only begun. A new period is to be born with death-throes and birth-throes, and there are, he guesses ("French Revolution," Book IV, Chapter 4), some two centuries of fighting before "Democracy go through its dire, most baleful stage of 'Quackocracy.'" The redicals represent this coming "Quackocracy." What was their root error? Briefly (I try to expound, not to enlarge), that they were materialists. Their aim was low. They desired simply a multiplication of physical comforts, or as he puts it, a boundless supply of "pigswash." Their means too were futile. Society, on their showing, was a selfish herd hungering for an equal distribution of pigs-wash. They put unlimited faith in the mere mechanism of constitution-mongering; in ballot-boxes and manipulation of votes and contrivances by which a number of mean and selfish passions might be somehow so directed as to balance each other. It is not by any such devices that society can really be regenerated. You must raise men's souls, not alter their conventions. They must not simply abolish kings, but learn to recognize the true king, the man who has the really divine right of superior strength and wisdom, not the sham divine right of obsolete tradition. You require not paper rules, but a new spirit which spontaneously recognizes the voice of God. The true secret of life must be to him, as to every "mystic," that we should follow the dictates of the inner light which speaks in different dialects to all of us.

But this implies a difficulty. Carlyle, spite of his emer-

gence into "blue ether," was constitutionally gloomy. He was more alive than any man since Swift to the dark side of human nature. The dullness of mankind weighed upon him like a nightmare. "Mostly fools" is his pithy verdict upon the race at large. Nothing then could be more idle than the dream of the revolutionists that the voice of the people could be itself the voice of God. From millions of fools you can by no constitutional machinery extract anything but folly. Where then is the escape? The millions, he says (essay on Johnson), "roll hither and thither, whithersoever they are led;" they seem "all sightless and slavish," with little but "animal instincts." The hope is that, here and there, are scattered the men of power and of insight, the heaven-sent leaders; and it is upon loyalty to them and capacity for recognizing and obeying them that the future of the race really depends. This was the moral of the lectures on "Hero-Worship" (1840). Odin, Mahomet, Dante, Shakespeare, Luther, Cromwell, and Napoleon, are types of the great men who now and then visit the earth as prophets or rulers. They are the brilliant centres of light in the midst of the surrounding darkness; and in loyal recognition of their claims lies our security for all external progress. By what signs, do you ask, can they be recognized? There can be no sign. You can see the light if you have eyes; but no other faculty can supply the want of eyesight. And hence arise some remarkable points both of difference from and coincidence with popular beliefs.

In the "Chartism," "Past and Present," and "Latter-Day Pamphlets" (1839, 1843, and 1850), Carlyle applied his theories to the problems of the day. They had the disadvantage which generally attaches to the writings of an outsider in politics. They were, said the average reader,

"unpractical." Carlyle could not recommend any definite measures; an objection easy to bring against a man who urges rather a change of spirit than of particular measures. Yet it is noticeable that he recommends much that has since become popular. Much of his language might be used by modern Socialists. In "Past and Present," for example (Book III, Chapter 8), he gives the principle of "land nationalization." The great capitalist is to be turned into a "captain of industry," and government is to undertake to organize labor, to protect health, and to enforce education. Carlyle so far sympathizes with the Socialist, not only as agreeing that the great end of government is the raising of the poor, but as denouncing the *laissez-faire* doctrine. The old-fashioned English Radical had regarded all government as a necessary evil, to be minimized as much as possible. When it had armed the policemen, it had fulfilled its whole duty. But this, according to Carlyle, was to leave the "dull multitude" to drift into chaos. Government should rest upon the loyalty of the lower to the higher. Order is essential; and good order means the spontaneous obedience to the heaven-sent hero. He, when found, must supply the guiding and stimulating force. The Socialist, like Carlyle, desires a strong government, but not the government of the "hero." Government of which the moving force comes from above instead of below will be, he thinks, a government of mere force. And here occurs the awkward problem to which Carlyle is constantly referring. He was generally accused of identifying "right" with "might." Against this interpretation he always protested. Right and Might, he says often, are in the long run identical. That which is right and that alone is ultimately lasting. Your rights are the expression of the divine will; and for that reason, what-

ever endures must be right. Work lasts so far as it is based upon eternal foundations. The might, therefore, is in the long run the expression of the right. The Napoleonic empire, according to a favorite illustration, could not last because it was founded upon injustice. The two tests then must coincide: what is good proves itself by lasting, and what lasts, lasts because good; but the test of endurance cannot, it is clear, be applied when it is wanted. Hence arises an ambiguity which often gives to Carlyle the air of a man worshiping mere success; when, if we take his own interpretation, he takes the success to be the consequence, not the cause, of the rightness. The hero is the man who sees the fact and disregards the conventional fiction; but for the moment he looks very like the man who disregards principles and attends to his own interest.

Here again Carlyle approximates to a doctrine to which he was most averse, the theory of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The Darwinian answers in this way Carlyle's problem, how it is to come to pass that the stupidity of the masses comes to blunder into a better order? Here and there, as in his accounts of the way in which the intensely stupid British public managed to blunder into the establishment of a great empire, Carlyle seems to fall in with the Darwinian view. That view shocked him because he thought it mechanical. To him the essence of history was to be found not in the blind striving of the dull, but in the lives of great men. They represent the incarnate wisdom which must guide all wholesome aspiration. History is really the biography of the heroes. All so-called philosophies of history, attempts to discover general laws and to dispense with the agency of great men, are tainted with materialism. They would substitute "blind laws" for the

living spirit which really guides the development of the race. But if you ask how your hero is to be known, the only answer can be, Know him at your peril.

Carlyle's most elaborate books, the "Cromwell" and the "Frederick," are designed to give an explicit answer to the "right" and "might" problem. Carlyle in both cases seems to be toiling amidst the dust-heaps of some ancient ruin, painfully disinterring the shattered and defaced fragments of a noble statue and reconstructing it to be hereafter placed in a worthy Valhalla. Cromwell, according to the vulgar legend, was a mere hypocrite, and Frederick a mere cynical conqueror. The success of both—that is his intended moral—was in proportion to the clearness with which they recognized the eternal laws of the universe. Cromwell probably is the more satisfactory hero, as more really sympathetic to his admirer. But each requires an interpreter. Cromwell's gifts did not lie in the direction of lucid utterance; and Frederick, if he could have read, would certainly have scorned, the doctrine of his eulogist. Carlyle, that is, has to dig out in the actions of great men a true significance, certainly not obvious to the actors themselves. Their recognition of the eternal laws was in one case embodied in obsolete formulæ, and in the other, it might seem, altogether unconscious. The hero's recognition of divine purposes does not imply then that his own vision is purged from error, or that his aim is distinctly realized. He may, like Mahomet or the Abbot Sampson, be full of superstition. His "veracity" does not mean that his beliefs are true; only that they are sincere and such a version of the truth as is possible in his dialect. This is connected with Carlyle's constant insistence upon the superiority of silence to speech. The divine light shines through many distracting

media; it enlightens many who do not consciously perceive it. It may be recognized because it gives life; because the work to which it prompts is lasting. But even the hero who tries to utter himself is sure to interpolate much that is ephemeral, confused, and imperfect; and speech in general represents the mere perplexed gabble of men who take words for thought, and raise a hopeless clamor which drowns the still small voice of true inspiration. If men are mostly fools, their talk is mostly folly; forming a wild incoherent Babel in which it is hard to pick out the few scattered words of real meaning. Carlyle has been ridiculed for preaching silence in so many words; but then Carlyle was speaking the truth; and of that, he fully admits, we can never have too much. The hero may be a prophet, or a man of letters. He is bound to speak seriously, though not to be literally silent; and his words must be judged not by the momentary pleasure, but by their ultimate influence on life.

Carlyle's message to his fellows, which I have tried imperfectly to summarize, may be condemned on grounds of taste and of morality. Translated into logical formulæ it becomes inconsistent, and it embodies some narrow prejudices in exaggerated terms. Yet I think that it has been useful even by the shock it has given to commonplace optimism. It has been far more useful because in his own dialect, Carlyle—as I think—expresses some vital truths with surpassing force. Whatever our creeds, religious or political, he may stimulate our respect for veracity, in the form of respect for honest work or contempt for hypocritical conventions; our loyalty to all great leaders, in the worlds both of thought and action; and our belief that to achieve any real progress, something is required infinitely deeper than any mere change in the superficial arrangements of

society. These lessons are expressed, too, as the merely literary critic must admit, by a series of historical pictures, so vivid and so unique in character that for many readers they are in the full sense fascinating. They are revelations of new aspects of the world, never, when once observed, to be forgotten. And finally, I may add that Carlyle's autobiographical writings—in which we must include the delightful "Life of Sterling"—show the same qualities in a shape which, if sometimes saddening, is profoundly interesting. No man was more reticent in his life, though he has been made to deliver a posthumous confession of extraordinary fullness. We hear all the groans once kept within the walls of Cheyne Row. After making all allowance for the fits of temper, the harshness of judgment, and the willful exaggeration, we see at last a man who under extraordinary difficulties was unflinchingly faithful to what he took to be his vocation, and struggled through a long life, full of anxieties and vexations, to turn his genius to the best account.

THIERS

(1797–1877)

BY ADOLPHE COHN

THIERS (Louis Adolphe, usually mentioned simply as Adolphe Thiers),—born April 15, 1797, died September 3, 1877,—belongs to a class of writers which was comparatively large in France during the first half of the nineteenth century; who owed to literary success an entrance to political life, and distinguished themselves as public men no less than as men of letters. Of these no one reached such eminence as the little Marseilles laborer's son, who at the age of seventy-four was elected the first President of the French Republic.

The Thiers family, though one of the humblest of the large city of Marseilles, managed to give to its brightest child as good an education as was at the disposal of French children at the beginning of the century. Adolphe Thiers was given a government scholarship in the *lycée* or college of his native city; and after winning distinction in his classes, studied law in the neighboring city of Aix, which possessed one of the government law schools. There he met a young student one year his senior,—François Mignet; with whom, owing partly to the many tastes they had in common, he formed a friendship which was dissolved only by death more than sixty years later. Neither of these two law students cared much for the law, both of them longed for a literary career; and both of them therefore soon moved to Paris,

the centre of the intellectual life of the nation. Thiers made his mark with incredible rapidity, and before long was a regular member of the staff of one of the most important liberal papers, the "Constitutionnel;" he even became a part owner of the paper, through the liberality of the German publisher, Cotta. There he wrote on all sorts of subjects, his best articles being on the annual exhibition of paintings known as the Salon.

A proposal that came from a sort of literary hack, Félix Bodin, made him determine to write a history of the French Revolution; the first two volumes of which, bearing Bodin's name by the side of Thiers's, appeared in 1823. This was the beginning of the first exhaustive history of the French Revolution written by one who had not been an eye-witness of the event; and it presented therefore greater guarantees of impartiality than anything before published on the same subject. The young writer moreover possessed to a very high degree the gift of telling an interesting story, and of presenting in a clear and simple way that which seemed at first obscure and complicated. He could also work fast, so as not to allow the reader to lose his interest in the narrative. The last of the ten volumes of Thiers's "History of the French Revolution" appeared in 1827, hardly four years after the first volumes had been issued.

The success of the work at once placed its author in the front rank of historical writers, at a time when France was extraordinarily rich in literary talent, and when the desire to know as accurately as possible the events of the revolutionary period was general in Europe. Thiers, who was destined to be a great parliamentarian, had also a special gift for financial explanation and military narrative; so that he possessed almost every one of the requisites for compos-

ing the history of a crisis which was financial in its causes and military in its development, no less than social and political in its nature.

It is to be noted as a curious coincidence that while Thiers was publishing this exhaustive work on the Revolution, his friend Mignet was writing another and shorter narrative of the same period. These two works were the first that manifested a reaction against the anti-revolutionary sentiments which had been dominant in France, at least in appearance, since the restoration of the Bourbons. Liberal opinion was gathering strength and boldness. The accession to the throne of Charles X, the last of the surviving brothers of Louis XVI, made every one feel that a great effort would be made by the court to place the ultra-royalist and Catholic party in full control of affairs. Thiers's "History of the French Revolution" called attention to the means by which in the past the people had triumphed over an anti-patriotic cabal, and powerfully served the Liberal party in its preparations for what may be termed aggressive resistance.

On January 1, 1830, when the fight was at its hottest, Thiers for the first time assumed a prominent rank among the combatants. In connection with his friends François Mignet and Armand Carrel he established a daily political paper, "Le National," which was at once recognized as the boldest of the opposition newspapers. The leader in which the policy of the paper was explained stated that, determined to possess political liberty, France was willing to find a model for her institutions across the Channel; but that should she fail in the attempt, she would not hesitate to look for another model across the Atlantic. The article had been written by Adolphe Thiers, who was destined to be before long a minister of a constitutional sovereign, and

more than forty years later the President of a democratic republic.

In the months that followed, many of the most striking political articles of the "National" were printed over the initials A. T.; and when on July 25, 1830, Charles X determined, by his famous Ordonnances, to challenge the Chamber of Deputies and the Liberal press to a mortal combat, it was Adolphe Thiers that wrote the strong-worded protest by which the Parisian journals proclaimed their refusal to obey the illegal dictates of the infatuated monarch.

The success of the revolution of 1830 made Thiers one of the most influential men in the kingdom. His literary productions at that time comprised, in addition to his "History of the French Revolution" and to his articles in the "Constitutionnel" and in the "National," a volume on "Law and his System of Finance" (1826), reprinted in 1858 under a new title, "History of Law;" and an "Essay on Vauvenargues," quite an early production written by him while still in Aix, and rewarded by a prize of the Aix Academy of Letters and Sciences under rather curious circumstances. That Academy had offered a Eulogy of Vauvenargues as a subject for a competitive essay. Young Thiers, in his eagerness to secure the prize, sent in two essays composed on two different plans,—so that the judges could not, until the name of the author was disclosed, imagine that they came from only one source; and he secured both first and second prize, over all his competitors.

For nearly fifteen years after the accession of Louis Philippe there was an interruption in his labors as a man of letters. He then played an important political part, being several times a cabinet minister and twice prime minister; the last time from March to November, 1840, when

he strongly supported against all Europe the celebrated ruler of Egypt, Mehemet-Ali. His rival at that time was another celebrated man of letters,—the historian Guizot, who succeeded him as prime minister. Both were considered the most brilliant political orators France possessed at that time, with Berryer and Lamartine. In 1834 Thiers was elected a member of the French Academy. His speech on being received in that illustrious body is one of his most successful efforts.

The opinions he represented in Parliament during the reign of Louis Philippe were those of a moderate Liberal, and especially of one who placed the authority of Parliament far above the King. That much he set forth in the famous formula: "The King reigns and does not govern." Soon after his retirement from power, in 1840, he realized that both King and Parliament were, and were likely to remain for a long time, hostile to his ideas, and that his chances of regaining power were very slight indeed. He therefore again turned to literature, to historical writing. In his "History of the French Revolution" he had conducted his narrative to the Eighteenth Brumaire of the eighth year of the French Republic (November 9, 1799),—the date of the military revolution by which General Napoleon Bonaparte was made supreme in the State. He determined now to write the history of Napoleon himself from his accession to power to his death. The times were ripe for such an undertaking: the admiration for Napoleon was one of the strongest feelings of the generation to which Thiers belonged. When last prime minister, he had prevailed upon England to give up the remains of the great captain, and to allow them to be transported to France. Paris had known in the succeeding quarter of a century no such

enthusiasm as was manifested on December 15, 1840; when, in the midst of the most impressive military pomp, Napoleon's coffin was laid at rest in the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides. Thiers devoted no less than twenty years of his life to the composition of his "History of the Consulate and the Empire;" the first five volumes of which were published in 1845, and the twentieth and last in 1862.

During that period France passed through strange vicissitudes. The throne of Louis Philippe was in February, 1848, swept away by a revolution, which the King at the last moment vainly tried to stave off by calling Thiers to power. A republic was established, which soon intrusted its destiny to a nephew of Napoleon. Thiers, after supporting the candidacy of Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the republic, soon discovered his mistake, and became a determined opponent of the "Prince-President;" and so, when Louis Napoleon broke his oath of office and destroyed the republic, Thiers was not surprised at being informed that he was banished from France. He was, however, soon allowed to return and to peacefully complete his great historical undertaking. In the mean time he had written a short but important work on "Property," destined to check the growth of socialistic feeling.

The "History of Napoleon" is Thiers's greatest claim to distinction as a literary man. It possesses in a high degree the merits of clearness and order; it never fails to be interesting. It may be lacking in moral power: Napoleon is too uniformly praised and admired, his opponents are too uniformly found fault with. But the author's enthusiasm for his hero is felt to be genuine; and Thiers, moreover, does not seem to speak simply in his own name, but in the name of the millions for whom Napoleon was the image of every-

thing that was great and striking. Whether this fulsome approval of Napoleon's doings very well agreed with the liberal doctrines he defended in the political arena, does not seem to have troubled Thiers very much; and as soon as he had completed his history he re-entered public life, and almost suddenly passed from praising the uncle to bitterly assailing the nephew.

In 1863 Thiers offered himself as an opposition candidate to the voters of one of the Paris constituencies; and after being elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, opened against the imperial government a campaign of opposition, which became every day more intense until his predictions were verified, and the imperial throne lay shattered on the battle-field.

Thiers's political speeches between 1863 and 1870 developed with a marvelous variety of arguments the theme that the government of Napoleon III betrayed the French people, both in denying them political liberty and in allowing French influence to become every day smaller in foreign affairs. Especially did he criticise the expedition by which the French government tried to establish an empire in Mexico, and the policy of Napoleon III in allowing Prussia to grow at the expense of Austria. His denunciation of that policy in 1866 was nothing short of prophetic.

He was of course re-elected to the Chamber in 1869; and a year later, the policy which he opposed culminated in the foolhardy declaration of war against Prussia and the disasters that followed. This declaration of war Thiers did his utmost to prevent; he addressed the house in an impassioned speech, which the supporters of the government constantly cut with insulting interruptions, without however succeeding in stifling his voice.

Thiers was now seventy-three years old, and new paths of usefulness opened before him in which he was to win more renown than he had in all his past career. On September 4, 1870, after the reception of the news of the surrender of the imperial army at Sedan, the imperial government collapsed at Paris; a republic was proclaimed; and a new government was formed, consisting of the representatives of the various Parisian constituencies in the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers however declined to be a member of that government; but at its request undertook to visit all the capitals of Europe, and try to get some help for invaded France.

He failed in his mission,—in which, indeed, failure was simply unavoidable; and when a few months later France had to sue for peace, and to elect a National Assembly which alone had the power of accepting or rejecting the terms of the victorious Germans, the country only remembered Thiers's heroic opposition to the declaration of the war, and manifested its confidence in him by an election to the Assembly from no less than twenty-six constituencies.

It was a foregone conclusion that he would be called upon by the Assembly to form a new government. On February 17th, at Bordeaux,—where the Assembly met because it was one of the spots still unoccupied by the German armies,—he was elected chief of the executive power of the French Republic, and President of the Council of Ministers; a title which was a few months later changed to President of the French Republic. His first duty was the saddest that could befall such a patriotic Frenchman as he was: he had to meet Prince Bismarck, and hear from him the terms upon which Germany was willing to grant peace to France. This duty he fulfilled with dignity, courage, and skill; and

he was fortunate enough to save for France the Alsatian fortress of Belfort, without the possession of which the French frontier would have remained entirely open to any later German invasion.

None the less hard was it for him to convince the Assembly that, hard as they were, the terms imposed by Germany had to be accepted, so that patriotic citizens might afterward address themselves to the task of reorganizing the impoverished country.

The task he then had to face was nothing short of appalling. Administration, army, finances—everything was in a state of complete collapse; and yet the country had to pay to Germany the unheard-of war indemnity of one thousand million dollars, before the territory of France was to be free from the presence of German armies! In addition to that, political passions were at fever heat. A majority of the members elected to the National Assembly were men of royalist proclivities, who wished to have the republic abolished, and either the Bourbon or the Orleans pretender called to the throne. On the other hand, Paris and all the large cities were enthusiastically republican, and made no secret of their determination to resist by force any attempt to re-establish a monarch in France.

To reconcile these conflicting claims, to the extent of having the settlement of purely political questions postponed to a time when the country had been enabled to resume the normal tenor of its life, was the task to which Thiers then devoted himself, and in the performance of which he could make use of hardly any weapon save his oratorical power. Being a member of the Assembly, he was allowed to address it; and those of his speeches which belong to that period of his life are among the most remarkable that have been delivered before any parliament.

His success was not always complete. For instance, he wished the Assembly to leave Bordeaux and come to Paris, as soon as the German forces had left the Paris forts. All he could achieve was to determine the Assembly, which disliked the intense republicanism of the capital, to move to Versailles. This slight, which the Parisians felt to be undeserved after the heroic resistance they had opposed to the Germans in a five-months' siege, was one of the causes of the terrible insurrection which broke out on March 18, 1871.

It was while engaged in the sad task of repressing that insurrection that President Thiers, for the first time, openly stated his determination to keep away from any plans having for their object the destruction of the republic. Almost up to that time he had been known to be an advocate of constitutional monarchy. But the strength of republican sentiment in France, and the hopeless divisions of the royalists and imperialists, now convinced him that a restoration of monarchy in France would be, as he soon after stated, "the worst of revolutions."

No wonder that the friends of the pretenders, who controlled a majority of the Assembly, at once determined to treat him as an enemy, and that therefore the career of his government was not an easy one. Every day assailed by his critics, M. Thiers was constantly compelled to take part himself in the debates of the Assembly, where his personal ascendency often enabled him to secure a majority against all apparent odds. The task, moreover, that had to be performed by the government, was one which hardly made it possible to M. Thiers's opponents to dispense with his services, even after the defeat of the Paris insurrection had re-established everywhere the sovereignty of the Na-

tional Government. The German troops still occupied a considerable part of the French territory; the enormous war indemnity due to Germany had not been paid; the army had not been organized; and finally, France needed to be trusted by the other nations, and possessed then no other statesman who commanded the respect of all the European governments in anything like the same degree as M. Thiers. In addition thereto the country, which had elected a good many royalists in February, 1871, simply because they more energetically than others pronounced in favor of a cessation of the war, now every day showed by its votes in by-elections, which were numerous, its growing affection for republican institutions, and made the anti-republican members of the Assembly somewhat timid in furthering plans clearly condemned by a majority of the electorate. They therefore directed their efforts to a somewhat different object. M. Thiers's main weapon was his persuasive oratory; and the speeches that he delivered during that period of his political life are among his most interesting productions, even from a purely literary standpoint. They are wonders of simplicity, of clearness, at times of good-naturedness; but also, when needed, of dogged tenacity. If the deliberations of the Assembly could be so conducted that M. Thiers should be kept out of them, his opponents would have gained a great point. And this they achieved in a great measure. They managed to have a law framed which decided that, as M. Thiers was not simply a member of the Assembly but also President of the Republic, he would be allowed to address the Assembly only in special sessions, held solely for that purpose, at his own request.

Finally the work which M. Thiers had assigned to himself was done. The enormous war indemnity was paid, thanks

to the wonderful success of two five per cent. loans issued by the government. A convention was signed with Germany by virtue of which the French territory was to be freed of German troops some time in 1873, considerably before the moment at which this consummation had originally been expected. The law reorganizing the army was passed in 1872. What remained to be done now was to give France a constitution; and President Thiers, in a special message, boldly asked that that constitution should be republican.

This was too much for the anti-republicans of the Assembly. They determined that M. Thiers must be compelled to resign his office. On May 24, 1873, a memorable session took place, in which the President most impressively explained the reasons that had led him to consider it impossible and undesirable to re-establish a monarchy in France. He had never been so eloquent, so persuasive, so energetic. All was of no avail. Everything had been settled in advance. An adverse vote was carried by a majority of fourteen in a house of more than seven hundred; and in the evening he resigned his office, and Marshal MacMahon was elected by his opponents as his successor.

The last four years of his life Thiers spent in comparative retirement. He remained in public life in so far as he was all the time a member of the representative assemblies; but he very seldom took part in discussions. His advice, however, was constantly sought by the leaders of the republican party, with whom he came to be almost exclusively surrounded. Once he seemed almost on the eve of returning to power. On May 16, 1877, President MacMahon had, by means that were constitutionally questionable, got rid of a republican cabinet which possessed an undoubted majority

in Parliament. The royalists were still smarting under the bitterness of their disappointment in being unable to destroy the republic, even after the resignation of President Thiers; and they were determined to give another and desperate battle to their opponents. A monarchical ministry was formed; office-holders of monarchical tendencies were everywhere substituted for the republican incumbents; and a general election was called, in which it was hoped by the royalists that an unscrupulous use of the governmental machinery might compel the country to return to the house an anti-republican majority. The republicans were led in the fight by Thiers, Gambetta, and Grévy; and their plan was, after winning at the polls a victory which seemed to them absolutely certain to come, to compel Marshal MacMahon to resign the Presidency, and to reinstate M. Thiers in that office. The success of the plan was prevented by the death of Thiers himself, who was then in his eighty-first year. It occurred in Saint-Germain, near Paris, on September 3, 1877.

The great statesman's funeral was an imposing popular and republican demonstration. He helped the cause he had come to love so much, in death as he had done in life. Among his papers was found an important document, the last thing of any public interest that was written by him. It was a kind of political testament, the publication of which was intrusted to three of his best and oldest friends: Mignet, who although slightly his senior survived him a few years, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, and Jules Simon. In it the illustrious ex-President gave to the French people the advice which seemed to him most timely in the crisis through which the country was then passing; and he thus very substantially contributed to the final victory of the republic in France.

All the political life here sketched is reflected in the remarkable collection of his speeches which has been published since his death, and the editor of which was one of his stanchest political and private friends, M. Calmon.

The type of men to whom Thiers belonged seems to be passing away. Literature and politics seem to get more widely apart from each other than before. No more Guizots and Thierses in France, no more Broughams and Macaulays in England, no more Daniel Websters in the United States: the more reason for paying close attention to the best specimens of a class of public men who thought that he understood his country best who understood its language best.

CHOATE

(1799–1859)

BY ALBERT STICKNEY

RUFUS CHOATE, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of advocates who have appeared at the English or American bar, was one of the most remarkable products of what is ordinarily considered hard, prosaic, matter-of-fact New England. He was a man quite apart from the ordinary race of lawyers or New-Englanders. He was as different from the typical New-Englander as was Hawthorne or Emerson. He had the imagination of a poet; and to his imagination, singular as it may seem, was largely due his success in handling questions of fact before juries.

He was born of good old English stock, in the southeastern part of the town of Ipswich, in the county of Essex and State of Massachusetts, on the 1st day of October, 1799. His ancestors had lived in Essex County from a very early date in its history and had filled important public positions. He was born and bred in sight of the sea, and his love for it stayed with him through life. One of his most eloquent addresses was on "The Romance of the Sea." And in his last illness at Halifax, his keenest pleasure was to watch the ships sailing in front of his windows. Dropping into sleep on one occasion, a few days before his death, he said to his attendant, "If a schooner or sloop goes by, don't disturb me; but if there is a square-rigged vessel, wake me."

Mr. Choate had the ordinary education then given in New England to young men who had a love of learning.

He began with the district school; from there he went to the academy at Hampton, New Hampshire; and later he entered Dartmouth College, where he graduated the first scholar in his class, in 1819. It is hard to find an accurate standard of comparison between the scholarship of that period and that of the present. No doubt, in our New England colleges of to-day there is a larger number of young men who have a considerable store of knowledge on many subjects of classical learning. But it is very doubtful if the graduates of Harvard and Yale of to-day are able to read the standard classic authors at the day of their graduation, with the ease and accuracy of Mr. Choate at the end of his active professional career in the year 1859. His continued devotion to the classics is shown by the following extract from his journal in the year 1844, while he was a member of Congress:—

"1. Some professional work must be done every day. . . . Recent experiences suggest that I ought to be more familiar with evidence and Cowen's Phillips; therefore, daily for half an hour, I will thumb conscientiously. When I come home again, in the intervals of actual employment, my recent methods of reading, accompanying the reports with the composition of arguments upon the points adjudged, may be properly resumed.

"2. In my Greek, Latin, and French readings—Odyssey, Thucydides, Tacitus, Juvenal, and some French orator or critic—I need make no change. So, too, Milton, Johnson, Burke—*semper in manu—ut mos est.* To my Greek I ought to add a page a day of Crosby's Grammar, and the practise of parsing every word in my few lines of Homer. On Sunday, the Greek Testament, and Septuagint, and French. This, and the oration of the Crown, which I will completely master, translate, annotate, and commit, will be enough in this kind. If not, I will add a translation of a sentence or two from Tacitus."

A similar extract from his journal under the date of December 15, 1844, reads:—

"I begin a great work,—Thucydides, in Bloomfield's new edition,—with the intention of understanding a difficult and learning something from an instructive writer,—something for the more and more complicated, interior, *inter-State* American politics.

"With Thucydides, I shall read Wachsmuth, with historical references and verifications. Schomann on the Assemblies of the Athenians, especially, I am to meditate, and master Danier's Horace, Ode 1, 11th to 14th line, translation and notes,—a pocket edition to be always in pocket."

Throughout his life Mr. Choate kept up his classical studies. Few of the graduates of our leading colleges to-day carry from Commencement a training which makes the study of the Greek and Latin authors either easy or pleasant. Mr. Choate, like nearly every lawyer who has ever distinguished himself at the English bar, was a monument to the value of the study of the classics as a mere means of training for the active practical work of a lawyer.

Mr. Choate studied law at Cambridge in the Harvard Law School. Nearly a year he spent at Washington in the office of Mr. Wirt, then Attorney-General of the United States. This was in 1821. Thereafter he was admitted to the bar, in September, 1823. He opened his office in Salem, but soon removed to Danvers, where he practiced for four or five years.

During these earliest years of his professional life he had the fortune which many other brilliant men in his profession have experienced,—that of waiting and hoping. During his first two or three years, it is said, he was so despondent as to his chances of professional success that he seriously contemplated abandoning the law. In time he got his op-

portunity to show the stuff of which he was made. His first professional efforts were in petty cases before justices of the peace. Very soon however his great ability, with his untiring industry and his intense devotion to any cause in his hands, brought the reputation which he deserved, and reputation brought clients.

In 1828 he removed to Salem. The Essex bar was one of great ability. Mr. Choate at once became a leader. Among his contemporaries at that bar was Caleb Cushing. Mr. Choate at first had many criminals cases. In the year 1830, he was, with Mr. Webster, one of the counsel for the prosecution in the celebrated White murder case.

In 1830 he was elected to Congress as a member of the House of Representatives, at the age of thirty-one years. At once he laid out a course of study which was to fit him for the duties of his public life. An extract from it reads as follows:—

"Nov. 4, 1830.

"*Facienda ad munus nuper impositum.*

"1. Pers. quals. [personal qualities], Memory, Daily Food, and Cowper *dum ambulo*. Voice, Manner, *Exercitationes diurnæ*.

"2. Current politics in papers. 1. *Cum Notulis*, daily, — Geog., &c. 2. Annual Reg., Past Intelligencers, &c.

. . . . . .

"4. Civil History of U. States—in Pitkin and original sources.

"5. Exam. of Pending Questions: Tariff, Pub. Lands, Indians, Nullifications.

"6. Am. and Brit. Eloquence,—Writing, Practice."

Then follow in his manuscript upwards of twenty pages of close writing, consisting of memoranda and statements, drawn from a multitude of sources, on the subjects laid down by him at the beginning as the ones to be investigated.

In Congress he found himself in competition with many men of marked ability. Among the members of Congress then from Massachusetts were Mr. Webster in the Senate; and in the House, John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Nathan Appleton, George N. Briggs, and John Davis. In the Senate, from other States, were Peleg Sprague from Maine,—one of the ablest jurists this country has produced; Samuel Prentiss, Mr. Marcy, Mr. Dallas, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Benton. In the House were James M. Wayne, Mr. McDuffie, Mr. Polk, Mr. Corwin, and Mr. Verplanck.

Among men of this calibre Mr. Choate at once, with ease, took rank as one of the first. He made but two speeches during the session; but these gave him a position which he ever afterward held among the most eloquent and convincing speakers in public life.

In April, 1833, Mr. Choate was re-elected to Congress. At this session he made a speech on the removal of the public deposits by President Jackson from the Bank of the United States. The following incident shows his power as an orator:—

Benjamin Hardin was then a member from Kentucky, of the House of Representatives; and was himself intending to speak on the same side of the question with Mr. Choate. In such cases, Mr. Hardin's rule was to listen to no other speaker before speaking himself. Consequently when Mr. Choate began speaking, Mr. Hardin started to leave the House. He waited however for a moment to listen to a few sentences from Mr. Choate, and with this result, as told in his own words:—"The member from Massachusetts rose to speak, and in accordance with my custom I took my hat to leave, lingering a moment just to notice the tone of his

voice and the manner of his speech. But that moment was fatal to my resolution. I became charmed by the music of his voice, and was captivated by the power of his eloquence, and found myself wholly unable to move until the last word of his beautiful speech had been uttered."

At the close of this session Mr. Choate resigned his seat in Congress and went to Boston, there to follow the practice of his profession. At the Boston bar he met a remarkably brilliant group of men. There were Jeremiah Mason, whom Mr. Webster is said to have considered the strongest man that he ever met in any legal contest; Franklin Dexter; Chief Justice Shaw (then at the bar); Judges Wilde, Hoar, and Thomas, afterward of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; Mr. Fletcher, Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, Sidney Bartlett, Richard H. Dana, William D. Sohier, Henry W. Paine, Edward D. Sohier, with others whose names are now almost forgotten. These men formed a bar the like of which has seldom if ever been assembled in any one jurisdiction. Here too Mr. Choate at once came to the front. With every talent which could make a man a great advocate,—with a marvelous memory, a keen logical intellect, a sound legal judgment,— he had now acquired a large professional experience and a very complete professional training. As has been seen, he had a thorough classical training,—that is, of the kind best fitted to his needs. His professional studies before beginning his professional practice had been the best then attainable; very possibly, for him, they were quite as good as can be had at any of the law schools of to-day. His range of reading and information was extremely wide. He had had several years of experience at Washington in Congress. And ever since leaving the law school his mere professional studies had been most severe. It is hard to see

how any man could be better equipped for professional practice than Mr. Choate was at this time.

His success at the Boston bar was phenomenal. He was in a contest with giants. Mr. Webster alone could be deemed to dispute with Mr. Choate the place of supremacy. The general verdict has been that for pure intellectual power Mr. Webster was the superior. But it may well be doubted whether as an all-round advocate Mr. Choate did not carry off the palm. The common idea of Mr. Choate has been that his marvelous eloquence was his great source of strength and success to his forensic contests. This is an error. Eloquent he undoubtedly was; few men have ever been more so. But unless in frontier communities, eloquence alone has never commanded great success at the bar—if indeed it has ever existed—without strong logical power and sound judgment. The power of convincing intelligent men always depends largely and mainly on soundness of judgment in the selection of positions. Especially is this so in the profession of the law. There have been, no doubt, many instances where men of eloquence have captivated juries by appeals to passion or prejudice. But in the vast majority of cases, success as an advocate cannot be had without sound judgment in the selection of positions, coupled with the power of clear logical statement. Mr. Choate was no exception to this rule. Mr. Henry W. Paine, one of the leaders of the Boston bar in Mr. Choate's time,—himself one of the most logical of men,—once said that he did not care to hear Mr. Choate address a jury, but to hear him argue a bill of exceptions before the full bench of the Supreme Court was one of the greatest intellectual treats. With the ordinary twelve men in a jury-box Mr. Choate was a wizard. His knowledge of human nature, his wide and deep sympa-

thies, his imagination, his power of statement, with his rich musical voice and his wonderful fascination of manner, made him a charmer of men and a master in the great art of winning verdicts. So far as the writer is able to form an opinion, there has never been at the English or American bar a man who has been his equal in his sway over juries. Comparisons are often condemned, but they are at times useful. Comparing Mr. Choate with Mr. Webster, it must be conceded that Mr. Webster might at times carry a jury against Mr. Choate by his force of intellect and the tremendous power of his personal presence. Mr. O'Conor once said that he did not consider Mr. Webster an eloquent man." "Mr. Webster," he said, "was an intellectual giant. But he never impressed me as being an eloquent man." The general judgment is that Mr. Webster had eloquence of a very high order. But Mr. Choate was a magician. With any opponent of his time except Mr. Webster, he was irresistible before juries. Mr. Justice Catron of the United States Court is reported to have said of Mr. Choate, "I have heard the most eminent advocates, but he surpasses them all." His success came from a rare combination of eloquence, sound logical judgment, and great powers of personal fascination.

In another respect the common opinion of Mr. Choate must be corrected. His great powers of persuasion and conviction undoubtedly gave him some victories which were not deserved by the mere merits of his cases. From this fact there went abroad the impression that he was a man without principle, and that his ethical standards were not high in his selection and conduct of cases. This impression is quite contrary to the judgment of the competent. The impression was due largely to his success in the celebrated defense

of Tirrell. Tirrell was indicted for the murder of a woman named Bickford, with whom Tirrell had long associated, who was found dead in a house of ill-repute. At about the hour when the woman lost her life, either by her own hand or by that of Tirrell, the house caught fire. The cause of the fire was not proved. Tirrell had been in her company the preceding evening, and articles of clothing belonging to him were found in the morning in her room. Many circumstances seemed to indicate that the woman had been killed by Tirrell. He was also indicted for arson in setting fire to the house. In addition to other facts proved by the defense, it was shown by reputable witnesses, that Tirrell had from his youth been subject to somnambulism; and one of the positions taken by Mr. Choate for the defense was that the killing, if done by Tirrell at all, was done by him while unconscious, in a condition of somnambulism. Tirrell was tried under both indictments and was acquitted on both. The indictment for murder was tried before Justices Wilde, Dewey, and Hubbard. The indictment for arson was tried before Chief Justice Shaw and Justices Wilde and Dewey. The foreman of the jury stated that the defense of somnambulism received no weight in the deliberations of the jury. The judgment of the profession has been that the verdicts were the only ones which could properly have been rendered on the evidence. In the arson case the charge to the jury was by Chief Justice Shaw, and was strongly in favor of the defense. No doubt the defense was extremely able and ingenious. But the criticisms against Mr. Choate for his conduct of those cases, in the opinion of those members of the profession best qualified to judge, have been held to be without good foundation. Lawyers—that is, reputable ones—do not manufacture evidence, nor are they the

witnesses who testify to facts. The severe tests of cross-examination usually elicit the truth. No one ever charged Mr. Choate with manufacturing evidence. And no lawyer of good judgment, so far as the writer is aware, has ever charged him with practices which were not in keeping with the very highest professional standards.

In the space here allotted, any attempt to give an adequate idea of Mr. Choate's professional and public work is quite out of the question. In addition to the conduct of an unusually large professional practice he did a large amount of literary work, mainly in the delivery of lectures, which at that time in New England were almost a part of the public system of education. Throughout his life he took an active part in politics. He attended the Whig convention at Baltimore in 1852, where General Scott received his nomination for the Presidency, and where Mr. Choate made one of the most eloquent speeches of his life in his effort to secure the nomination for Mr. Webster.

Mr. Choate finally killed himself by overwork. Though a man of great physical strength and remarkable vitality, no constitution could stand the strain of his intense labors in the different lines of law, literature, and politics. His magnificent physique finally broke down. He died on July 13, 1859, being not quite sixty years. His death was an important public event. In the public press, at many public meetings throughout the country, and by public men of the highest distinction, his death was treated as a public misfortune. In his day he rendered distinguished public services. He had the capacities and the interests which fitted him to be a great statesman. Had it not been for our system of short terms, and rotation in office, Mr. Choate would probably have remained in public life from the time

of his entry into Congress, would have been a most valuable public servant, and would have left a great reputation as a statesman. As it was, he left, so far as now appears, only the ephemeral reputation of a great advocate.

This scanty sketch can best be closed by a quotation from the address of Richard H. Dana at the meeting of the Boston bar held just after Mr. Choate's death. That extract will show the judgment of Mr. Choate which was held by the giants among whom he lived and of whom he was the leader:—

"'The wine of life is drawn.' 'The golden bowl is broken.' The age of miracles has passed. The day of inspiration is over. The Great Conqueror, unseen and irresistible, has broken into our temple and has carried off the vessels of gold, the vessels of silver, the precious stones, the jewels, and the ivory; and like the priests of the temple of Jerusalem after the invasion from Babylon, we must content ourselves as we can with vessels of wood and of stone and of iron.

"With such broken phrases as these, Mr. Chairman, perhaps not altogether just to the living, we endeavor to express the emotions natural to this hour of our bereavement. Talent, industry, eloquence, and learning, there are still, and always will be, at the bar of Boston. But if I say that the age of miracles has passed, that the day of inspiration is over, —if I cannot realize that in this place where we now are, the cloth of gold was spread, and a banquet set fit for the gods,—I know, sir, you will excuse it. Any one who has lived with him and now survives him, will excuse it;—any one who like the youth in Wordsworth's Ode,—

> '— by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended,
> At length . . . perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.'"

It will also tend to secure justice to Mr. Choate's memory, if there be here recorded the statement by Judge Benjamin R. Curtis of the judgment of the men of Mr. Choate's own

profession, as to the moral standards by which Mr. Choate was governed in his practice. Judge Curtis said in his address at the same meeting of the Boston Bar:—

"I desire, therefore, on this occasion and in this presence, to declare our appreciation of the injustice which would be done to this great and eloquent advocate by attributing to him any want of loyalty to truth, or any deference to wrong, because he employed all his great powers and attainments, and used to the utmost his consummate skill and eloquence, in exhibiting and enforcing the comparative merits of one side of the cases in which he acted. *In doing so he but did his duty. If other people did theirs, the administration of justice was secured.*"

MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the most widely read of English essayists and historians, was born near London on the 25th of October, 1800. His early education was received at private schools; but in 1818 he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated with honor, and was elected a fellow in 1824. Out of deference to the wishes of his father he thought for a while of becoming an attorney, read law, and was called to the bar in 1826. But the labors of the profession were little to his liking; no business of consequence came to him, and he was soon deep in literature and politics, for the pursuit of which his tastes, his habits, and his parts pre-eminently fitted him.

His nephew and biographer has gathered a mass of anecdotes and reminiscences, which go far to show that while still a lad Macaulay displayed in a high degree many of the mental characteristics which later in life made him famous. The eagerness with which he devoured books of every sort; the marvelous memory which enabled him to recall for years whole pages and poems, read but once; the quickness of perception by the aid of which he could at a glance extract the contents of a printed page; his love of novels and poetry; his volubility, his positiveness of assertion, and the astonish-

ing amount of information he could pour out on matters of even trivial importance,—were as characteristic of the boy as of the man.

As might have been expected from one so gifted, Macaulay began to write while a mere child; but his first printed piece was an anonymous letter defending novel-reading and lauding Fielding and Smollett. It was written at the age of sixteen; was addressed to his father, then editor of the "Christian Observer," was inserted in utter ignorance of the author, and brought down on the periodical the wrath of a host of subscribers. One declared that he had given the obnoxious number to the flames, and should never again read the magazine. At twenty-three Macaulay began to write for "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," and contributed to it articles some of which—as "The Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War;" his criticism of Dante and Petrarch; that on Athenian Orators; and the "Fragments of a Roman Tale" —are still given a place in his collected writings. In themselves these pieces are of small value; but they served to draw attention to the author just at the time when Jeffrey, the editor of the great Whig "Edinburgh Review," was eagerly and anxiously searching for "some clever young man" to write for it. Macaulay was such a clever young man. Overtures were therefore made to him; and in 1825, in the August number of the "Review," appeared his essay on John Milton. The effect was immediate. Like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous; was praised and complimented on every hand, and day after day saw his table covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every part of London. And well he might be praised; for no English magazine had ever before published so readable, so eloquent,

so entertaining an essay. Its very faults are pleasing. Its merits are of a high order; but the passage which will best bear selection as a specimen of the writing of Macaulay at twenty-five is the description of the Puritan.

Macaulay had now found his true vocation, and entered on it eagerly and with delight. In March, 1827, came the essay on Machiavelli; and during 1828 those on John Dryden, on History, and on Hallam's "Constitutional History." During 1829 he wrote and published reviews of James Mill's "Essay on Government" (which involved him in an unseemly wrangle with the "Westminster Review," and called forth two more essays on the Utilitarian Theory of Government), Southey's "Colloquies on Society," Sadler's "Law of Population," and the reviews of Robert Montgomery's Poems. The reviews of Moore's "Life of Byron" and of Southey's edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" appeared during 1830. In that same year Macaulay entered Parliament, and for a time the essays came forth less frequently. A reply to a pamphlet by Mr. Sadler written in reply to Macaulay's review, the famous article in which Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson was pilloried, and the essay on John Hampden, were all he wrote in 1831. In 1832 came Burleigh and his Times, and Mirabeau; in 1833 The War of the Succession in Spain, and Horace Walpole; in 1834 William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; in 1835 Sir James Mackintosh; in 1837 Lord Bacon, the finest yet produced; in 1838 Sir William Temple; in 1839 Gladstone on Church and State; and in 1840 the greatest of all his essays, those on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes" and on Lord Clive. The Comic Dramatists of the Restoration, Warren Hastings, and a short sketch of Lord Holland, were written in 1841; Frederick the Great in 1842; Madame D'Arblay and Addi-

son in 1843; Barère and The Earl of Chatham in 1844: and with these the long list closes.

Never before in any period of twenty years had the British reading public been instructed and amused by so splendid a series of essays. Taken as a whole the series falls naturally into three classes: the critical, the biographical, and the historical. Each has merits and peculiarities of its own; but all have certain characteristics in common which enable us to treat them in a group.

Whoever will take the pains to read the six-and-thirty essays we have mentioned,—and he will be richly repaid for his pains,—cannot fail to perceive that sympathy with the past is Macaulay's ruling passion. Concerning the present he knew little and cared less. The range of topics covered by him was enormous; art, science, theology, history, literature, poetry, the drama, philosophy—all were passed in review. Yet he has never once failed to treat his subject historically. We look in vain for the faintest approach to a philosophical or analytical treatment. He reviewed Mill's essay on Government, and Hallam's "Constitutional History;" but he made no observations on government in the abstract, nor expressed any opinions as to what sort of government is best suited for civilized communities in general. He wrote about Bacon; yet he never attempted to expound the principles or describe the influence of the Baconian philosophy. He wrote about Addison and Johnson, Hastings and Clive, Machiavelli and Horace Walpole and Madame D'Arblay; yet in no case did he analyze the works, or fully examine the characteristics, or set forth exhaustively the ideas, of one of them. They are to him mere pegs on which to hang a splended historical picture of the times in which these people lived. Thus the essay on Milton is a review of

the Cromwellian period; Machiavelli, of Italian morals in the sixteenth century; that on Dryden, of the state of poetry and the drama in the days of Charles the Second; that on Johnson, of the state of English literature in the days of Walpole. In the essays on Clive and Hastings, we find little of the founders of British India beyond the enumeration of their acts. But the Mogul empire, and the rivalries and struggles which overthrew it, are all depicted in gorgeous detail. No other writer has ever given so fine an account of the foreign policy of Charles the Second as Macaulay has done in the essay on Sir William Temple; nor of the Parliamentary history of England for the forty years preceding our Revolution, as is to be found in the essays on Lord Chatham. In each case the image of the man whose name stands at the head of the essay is blurred and indistinct. We are told of the trial of John Hampden; but we do not see the fearless champion of popular liberty as he stood before the judges of King Charles. We are introduced to Frederick the Great, and are given a summary of his characteristics and a glowing narrative of the wars in which he won fame; but the real Frederick, the man contending "against the greatest superiority of power and the utmost spite of fortune," is lost in the mass of accessories. He describes the outward man admirably: the inner man is never touched.

But however faulty the Essays may be in respect to the treatment accorded to individual men, they display a prodigious knowledge of the facts and events of the periods they cover. His wonderful memory, stored with information gathered from a thousand sources, his astonishing power of arranging facts and bringing them to bear on any subject, whether it called for description or illustration, joined with a clear and vigorous style, enabled him to produce historical

scenes with a grouping, a finish, and a splendor to which no other writer can approach. His picture of the Puritan in the essay on Milton, and of Loyola and the Jesuits in the essay on the Popes; his description of the trial of Warren Hastings; of the power and magnificence of Spain under Philip the Second; of the destiny of the Church of Rome; of the character of Charles the Second in the essay on Sir James Mackintosh,—are but a few of many of his bits of word-painting which cannot be surpassed. What is thus true of particular scenes and incidents in the Essays is equally true of many of them in the whole. Long periods of time, great political movements, complicated policies, fluctuations of ministries, are sketched with an accuracy, animation, and clearness not to be met with in any elaborate treatise covering the same period.

While Macaulay was writing two and three essays a year, he won renown in a new field by the publication of "The Lays of Ancient Rome." They consist of four ballads—"Horatius;" "The Battle of the Lake Regillus;" "Virginius;" and "The Prophecy of Capys"—which are supposed to have been sung by Roman minstrels, and to belong to a very early period in the history of the city. In them are repeated all the merits and all the defects of the Essays. The men and women are mere enumerations of qualities; the battle pieces are masses of uncombined incidents: but the characteristics of the periods treated have been caught and reproduced with perfect accuracy. The setting of Horatius, which belongs to the earliest days of Rome, is totally different from the setting of the Prophecy of Capys, which belongs to the time when Rome was fast acquiring the mastery over Italy; and in each case the setting is studiously and remarkably exact.

In these poems, again, there is the same prodigious learning, the same richness of illustration, which distinguish the essays; and they are adorned with a profusion of metaphor and aptness of epithets which is most admirable.

The "Lays" appeared in 1842, and at once found their way into popular favor. Macaulay's biographer assures us that in ten years 18,000 copies were sold in Great Britain; 40,000 copies in twenty years; and before 1875 nearly 100,000 had passed into the hands of readers.

Meantime the same popularity attended the "Essays." Again and again Macaulay had been urged to collect and publish them in book form, and had stoutly refused. But when an enterprising publisher in Philadelphia not only reprinted them but shipped copies to England, Macaulay gave way; and in the early months of 1843 a volume was issued. Like the Lays, the Essays rose at once into popular favor, and in the course of thirty years 120,000 copies were sold in the United Kingdom by one publisher.

But the work on which he was now intent was the "History of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." The idea of such a narrative had long been in his mind; but it was not till 1841 that he began seriously to write, and not till 1848 that he published the first and second volumes. Again his success was instant. Nothing like it had been known since the days of Waverly. Of "Marmion" 2,000 were sold in the first month; of Macaulay's History 3,000 copies were sold in ten days. Of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" 2,250 copies were disposed of in course of the first year; but the publishers sold 13,000 copies of Macaulay in four months. In the United States the success was greater yet.

"We beg you to accept herewith a copy of our cheap edition of your work," wrote Harper & Brothers in 1849. "There have been three other editions published by different houses, and another is now in preparation; so there will be six different editions in the market. We have already sold 40,000 copies, and we presume that over 60,000 copies have been disposed of. Probably within three months of this time the sale will amount to 200,000 copies. No work of any kind has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm."

Astonishing as was the success, it never flagged; and year after year the London publisher disposed of the work at the rate of seventy sets a week. In November, 1855, the third and fourth volumes were issued. Confident of an immense sale, 25,000 copies were printed as a first edition, and were taken by the trade before a copy was bound. In the United States the sale, he was assured by Everett, was greater than that of any book ever printed, save the Bible and a few school-books in universal use. Prior to 1875, his biographer states, 140,000 copies of the History were sold in the United Kingdom. In ten weeks from the day of the issue 26,500 copies were taken, and in March, 1856, $100,000 was paid him as a part of the royalty due in December.

Honors of every sort were now showered on him. He was raised to the peerage; he was rich, famous, and great. But the enjoyment of his honors was short-lived; for in December, 1859, he was found in his library, seated in his easy-chair, dead. Before him on the table lay a copy of the "Cornhill Magazine," open at the first page of Thackeray's story of "Lovel the Widower."

All that has been said regarding the Essays and the Lays applies with equal force to the "History of England." No

historian who has yet written has shown such familiarity with the facts of English history, no matter what the subject in hand may be: the extinction of villeinage, the Bloody Assizes, the appearance of the newspaper, the origin of the national debt, or the state of England in 1685. Macaulay is absolutely unrivaled in the art of arranging and combining his facts, and of presenting in a clear and vigorous narrative the spirit of the epoch he treats. Nor should we fail to mention that both Essays and History abound in remarks, general observations, and comment always clear, vigorous, and shrewd, and in the main very just.

BANCROFT

(1800-1891)

BY AUSTIN SCOTT

THE life of George Bancroft was nearly conterminous with the nineteenth century. He was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800, and died at Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891. But it was not merely the stretch of his years that identified him with this century. In some respects he represented his time as no other of its men. He came into touch with many widely differing elements which made up its life and character. He spent most of his life in cities, but never lost the sense for country sights and sounds which central Massachusetts gave him in Worcester, his birthplace, and in Northampton, where he taught school. The home into which he was born offered him from his infancy a rich possession. His father was a Unitarian clergyman who wrote a "Life of Washington" that was received with favor; thus things concerning God and country were his patrimony. Not without significance was a word of the mother which he recalled in his latest years, "My son, I do not wish you to become a rich man, but I would have you be an affluent man; *ad fluo*, always a little more coming in than going out."

To the advantages of his boyhood home and of Harvard College, to which he went as a lad of thirteen, the eager young student added the opportunity, then uncommon, of a systematic course of study in Germany, and won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Göttingen in 1820. He

had in a marked degree the characteristics of his countrymen, versatility and adaptability. Giving up an early purpose of fitting himself for the pulpit, he taught in Harvard, and helped to found a school of an advanced type at Northampton. Meantime he published a volume of verse, and found out that the passionate love of poetry which lasted through his life was not creative. At Northampton he published in 1828 a translation in two volumes of Heeren's "History of the Political System of Europe," and also edited two editions of a Latin Reader; but the duties of a schoolmaster's life were early thrown aside, and he could not be persuaded to resume them later when the headship of an important educational institution was offered to him. Together with the one great pursuit of his life, to which he remained true for sixty years, he delighted in the activities of a politician, the duties of a statesman, and the occupations of a man of affairs and of the world.

Bancroft received a large but insufficient vote as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts, and for a time he held the office of collector of the port of Boston. As Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of Polk, he rendered to his country two distinct services of great value: he founded the Naval School at Annapolis, and by his prompt orders to the American commander in the Pacific waters he secured the acquisition of California for the United States. The special abilities he displayed in the Cabinet were such, so Polk thought, as to lead to his appointment as Minister to England in 1846. He was a diplomat of no mean order. President Johnson appointed him Minister to Germany in 1867, and Grant retained him at that post until 1874, as long as Bancroft desired it. During his stay there he concluded just naturalization treaties with

Germany, and in a masterly way won from the Emperor, William I., as arbitrator, judgment in favor of the United States's claim over that of Great Britain in the Northwestern boundary dispute.

Always holding fast his one cherished object,—that of worthily writing the history of the United States,—Bancroft did not deny himself the pleasure of roaming in other fields. He wrote frequently on current topics, on literary, historical, and political subjects. His eulogies of Jackson and of Lincoln, pronounced before Congress, entitle him to the rank of an orator. He was very fond of studies in metaphysics, and Trendelenburg, the eminent German philosopher, said of him, "Bancroft knows Kant through and through."

His home—whether in Boston, or in New York where he spent the middle portion of his life, or in Washington his abode for the last sixteen years, or during his residence abroad—was the scene of the occupations and delights which the highest culture craves. He was gladly welcomed to the inner circle of the finest minds of Germany, and the tribute of the German men of learning was unfeigned and universal when he quitted the country in 1874. Many of the best men of England and of France were among his warm friends. At his table were gathered from time to time some of the world's greatest thinkers,—men of science, soldiers, statesmen and men of affairs. Fond as he was of social joys, it was his daily pleasure to mount his horse and alone, or with a single companion, to ride where nature in her shy or in her exuberant mood inspired. One day, after he was eighty years old, he rode on his young, blooded Kentucky horse along the Virginia bank of the Potomac for more than thirty-six miles. He could be seen every day among the perfect roses of his garden at "Roseclyffe," his

Newport summer-home, often full of thought, at other times in wellnigh boisterous glee, always giving unstinted care and expense to the queen of flowers. The books in which he kept the record of the rose garden were almost as elaborate as those in which were entered the facts and fancies out of which his History grew. His home life was charming. By a careful use of opportunities and of his means he became an "affluent" man. He was twice married: both times a new source of refined domestic happiness long blessed his home, and new means for enlarged comfort and hospitality were added to his own. Two sons, children of his first wife, survived him.

Some of Bancroft's characteristics were not unlike those of Jefferson. A constant tendency to idealize called up in him at times a feeling verging on impatience with the facts or the men that stood in the way of a theory or the accomplishment of a personal desire. He had a keen perception of an underlying or a final truth and professed warm love for it, whether in the large range of history or in the nexus of current politics: any one taking a different point of view at times was led to think that his facts, as he stated them, lay crosswise, and might, therefore, find the perspective out of drawing, but could not rightly impugn his good faith.

Although a genuine lover of his race and a believer in Democracy, he was not always ready to put implicit trust in the individual as being capable of exercising a wise judgment and the power of true self-direction. For man he avowed a perfect respect; among men his bearing showed now and then a trace of condescension. In controversies over disputed points of history—and he had many such—he meant to be fair and to anticipate the final verdict of truth, but overwhelming evidence was necessary to convince

him that his judgment, formed after painstaking research, could be wrong. His ample love of justice, however, is proved by his passionate appreciation of the character of Washington, by his unswerving devotion to the conception of our national unity, both in its historical development and at the moment when it was imperiled by civil war, and by his hatred of slavery and of false financial policies. He took pleasure in giving generously, but always judiciously and without ostentation. On one occasion he, with a few of his friends, paid off the debt from the house of an eminent scholar; on another, he helped to rebuild for a great thinker the home which had been burned. At Harvard, more than fifty years after his graduation, he founded a traveling scholarship and named it in honor of the president of his college days.

As to the manner of his work, Bancroft laid large plans and gave to the details of their execution unwearied zeal. The scope of the "History of the United States" as he planned it was admirable. In carrying it out he was persistent in acquiring materials, sparing no pains in his research at home and abroad, and no cost in securing original papers or exact copies and transcripts from the archives of England and France, Spain and Holland and Germany, from public libraries and from individuals; he fished in all waters and drew fish of all sorts into his net. He took great pains, and the secretaries whom he employed to aid him in his work were instructed likewise to take great pains, not only to enter facts in the reference books in their chronological order, but to make all possible cross-references to related facts. The books of his library, which was large and rich in treasures, he used as tools, and many of them were filled with cross-references. In the fly-leaves of the books he

read he made notes with a word and the cited page of what the printed pages contained of interest to him or of value in his work.

His mind was one of quick perceptions within a wide range, and always alert to grasp an idea in its manifold relations. It is remarkable, therefore, that he was very laborious in his method of work. He often struggled long with a thought for intellectual mastery. In giving it expression, his habit was to dictate rapidly and with enthusiasm and at greath length, but he usually selected the final form after repeated efforts. His first draft of a chapter was revised again and again and condensed. One of his early volumes in its first manuscript form was eight times as long as when finally published. He had another striking habit, that of writing by topics rather than in strict chronological order, so that a chapter which was to find its place late in the volume was often completed before one which was to precede it. Partly by nature and perhaps partly by this practice, he had the power to carry on simultaneously several trains of thought. When preparing one of his public orations, it was remarked by one of his household that after an evening spent over a trifling game of bezique, the next morning found him well advanced beyond the point where the work had been seemingly laid down. He had the faculty of buoying a thought, knowing just where to take it up after an interruption and deftly splicing it in continuous line, sometimes after a long interval. When about to begin the preparation of the argument which was to sustain triumphantly the claim of the United States in the boundary question, he wrote from Berlin for copies of documents filed in the office of the Navy Department, which he remembered were there five-and-twenty years before.

The "History of the United States from the Discovery of America to the Inauguration of Washington" is treated by Bancroft in three parts. The first, Colonial History from 1492 to 1748, occupies more than one-fourth of his pages. The second part, the American Revolution, 1748 to 1782, claims more than one-half of the entire work, and is divided into four epochs:—the first, 1748–1763, is entitled "The Overthrow of the European Colonial System"; the second, 1763–1774, "How Great Britain Estranged America"; the third, 1774–1776, "America Declares Itself Independent"; the fourth, 1776–1782, "The Independence of America is Acknowledged." The last part "The History of the Formation of the Constitution," 1782–1789, though published as a separate work, is essentially a continuation of the History proper, of which it forms in bulk rather more than one-tenth.

If his services as a historian are to be judged by any one portion of his work rather than by another, the history of the formation of the Constitution affords the best test. In that the preceding work comes to fruition; the time of its writing, after the Civil War and the consequent settling of the one vexing question by the abolition of sectionalism, and when he was in the fullness of the experience of his own ripe years, was most opportune. Bancroft was equal to his opportunity. He does not teach us that the Constitution is the result of superhuman wisdom, nor on the other hand does he admit, as John Adams asserted, that however excellent, the Constitution was wrung "from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." He does not fail to point out the critical nature of the four years prior to the meeting of the Federal Convention; but he discerns that whatever occasions, whether transitory or for the time of "steady and

commanding influence," may help or hinder the formation of the now perfect union, its true cause was " an indwelling necessity " in the people to " form above the States a common constitution for the whole."

Recognizing the fact that the primary cause for the true union was remote in origin and deep and persistent, Bancroft gives a retrospect of the steps toward union from the founding of the colonies to the close of the war for independence. Thenceforward, suggestions as to method or form of amending the Articles of Confederation, whether made by individuals, or State Legislatures, or by Congress, were in his view helps indeed to promote the movement; but they were first of all so many proofs that despite all the contrary wayward surface indications, the strong current was flowing independently toward the just and perfect union. Having acknowledged this fundamental fact of the critical years between Yorktown and the Constitution, the historian is free to give just and discriminating praise to all who shared at that time in redeeming the political hope of mankind, to give due but not exclusive honor to Washington and Thomas Paine, to Madison and Hamilton and their coworthies.

The many attempts, isolated or systematic, during the period from 1781–1786, to reform the Articles of Confederation, were happily futile; but they were essential in the training of the people in the consciousness of the nature of the work for which they are responsible. The balances must come slowly to a poise. Not merely union strong and for a time effective, was needed, but union of a certain and unprecedented sort: one in which the true pledge of permanency for a continental republic was to be found in the federative principle, by which the highest activities of

nation and of State were conditioned each by the welfare of the other. The people rightly felt, too, that a Congress of one house would be inadequate and dangerous. They waited in the midst of risk for the proper hour, and then, not reluctantly but resolutely, adopted the Constitution as a promising experiment in government.

Bancroft's treatment of the evolution of the second great organic act of this time—the Northwestern ordinance—is no less just and true to the facts. For two generations men had snatched at the laurels due to the creator of that matchless piece of legislation; to award them now to Jefferson, now to Nathan Dane, now to Rufus King, now to Manasseh Cutler. Bancroft calmly and clearly shows how the great law grew with the kindly aid and watchful care of these men and of others.

The deliberations of the Federal Constitution are adequately recorded; and he gives fair relative recognition to the work and words of individuals, and the actions of State delegations in making the great adjustments between nation and States, between large and small and slave and free States. From his account we infer that the New Jersey plan was intended by its authors only for temporary use in securing equality for the States in one essential part of the government, while the men from Connecticut receive credit for the compromise which reconciled nationality with true State rights. Further to be noticed are the results of the exhaustive study which Bancroft gave to the matter of paper money, and to the meaning of the clause prohibiting the States from impairing the obligation of contracts. He devotes nearly one hundred pages to "The People of the States in Judgment on the Constitution," and rightly; for it is the final act of the separate States, and by it their indi-

vidual wills are merged in the will of the people, which is one, though still politically distributed and active within State lines. His summary of the main principles of the Constitution is excellent; and he concludes with a worthy sketch of the organization of the first Congress under the Constitution, and of the inauguration of Washington as President.

In this last portion of the "History," while all of his merits as a historian are not conspicuous, neither are some of his chief defects. Here the tendency to philosophize, to marshal stately sentences, and to be discursive, is not so marked.

The first volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" was published in 1834, when the democratic spirit was finding its first full expression under Jackson, and when John Marshall was finishing his mighty task of revealing to the people of the United States the strength that lay in their organic law. As he put forth volume after volume at irregular intervals for fifty years, he in a measure continued this work of bringing to the exultant consciousness of the people the value of their possession of a continent of liberty and the realization of their responsibility. In the course of another generation, portions of this "History of the United States" may begin to grow antiquated, though the most brilliant of contemporary journalists quite recently placed it among the ten books indispensable to every American; but time cannot take away Bancroft's good part in producing influences, which, however they may vary in form and force, will last throughout the nation's life.

NEWMAN

(1801–1890)

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in London on February 21, 1801, and lived till August 11, 1890,—more than eighty-nine years. He was the son of Mr. John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., which stopped soon after the peace of 1815, but which never failed, as it discharged every shilling of its obligations. His mother's maiden name was Fourdrinier. She was a member of one of the old Huguenot families, and a moderate Calvinist, from whom Newman derived something of his early bias towards the evangelical school of theology, which he studied in works such as those of Scott, Romaine, Newton, and Milner. He early adopted Scott's axiom that holiness must come before peace, and that "growth is the only evidence of life"; a doctrine which had a considerable influence on his later adoption of the principle of evolution as applicable to theology. He early read, and was much influenced by, Law's "Serious Call." At the age of sixteen his mind was first possessed with the conviction that it was God's will that he should lead a single life,—a conviction which held its ground, with certain intervals "of a month now and a month then," up to the age of twenty-eight, after which it kept its hold on him for the rest of his life. He was educated at a private school, and went up to Oxford very early, taking his degree before he was twenty. He took a poor degree, having overstrained himself in work-

ing for it. In 1821 he is said to have published two cantos of a poem on St. Bartholomew's Eve, which apparently he never finished, and which has never been republished. He tells us that he had derived the notion that the Church of Rome was Anti-Christ from some of his evangelical teachers, and that this notion "strained his imagination" for many years. In 1822 Newman was elected to a fellowship in Oriel; where, though "proud of his college," which was at that time the most distinguished in the University, he for some years felt very lonely. Indeed, Dr. Copleston, who was then the provost of his college, meeting him in a lonely walk, remarked that he never seemed "less alone than when alone." Under Dr. Hawkins's influence, Newman took the first decisive step from his early evangelical creed towards the higher Anglican position. Dr. Hawkins taught him, he tells us, that the tradition of the Church was the original authority for the creed of the Church, and that the Scriptures were never intended to supersede the Church's tradition, but only to confirm it. Combining this with his early belief in definite dogma as underlying all revealed teaching, he entered on the path which led him ultimately to Rome. But it was not till after he had formed a close friendship with Richard Hurrell Froude, the liveliest and most vigorous of the early Tractarians, which began in 1826 and lasted till the latter's early death in 1836, that his notion concerning the identity between Rome and Anti-Christ was thoroughly broken down. His book on "The Arians of the Fourth Century" was finished in July, 1832, and marked for the first time Newman's profound belief in the definitions of the Nicene Creed.

In 1832 Hurrell Froude fell ill, and Newman consented to accompany him and his father on a Mediterranean voy-

age, undertaken in the hope of re-establishing his friend's health. He traveled with them for four months to the African, Greek, and Italian coasts, and then for three months more, alone, in Sicily; where he caught malarial fever, and was thought to be dying by his attendant, though he himself was firmly convinced that he should not die, since he had "a work to do in England." It was during this journey and the voyage home that he wrote most of the shorter poems first published in the "Lyra Apostolica," and now collected in his volume entitled "Verses on Various Occasions." During the return voyage in an orange-boat from Palermo to Marseilles, when becalmed in the straits of Bonifazio, he wrote the beautiful little poem, so well known now to all English-speaking peoples, beginning "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

On reaching home he entered at once on the Tractarian movement; of which indeed he was always the leader till his own faith in the Church of England, as the best representative of the half-way house between Rome and the theory of "private judgment," began to falter and ultimately perished. It was he who elaborated carefully the theory of a *via media*, a compromise between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant view of Revelation; though he himself was one of the first to surrender his own view as untenable. In 1841, having been often hard pushed by his own followers as to what he could make of the Thirty-nine Articles, he published "Tract 90," the celebrated tract in which he contended that the Articles were perfectly consistent with the Anglo-Catholic view of the Church of England. Bishop after bishop charged against this tract as a final desertion of Protestantism—which it was; and also as a thoroughly

Jesuitic explaining away of the Articles—which it was not, for the Articles were really intended as a compromise between Rome and the Reformation, and not by any means as a surrender to the views of the Puritan party. The tract was saved from a formal condemnation by convocation only by the veto of the proctors, *Nobis proctoribus non placet;* and thenceforth Newman's effort to reconcile his view with Anglican doctrine began to lose plausibility even to his own mind, though he still preached for two years as an Anglican clergyman, and for another two years of silence hesitated on the verge of Rome.

On October 8, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Within two or three years he founded the English branch of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and took up his residence in Birmingham; where in 1863 he received the attack of Canon Kingsley, accusing him of having been virtually a crypto-Romanist long before he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and while he was still trying to draw on young Oxford to his views. To this he replied by the celebrated "Apologia pro Vita Sua"; which made him for the first time popular in England, and built up his reputation as a sincere, earnest, and genuine theologian. In 1870 he was one of the greatest of the opponents of the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility; not because he thought it false, but because he thought it both inopportune and premature, not believing that the limits within which it would hold water had been adequately discussed. This attitude of his made him very unpopular at the Vatican while Pio Nono was still at the head of the Church. But in 1878 Pio Nono died; and one of the first acts of the present Pope, Leo XIII., was to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal,—chiefly I imagine, *because* he

had taken so strong a part in insisting on all the guarantees and conditions which confined the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility within the limits for which the more cautious Roman Catholics contended. For eleven years he enjoyed the cardinalate; and died, as I have said, in August, 1890.

Except the poems written during his Mediterranean journey, and the sermons preached in St. Mary's,—ten volumes of them, containing many of Newman's most moving and powerful appeals to the heart and mind and spirit of man,—the volumes published after he became a Roman Catholic show his literary power at its highest point; for the purely doctrinal works of his Anglican days (those, for example, on "The Arians of the Fourth Century," "The Via Media," and "Justification by Faith") are often technical and sometimes even frigid. Not so his chief efforts as a Roman Catholic; for Newman seemed then first to give the reins to his genius, and to show the fullness of his power alike as a thinker, an imaginative writer, a master of irony, and a poet. His chief literary qualities seem to me to be the great vividness and force of the illustrations with which he presses home his deepest thoughts; the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy of his insight into the strange power and stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections; the vivacity of his imagination when he endeavors to restore the past and to vivify the present; the keenness of his irony; not unfrequently the breadth and raciness of his humor, and the exquisite pathos of which he was master.

In relation to the first of these characteristics of his style, the power which he displays to arrest attention for his deepest thoughts, by the simplest and most vigorous yet often the most imaginative illustrations of his drift,—every volume of his sermons, and I might almost say nearly every sermon of

every volume, furnishes telling examples. He wants to show his hearers how much more the trustworthiness of their reason depends on implicit processes, of which the reasoner himself can give no clear account, than it does on conscious inferences; and he points to the way in which a mountaineer ascends a steep rock or mountain-side,—choosing his way, as it would seem, much more by instinct and habit than by anything like conscious judgment, leaping lightly from point to point with an ease for which he could give no justification to a questioner, and in which no one who had not trained his eye and his hand to avail themselves of every aid within their range, could, however keen their intelligence, pretend to follow him without disaster. Or again, let me recall that happy and yet sad name which he gave to our great theological libraries, " the cemeteries of ancient faith,"—a name which suggests how the faith which has been the very life of a great thinker often lies buried in the works which he has left behind him, till it re-excites in some other mind the vision and the energy with which it had previously animated himself. Or, best of all, consider the great illustration which he gives us of the " development " of given germs of living thought or truth in the minds of generation after generation, from the development of the few tones on which the spell of music depends, into the great science and art which seem to fill the heart and wind with echoes from some world far too exalted to be expressed in any terms of conscious thought and well-defined significance. Newman's illustrations are always impressive, always apt, and always vivid.

Of the second point, which is more or less at the root of Newman's power as a preacher, the Oxford Sermons, and the " Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations " after he

became a Roman Catholic, contain one long chain of evidence. Let me refer first to the remarkable Oxford sermon on "Unreal Words," which should be taken to heart by every literary man, and has, I believe, been taken to heart by not a few; though it would certainly tend as much to impose severe restraints on the too liberal exercise of many great literary gifts, as to stimulate to their happiest use. Newman preached this sermon when his mind was thoroughly matured,—at the age of thirty-eight,—and he probably never preached anything which had a more truly searching effect on the consciences and intellects of those who heard him. In it he takes at once the highest ground. He denies altogether that "words" are mere sounds which only represent thought. Since Revelation had entered the world, and the word of God had been given to man, words have become objective powers either for good or for evil. They are something beyond the thoughts of those who utter them; forces which are intended to control, and do control, our lives, and embody our meditations in action. They are "edged tools" which we may not play with, on pain of being injured by them as much as helped. Truth itself has become a "Word"; and if we do not lay hold on it so as to be helped by it to a higher life, it will lay hold on us and judge us and condemn all our superficial uses or abuses of thoughts and purposes higher than ourselves. He shows us how hypocrisy consists just as much in making professions which are perfectly true, and even truly meant by us, but which do not correspond to our actions, as in making professions which do not represent our interior mind at all. "Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault." Then he goes on to

give a curiously searching analysis of the hollow and conventional use which men make of great words, from the mere wish to satisfy the expectations of others, and perhaps from a sort of pride in being able to show that they can enter into the general drift of thoughts which are beyond them, though they do not really even try to make them the standard of their own practice. He points out how glibly we shuffle our words so as to make a fair impression on our teachers and superiors, without ever realizing that we are demonstrating the shallowness of our own lives by the very use of phrases intended to persuade others that we are not shallow. The reader will find two passages in these collected sermons—one from the Oxford sermon on "Unreal Words," the other from one of the "Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations"—that are an illustration of Newman's pungency of style, the most striking evidence of what I have called "the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy" of Newman's studies "in the strange power and the stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections." Both of them might be used equally well for the purpose of illustrating the keenness of his irony. Yet the most serious drift of each is the insight it shows into the power of the human conscience, and the waywardness and sophistries of human self-deceit.

Passing to the vividness and vivacity of Newman's imagination when he endeavors either to restore the Past, or to realize for us with adequate force the full meaning of thoughts which pass almost like shadows over the mind, when they ought to engrave themselves deeply upon it, may be cited the wonderful picture which he has given us in "Callista"—his tale of Christian martyrdom—of what happened in the north of Africa during the Decian persecution

of the third century. The passage in which he describes the plague of locusts is, even alone, a sufficient proof of the singular power of his vision in realizing to his readers what he himself had never seen. But, impressive as that is, it goes a very little way towards illustrating Newman's great, though discontinuous, imaginative power. It was a much more difficult feat to throw himself as he did into the mind of a Greek girl, devoted, with all the ardor of a lively and eager race, to the beautiful traditions and aspirations of her own people, and to show the unrest of her heart, as well as the craving of her mind for something deeper and more lasting than any stray fragments of the more spiritual Greek philosophy. He makes us see the mode in which Christianity at once attracts and repels her, and the throes of her whole nature when she has to choose between a terrible and painful death, and the abandonment of a faith which promised her not only a brigher and better life beyond the grave, but a full satisfaction for that famine of the heart of which she had been conscious throughout all the various changes and chances of her fitful, impetuous, and not unspotted life. I know nothing much more pathetic, nothing which better reveals Newman's insight into the yearnings and hopes and moody misgivings of a heart groping after a faith in God and yet unable to attain it,—partly from intellectual perplexities, partly from disappointment at the apparent inadequacy of the higher faith to regenerate fully the natures of those who had adopted it,—than Callista's reproaches to the young Christian who had merely fallen in love with her, when she was looking to find a heart more devoted to his God than to any human passion.

For another, though a very different, illustration of the same kind of power, I may refer to a passage in "Loss and

Gain": the story of a conversion to Rome, in which Newman describes the reception of his Roman Catholic convert by his mother,—the widow of an Anglican clergyman,—when he comes to take leave of her before formally submitting himself to the Church of Rome. The mixture of soreness of feeling,—the distress with which the mother realizes that his father's faith does not seem good enough for the son,—and of tenderness for the son himself, is drawn with a master hand. Newman did not often venture into the region of fiction; but when he did, he showed how much of the poet there was in him by painting a woman even better than he painted a man. The curiously mixed feelings of this scene of leave-taking have never received adequate recognition. Imbedded as it is in a story which is hardly a story,—a mere exposition of the steps by which the craving for a final authority on religious questions at last leads a humble and self-distrustful mind to submit itself to the guidance of the Church which claims an ultimate infallibility in all matters of morality and doctrine,—very few have come across it, and those who have, have not succeeded in making it known to the world at large. The tenderness and pathos of that passage seem to me almost as great as that of the preceding one. Newman's most intimate college friend used sometimes after his marriage, we are told, to forget whether he was speaking to his wife or to Newman, and to call his wife Newman and to call Newman "Elizabeth,"—a mistake very significant of the pathetic tenderness of Newman's manner with those dear to him, and of the depth of his feelings. Another very touching illustration of Newman's tenderness will be found in the poem on the gulf between the living and the dead, however dear to each other, the last twelve lines of which were

added after the death of his dear friend, Richard Hurrell Froude.

Of the raciness of his humor, many of the "Lectures on Anglican Difficulties" bear the most effectual evidence; but the passage which has the greatest reputation in connection with this quality is that in which, just after the panic on the subject of what was then called "the Papal aggression," in 1850, Newman ridiculed in the most telling manner the screams of indignation and dread with which the restoration of the episcopal constitution to the Roman Catholic Church in England had been received. I doubt whether a real invasion of England by the landing of a foreign army on our soil would have been spoken of with half the horror which this very harmless, and indeed perfectly inoffensive, restoration of Roman Catholic bishoprics to England inspired. It was evident enough that the panic was more the panic with which the appearance of a ghost fills the heart of a timid person, than the panic with which the imminence of a physical danger impresses us. Against physical dangers the English show their pluck, but against spiritual dangers they only show their weakest side; and the great panic of 1850 was certainly the most remarkable outburst of meaningless dismay which in a tolerably long life I can remember. The result has, I think, proved that the actual restoration of the Roman Catholic episcopacy did more to remove the ghostly horror with which the English people were seized in anticipation of that event, than any sort of reasoning could have done. We have learned now what Roman Catholic bishops are, and on the whole we have found them by no means terrible; indeed, often very excellent allies against irreligion, and in social emergencies very earnest friends. But when in 1850, Newman in his lectures on "Catholicism in Eng-

land" described with such genuine glee the "bobs, bobs royal, and triple bob majors" with which the English Church had rung down the iniquitous Papal aggression, there was absolutely no caricature in his lively description. If Newman had not been a theologian, he would probably have been known chiefly as a considerable humorist. Some of his pictures of the high-and-dry Oxford dons in "Loss and Gain" are full of this kind of humor.

I have said nothing, of course, of Newman as a theologian. I have always thought that he regarded the Christian religion as resting far too exclusively on the delegated authority of the Church, and far too little on the immediate relation of the soul to Christ. But that is not a subject which it would be either convenient or desirable to enter upon here. Say what you will of the conclusions to which Newman comes on this great subject, no one can deny that he discusses the whole controversy with a calmness and an acuteness which is of the greatest use even to those whom his arguments entirely fail to convince. But my object has been chiefly to show how great an impression he has made on English literature; an impression which will, I believe, not dwindle, but increase, as the world becomes more and more familiar with the literary aspects of his writings.

EMERSON

(1803–1882)

BY RICHARD GARNETT

"NOTEWORTHY also," says Carlyle, "and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations."

It is indeed the fact that the course of human history admits of being marked off into periods, which, from their average duration and the impulse communicated to them by those who enter upon adolescence along with them, may be fitly denominated generations, especially when their opening and closing are signalized by great events which serve as historical landmarks. No such event, indeed, short of the Day of Judgment or a universal deluge, can serve as an absolute line of demarcation; nothing can be more certain than that history and human life are a perpetual Becoming; and that, although the progress of development is frequently so startling and unforeseen as to evoke the poet's exclamation,—

> "New endless growth surrounds on every side,
> Such as we deemed not earth could ever bear,"—

this growth is but development after all. The association of historical periods with stages in the mental development of man is nevertheless too convenient to be surrendered; the vision is cleared and the grasp strengthened by the percep-

tion of a well-defined era in American history, commencing with the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency in 1828 and closing with the death of Abraham Lincoln in 1865,—a period exactly corresponding with one in English history measured from the death of Lord Liverpool, the typical representative of a bygone political era in the prime of other years, and that of Lord Palmerston, another such representative, in the latter. The epoch thus bounded almost precisely corresponds to the productive period of the two great men who, more than any contemporaries, have stood in the conscious attitude of teachers of their age. With such men as Tennyson and Browning, vast as their influence has been, the primary impulse has not been didactic, but artistic; Herbert Spencer, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, and others, have been chiefly operative upon the succeeding generation; Mill and the elder Newman rather address special classes than the people at large; and Ruskin and Kingsley would have willingly admitted that however eloquent the expression of their teaching, its originality mainly consisted in the application of Carlyle's ideas to subjects beyond Carlyle's range. Carlyle and Emerson, therefore, stand forth like Goethe and Schiller as the Dioscuri of their period; the two men to whom beyond others its better minds looked for guidance, and who had the largest share in forming the minds from which the succeeding generation was to take its complexion. Faults and errors they had; but on the whole it may be said that nations have rarely been more fortunate in their instructors than the two great English-speaking peoples during the age of Carlyle and Emerson. Of Carlyle this is not the place to speak further; but writing on Emerson, it will be necessary to exhibit what we conceive to have been the special value of his teaching;

and to attempt some description of the man himself, in indication of the high place claimed for him.

It has been said of some great man of marked originality that he was the sole voice among many echoes. This cannot be said of Emerson; his age was by no means deficient in original voices. But his may be said with truth to have been the chief verbal utterance in an age of authorship. It is a trite remark, that many of the men of thought whose ideas have most influenced the world have shown little inclination for literary composition. The president of a London free-thinking club in Goldsmith's time supposed himself to be in possession of the works of Socrates, no less than of those of "Tully and Cicero," but no other trace of their existence has come to light. Had Emerson lived in any age but his own, it is doubtful whether, any more than Socrates, he would have figured as an author. "I write," he tells Carlyle, "with very little system, and as far as regards composition, with most fragmentary result—paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle." We also hear of his going forth into the woods to hunt a thought as a boy might hunt a butterfly, except that the thought had flown with him from home, and that his business was not so much to capture it as to materialize it and make it tangible. This peculiarity serves to classify Emerson among the ancient sages, men like Socrates and Buddha, whose instructions were not merely oral but unmethodical and unsystematic; who spoke as the casual emergency of the day dictated, and left their observations to be collected by their disciples. An excellent plan in so far as it accomplishes the endowment of the sage's word with his own individuality; exceptionable when a doubt arises whether the utterance belongs to the master or the disciple, and in the case of diametrically

opposite versions, whether Socrates has been represented more truly by the prose of Xenophon or the poetry of Plato. We may be thankful that the spirit of Emerson's age, and the exigencies of his own affairs, irresistibly impelled him to write: nevertheless the fact remains that with him Man Thinking is not so much Man Writing as Man Speaking, and that although the omnipotent machinery of the modern social system caught him too, and forced him into line with the rest, we have in him a nearer approach to the voice, apart from the disturbing and modifying habits of literary composition, than in any other eminent modern thinker. This annuls one of the most weighty criticisms upon Emerson, so long as he is regarded merely as an author,—his want of continuity, and consequent want of logic. Had he attempted to establish a philosophical system, this would have been fatal. But such an undertaking is of all things furthest from his thoughts. He does not seek to demonstrate, he announces. Ideas have come to him which, as viewed by the inward light, appear important and profitable. He brings these forward to be tested by the light of other men. He does not seek to connect these ideas together, except in so far as their common physiognomy bespeaks their common parentage. Nor does he seek to fortify them by reasoning, or subject them to any test save the faculty by which the unprejudiced soul discerns good from evil. If his jewel will scratch glass, it is sufficiently evinced a diamond.

It follows that although Emerson did not write most frequently or best in verse, he is, as regards the general constitution of his intellect, rather to be classed with poets than with philosophers. Poetry cannot indeed dispense with the accurate observation of nature and mankind, but poetic genius essentially depends on intuition and inspiration.

There is no gulf between the philosopher and the poet; some of the greatest of poets have also been among the most powerful of reasoners; but their claim to poetical rank would not have been impaired if their ratiocination had been ever so illogical. Similarly, a great thinker may have no more taste for poetry than was vouchsafed to Darwin or the elder Mill, without any impeachment of his power of intellect. The two spheres of action are fundamentally distinct, though the very highest geniuses, such as Shakespeare and Goethe, have sometimes almost succeeded in making them appear as one. To determine to which of them a man actually belongs, we must look beyond the externalities of literary form, and inquire whether he obtains his ideas by intuition, or by observation and reflection. No mind will be either entirely intuitive or entirely reflective, but there will usually be a decided inclination to one or other of the processes; and in the comparatively few cases in which thoughts and feelings seem to come to it unconsciously, as leaves to a tree, we may consider that we have a poet, though perhaps not a writer of poetry. If indeed the man writes at all, he will very probably write prose, but this prose will be impregnated with poetic quality. From this point of view we are able to set Emerson much higher than if we regarded him simply as a teacher. He is greater as the American Wordsworth than as the American Carlyle. We shall understand his position best by comparing him with other men of genius who are poets too, but not pre-eminently so. In beauty of language and power of imagination, John Henry Newman and James Martineau, though they have written little in verse, yield to few poets. But throughout all their writings the didactic impulse is plainly the preponderating one, their poetry merely auxiliary and ornamental: hence they are not

reckoned among poets. With Emerson the case is reversed: the revealer is first in him, the reasoner second; oral speech is his most congenial form of expression, and he submits to appear in print because the circumstances of his age render print the most effectual medium for the dissemination of his thought. It will be observed that whenever possible he resorts to the medium of oration or lecture; it may be further remarked that his essays, often originally delivered as lectures, are very like his discourses, and his discourses very like his essays. In neither, so far as regards the literary form of the entire composition, distinguished from the force and felicity of individual sentences, can he be considered as a classic model. The essay need not be too severely logical, yet a just conception of its nature requires a more harmonious proportion and more symmetrical construction, as well as a more consistent and intelligent direction towards a single definite end, than we usually find in Emerson. The orator is less easy to criticize than the essayist, for oratory involves an element of personal magnetism which resists all critical analysis. Hence posterity frequently reverses (or rather seems to reverse, for the decision upon a speech mutilated of voice and action cannot be really conclusive) the verdicts of contemporaries upon oratory. "What will our descendants think of the Parliamentary oratory of our age?" asked a contemporary of Burke's, "when they are told that in his own time this man was accounted neither the first, nor the second, nor even the third speaker?" Transferred to the tribunal of the library, Burke's oratory bears away the palm from Pitt and Fox and Sheridan; yet, unless we had heard the living voices of them all, it would be unsafe for us to challenge the contemporary verdict. We cannot say, with the lover in Goethe, that the word printed appears dull and

soulless, but it certainly wants much which conduced to the efficacy of the word spoken:—

"Ach wie traurig sieht in Lettern,
Schwarz auf weiss, das Lied mich an,
Das aus deinem Mund vergöttern,
Das ein Herz zerreissen kann!"

Emerson's orations are no less delightful and profitable reading than his essays, so long as they can be treated as his essays were intended to be treated when they came into print; that is, read deliberately, with travelings backward when needed, and frequent pauses of thought. But if we consider them as discourses to be listened to, we shall find some difficulty in reconciling their popularity and influence with their apparent disconnectedness, and some reason to apprehend that, occasional flashes of epigram excepted, they must speedily have passed from the minds of the hearers. The apparent defect was probably remedied in delivery by the magnetic power of the speaker; not that sort of power which "wields at will the fierce democraty," but that which convinces the hearer that he is listening to a message from a region not as yet accessible to himself. The impassioned orator usually provokes the suspicion that he is speaking from a brief. Not so Emerson: above all other speakers he inspires the confidence that he declares a thing to be, not because he wishes, but because he perceives it to be so. His quiet, unpretending, but perfectly unembarrassed manner, as of a man with a message which he simply delivers and goes away, must have greatly aided to supply the absence of vigorous reasoning and skillful oratorical construction. We could not expect a spirit commissioned to teach us to condescend to such methods; and Emerson's discourse, whether in

oration or essay, though by no means deficient in human feeling nor of the "blessed Glendoveer" order, frequently does sound like that of a being from another sphere, simply because he derived his ideas from a higher world; as must always be the case with the man of spiritual, not of course with the man of practical genius. It matters nothing whether this is really so, or whether what wears the aspect of imparted revelation is but a fortifying of the natural eye, qualifying it to look a little deeper than neighboring eyes into things around. In either case the person so endowed stands a degree nearer to the essential truth of things than his fellows; and the consciousness of the fact, transpiring through his personality, gives him a weight which might otherwise seem inexplicable. Nothing can be more surprising that the deference with which the learned and intelligent contemporaries of the humble and obscure Spinoza resort to his judgment before he has so much as written a book.

This estimate of Emerson as an American Wordsworth, one who like Wordsworth not merely enforced but practically demonstrated the proposition that

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can,"

is controverted by many who can see in him nothing but a polisher and stringer of epigrammatic sayings. It is impossible to argue with any who cannot recognize the deep vitality of "Nature," of the two series of Essays first published, and of most of the early orations and discourses; but it may be conceded that Emerson's fountain of inspiration was no more perennial than Wordsworth's, and that in his

latter years his gift of epigrammatic statement enabled him to avoid both the Scylla and the Charybdis of men of genius whose fount of inspiration has run low. In some such cases, such as Wordsworth's, the author simply goes on producing, with less and less geniality at every successive effort. In others, such as Browning's, he escapes inanity by violent exaggeration of his characteristic mannerisms. Neither of these remarks applies to Emerson: he does not, in ceasing to be original, become insipid, nor can it be said that he is any more mannered at the last than at the first. This is a clear proof that his peculiarity of speech is not mannerism but manner; that consequently he is not an artificial writer, and that, since the treatment of his themes as he has chosen to treat them admits of no compromise between nature and rhetoric, he has the especial distinction of simplicity where simplicity is difficult and rare. That such is the case will appear from an examination of his earlier and more truly prophetic writings.

Of these, the first in importance as in time is the tract "Nature," commenced in 1833, rewritten, completed, and published in 1836. Of all Emerson's writings this is the most individual, and the most adapted for a general introduction to his ideas. These ideas are not in fact peculiar to him; and yet the little book is one of the most original ever written, and one of those most likely to effect an intellectual revolution in the mind capable of apprehending it. The reason is mainly the intense vitality of the manner, and the translation of abstract arguments into concrete shapes of witchery and beauty. It contains scarcely a sentence that is not beautiful,—not with the cold beauty of art, but with the radiance and warmth of feeling. Its dominant note is rapture, like the joy of one who has found an enchanted

realm, or who has convinced himself that old stories deemed too beautiful to be true are true indeed. Yet it is exempt from extravagance, the splendor of the language is chastened by taste, and the gladness and significance of the author's announcements would justify an even more ardent enthusiasm. They may be briefly summed up as the statements that Nature is not mechanical, but vital; that the Universe is not dead, but alive; that God is not remote, but omnipresent. There was of course no novelty in these assertions, nor can Emerson bring them by a hair's-breadth nearer demonstration than they had always been. He simply restates them in a manner entirely his own, and with a charm not perhaps surpassing that with which others had previously invested them, but peculiar and dissimilar. Everything really Emersonian in Emerson's teaching may be said to spring out of this little book: so copious, however, were the corollaries deducible from principles apparently so simple, that the flowers veiled the tree; and precious as the tract is, as the first and purest draught of the new wine, it is not the most practically efficient of his works, and might probably have passed unperceived if it had not been reinforced by a number of auxiliary compositions, some produced under circumstances which could not fail to provoke wide discussion and consequent notoriety. The principles unfolded in "Nature" might probably have passed with civil acquiescence if Emerson had been content with the mere statement; but he insisted on carrying them logically out, and this could not be done without unsettling every school of thought at the time prevalent in America. The Divine omnipresence, for example, was admitted in words by all except materialists and anti-theists; but if, as Emerson maintained, this involved the conception of the Universe as a Divine incarnation, this in

its turn involved an optimistic view of the universal scheme totally inconsistent with the Calvinism still dominant in American theology. If all existence was a Divine emanation, no part of it could be more sacred than another part,—which at once abolished the mystic significance of religious ceremonies so dear to the Episcopalians; while the immediate contact of the Universe with the Deity was no less incompatible with the miraculous interferences on which Unitarianism reposed its faith. Such were some of the most important negative results of Emerson's doctrines; in their positive aspect, by asserting the identity of natural and spiritual laws, they invested the former with the reverence hitherto accorded only to the latter, and restored to a mechanical and prosaic society the piety with which men in the infancy of history had defied the forces of Nature. Substantially, except for the absence of any definite relation to literary art, Emerson's mission was very similar to Wordsworth's; but by natural temperament and actual situation he wanted the thousand links which bound Wordsworth to the past, and eventually made the sometime innovator the patron of a return towards the Middle Ages.

Emerson had no wish to regress, and, almost alone among thinkers who have reached an advanced age, betrays no symptom of reaction throughout the whole of his career. The reason may be, that his scrupulous fairness and frank conceptions to the Conservative cast of thought had left him nothing to retract or atone for. He seems to have started on his journey through life with his Conservatism and Liberalism ready made up, taking with him just as much of either as he wanted. This is especially manifest in the discourse " The Conservative " (1841), in which he deliberately weighs conservative against progressive tendencies, imper-

sonates each in an imaginary interlocutor, and endeavors to display their respective justification and shortcomings. Nothing can be more rigidly equitable or more thoroughly sane than his estimate; and as the issues between conservatism and reform have broadened and deepened, time has only added to its value. It is a perfect manual for thoughtful citizens, desirous of understanding the questions that underlie party issues, and is especially to be commended to young and generous minds, liable to misguidance in proportion to their generosity.

This celebrated discourse is one of a group including one still more celebrated, the address to the graduating class of Divinity College, Cambridge, published as "The Christian Teacher" (1838). This, says Mr. Cabot, seems to have been struck off at a heat, which perhaps accounts for its nearer approach than any of his other addresses to the standard of what is usually recognized as eloquence. Eloquent in a sense Emerson usually was, but here is something which could transport a fit audience with enthusiasm. It also possessed the power of awakening the keenest antagonism; but censure has long since died away, and nothing that Emerson wrote has been more thoroughly adopted into the creed of those with whom external observances and material symbols find no place. Equally epoch-making in a different way was the oration on "Man Thinking, or the American Scholar" (1837), entitled by Dr. Holmes "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," and of which Mr. Lowell says: "We were socially and intellectually moored to English thought, till Emerson cut the cable and gave us a chance at the dangers and glories of blue water." In these three great discourses, and in a less measure in "The Transcendentalist" and "Man the Reformer" (both in 1841), America may

boast of possessing works of the first class, which could have been produced in no other country, and which—even though, in Emerson's own phrase, wider circles should come to be drawn around them—will remain permanent landmarks in intellectual history.

These discourses may be regarded as Emerson's public proclamations of his opinions; but he is probably more generally known and more intimately beloved by the two unobtrusive volumes of Essays, originally prefaced for England by Carlyle. Most of these, indeed, were originally delivered as lectures, but to small audiences, and with little challenge to public attention. It may be doubted whether they would have succeeded as lectures but for the personal magnetism of the speaker; but their very defects aid them with the reader, who, once fascinated by their beauty of phrase and depth of spiritual insight, imbibes their spirit all the more fully for his ceaseless effort to mend their deficient logic with his own. Like Love in Dante's sonnet, Emerson enters into and blends with the reader, and his influence will often be found most potent where it is least acknowledged. Each of the twenty may be regarded as a fuller working out of some subject merely hinted at in "Nature," —statues, as it were, for niches left vacant in the original edifice. The most important and pregnant with thought are "History," where the same claim is preferred for history as for the material world, that it is not dead but alive; "Self-Reliance," a most vigorous assertion of a truth which Emerson was apt to carry to extremes,—the majesty of the individual soul; "Compensation," an exposition of the universe as the incarnation of unerring truth and absolute justice; "Love," full of beauty and rapture, yet almost chilling to the young by its assertion of what is nevertheless true, that

even Love in its human semblance only subserves ulterior ends; "Circles," the demonstration that this circumstance is no way peculiar to Love, that there can be nothing ultimate, final, or unrelated to ulterior purpose,—nothing around which, in Emersonian phrase, you cannot draw a circle; "The Over-Soul," a prose hymn dedicated to an absolutely spiritual religion; "The Poet," a celebration of Poetry as coextensive with Imagination, and in the highest sense with Reason also; "Experience" and "Character," valuable essays, but evincing that the poetical impulse was becoming spent, and that Emerson's mind was more and more tending to questions of conduct. The least satisfactory of the essays is that on "Art," where he is only great on the negative side, Art's inevitable limitations. The æsthetical faculty, which contemplates Beauty under the restraints of Form, was evidently weak in him.

"Representative Men," Emerson's next work of importance (1845), shows that his parachute was descending; but he makes a highly successful compromise by taking up original ideas as reflected in the actions and thoughts of great typical men, one remove only from originality of exposition on his own part. The treatment is necessarily so partial as to exercise a distorting influence on his representation of the men themselves. Napoleon, for example, may have been from a certain point of view the hero of the middle class, as Emerson chooses to consider him; but he was much besides, which cannot even be hinted at in a short lecture. The representation of such a hero, nevertheless, whether the character precisely fitted Napoleon or not, is highly spirited and suggestive; and the same may be said of the other lectures. That on Shakespeare is the least satisfying, the consummate art which is half Shakespeare's

greatness making little appeal to Emerson. He appears also at variance with himself when he speaks of Shakespeare's existence as "obscure and profane," such a healthy, homely, unambitious life being precisely what he elsewhere extols as a model. The first lecture of the series, "Uses of Great Men," would seem to have whispered the message more vociferously repeated by Walt Whitman.

Emerson was yet to write two books of worth, not illumed with "the light that never was on sea or land," but valuable complements to his more characteristic work, and important to mankind as an indisputable proof that a teacher need not be distrusted in ordinary things because he is a mystic and a poet "The Conduct of Life" (1851), far inferior to his earlier writings in inspiration, is yet one of the most popular and widely influential of his works because condescending more nearly to the needs and intelligence of the average reader. It is not less truly Emersonian, less fully impregnated with his unique genius; but the themes discussed are less interesting, and the glory and the beauty of the diction are much subdued. Without it, we should have been in danger of regarding Emerson too exclusively as a transcendental seer, and ignoring the solid ground of good sense and practical sagacity from which the waving forests of his imagery drew their nutriment. It greatly promoted his fame and influence by coming into the hands of successive generations of readers who naturally inquired for his last book, found the author, with surprise, so much nearer their own intellectual position than they had been led to expect, and gradually extended the indorsement which they could not avoid according to the book, to the author himself. When the Reason and the Understanding have agreed to legitimate the pretensions of a speculative thinker, these

may be considered stable. Emerson insensibly took rank with the other American institutions; it seemed natural to all, that without the retractation or modification of a syllable on his part, Harvard should in 1866 confer her highest honors upon him whose address to her Divinity School had aroused such fierce opposition in 1838. Emerson's views, being pure intuitions, rarely admitted of alteration in essence, though supplement or limitation might sometimes be found advisable. The Civil War, for instance, could not but convince him that in his zeal for the independence of the individual he had dangerously impaired the necessary authority of government. His attitude throughout this great contest was the ideal of self-sacrificing patriotism: in truth, it might be said of him, as of so few men of genius, that you could not find a situation for him, public or private, whose obligations he was not certain to fulfill. He had previously given proof of his insight into another nation by his "English Traits," mainly founded upon the visit he had paid to England in 1847–48: a book to be read with equal pleasure and profit by the nation of which and by the nation for which it was written; while its insight, sanity, and kindliness justify what has been said on occasion of another of Emerson's writings: "The ideologist judges the man of action more shrewdly and justly than the man of action judges the ideologist." This was the secret of Napoleon's bitter animosity to "ideologists": he felt instinctively that the man of ideas could see into him and through him, and recognize and declare his place in the scheme of the universe as an astronomer might a planet's. He would have wished to be an incalculable, original, elemental force; and it vexed him to feel that he was something whose course could be mapped and whose constitution defined by a mere

mortal like a Coleridge or a De Staël, who could treat him like the incarnate Thought he was, and show him, as Emerson showed the banker, "that he also was a phantom walking and working amid phantoms, and that he need only ask a question or two beyond his daily questions to find his solid universe proving dim and impalpable before his sense."

The later writings of Emerson, though exhibiting few or no traces of mental decay, are in general repetitions or at least confirmations of what had once been announcements and discoveries. This can scarcely be otherwise when the mind's productions are derived from its own stuff and substance. Emerson's contemporary Longfellow could renovate and indeed augment his poetical power by resort in his old age to Italy; but change of environment brings no reinforcement of energy to the speculative thinker. Events however may come to his aid; and when Emerson was called before the people by a momentous incident like the death of President Lincoln, he rose fully to the height of the occasion. His last verses, also, are among his best. We have spoken of him as primarily and above all things a poet; but his claim to that great distinction is to be sought rather in the poetical spirit which informs all his really inspired writings, than in the comparatively restricted region of rhyme and metre. It might have been otherwise. Many of his detached passages are the very best things in verse yet written in America: but though a maker, he is not a fashioner. The artistic instinct is deficient in him; he is seldom capable of combining his thoughts into a harmonious whole. No one's expression is better when he aims at conveying a single thought with gnomic terseness, as in the mottoes to his essays; few are more obscure when he attempts continuous composition. Sometimes, as in the admirable stanzas on the Bunker Hill

dedication, the subject has enforced the due clearness and compression of thought; sometimes, as in the glorious lines beginning "Not from a vain or shallow thought," he is guided unerringly by a divine rapture; in one instance at least, "The Rhodora," where he is writing of beauty, the instinct of beauty has given his lines the symmetry as well as the sparkle of the diamond. Could he have always written like this, he would have been supreme among American poets in metre; as it is, comparison seems unfair both to him and to them.

What we have to learn from Emerson is chiefly the Divine immanence in the world, with all its corollaries; no discovery of his, but restated by him in the fashion most suitable to his age, and with a cogency and attractiveness rivaled by no contemporary. If we tried to sum up his message in a phrase, we might perhaps find this in Keats's famous "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty"; only, while Keats was evidently more concerned for Beauty than for Truth, Emerson held an impartial balance. These are with him the tests of each other: whatever is really true is also beautiful, whatever is really beautiful is also true. Hence his especial value to a world whose more refined spirits are continually setting up types of æsthetic beauty which must needs be delusive, as discordant with beauty contemplated under the aspect of morality; while the mass never think of bringing social and political arrangements to the no less infallible test of conformity to an ideally beautiful standard. Hence the seeming idealist is of all men the most practical; and Emerson's gospel of beauty should be especially precious to a country like his own, where circumstances must for so long tell in favor of the more material phases of civilization. Even more important is that aspect of his teaching which

deals with the unalterableness of spiritual laws, the impossibility of evading Truth and Fact in the long run, or of wronging any one else without at the same time wronging oneself. Happy would it be for the United States if Emerson's essay on "Compensation" in particular could be impressed upon the conscience, where there is any, of every political leader; and interwoven with the very texture of the mind of every one who has a vote to cast at the polls!

The special adaptation of Emerson's teaching to the needs of America is, nevertheless, far from the greatest obligation under which he has laid his countrymen. His greatest service is to have embodied a specially American type of thought and feeling. It is the test of real greatness in a nation to be individual, to produce something in the world of intellect peculiar to itself and indefeasibly its own. Such intellectual growths were indeed to be found in America before Emerson's time, but they were not of the highest class. Franklin was a great sage, but his wisdom was worldly wisdom. Emerson gives us, in his own phrase, morality on fire with emotion,—the only morality which in the long run will really influence the heart of man. Man is after all too noble a being to be permanently actuated by enlightened selfishness; and when we compare Emerson with even so truly eminent a character as Franklin, we see, as he saw when he compared Carlyle with Johnson, how great a stride forward his country had taken in the mean time. But he could do for America what Carlyle could not do for Great Britain, for it was done already: he could and did create a type of wisdom especially national, as distinctive of the West as Buddha's of the East.

BEACONSFIELD

(1804–1881)

BY ISA CARRINGTON CABELL

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, born in London, December, 1804; died there April 19, 1881. His paternal ancestors were of the house of Lara, and held high rank among Hebrew-Spanish nobles till the tribunal of Torquemada drove them from Spain to Venice. There, proud of their race and origin, they styled themselves " Sons of Israel," and became merchant princes. But the city's commerce failing, the grandfather of Benjamin Disraeli removed to London with a diminished but comfortable fortune. His son, Isaac Disraeli, was a well-known literary man, and the author of " The Curiosities of Literature." On account of the political and social ostracism of the Jews in England, he had all his family baptized into the Church of England; but with Benjamin Disraeli especially, Christianity was never more than Judaism developed. His belief and his affections were in his own race.

Benjamin, like most Jewish youths, was educated in private schools, and at seventeen entered a solicitor's office. At twenty-two he published " Vivian Grey " (London, 1826), which readable and amusing take-off of London society gave him great and instantaneous notoriety. Its minute descriptions of the great world, its caricatures of well-known social and political personages, its magnificent diction,—too magnificent to be taken quite seriously,—ex-

cited inquiry; and the great world was amazed to discover that the impertinent observer was not one of themselves, but a boy in a lawyer's office. To add to the audacity, he had conceived himself the hero of these diverting situations, and by his cleverness had outwitted age, beauty, rank, diplomacy itself.

Statesmen, poets, fine ladies, were all genuinely amused; and the author bade fair to become a lion, when he fell ill, and was compelled to leave England for a year or more, which he spent in travel on the Continent and in Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine. His visit to the birthplace of his race made an impression on him that lasted through his life and literature. It is embodied in his "Letters to His Sister" (London, 1843), and the autobiographical novel "Contarini Fleming" (1833), in which he turned his adventures into fervid English, at a guinea a volume. But although the spirit of poesy, in the form of a Childe Harold, stalks rampant through the romance, there is both feeling and fidelity to nature whenever he describes the Orient and its people. Then the bizarre, brilliant *poseur* forgets his rôle, and reveals his highest aspirations.

When Disraeli returned to London he became the fashion. Everybody, from the prime minister to Count D'Orsay, had read his clever novels. The poets praised them, Lady Blessington invited him to dine, Sir Robert Peel was "most gracious."

But the literary success could never satisfy Disraeli's ambition: a seat in Parliament was at the end of his rainbow. He professed himself a radical, but he was a radical in his own sense of the term; and like his own Sidonia, half foreigner, half looker-on, he felt himself endowed with an

insight only possible to an outsider, an observer without inherited prepossessions.

Several contemporary sketches of Disraeli at this time have been preserved. His dress was purposed affectation; it led the beholder to look for folly only: and when the brilliant flash came, it was the more startling as unexpected from such a figure. Lady Dufferin told Mr. Motley that when she met Disraeli at dinner, he wore a black-velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several rings outside, and long black ringlets rippling down his shoulders. She told him he had made a fool of himself by appearing in such a dress, but she did not guess why it had been adopted. Another contemporary says of him, "When duly excited, his command of language was wonderful, his power of sarcasm unsurpassed."

He was busy making speeches and writing political squibs for the next two years; for Parliament was before his eyes. "He knew," says Froude, "he had a devil of a tongue, and was unincumbered by the foolish form of vanity called modesty." "Ixion in Heaven," "The Infernal Marriage," and "Popanilla" were attempts to rival both Lucian and Swift on their own ground. It is doubtful, however, whether he would have risked writing "Henrietta Temple" (1837) and "Venetia" (1837), two ardent love stories, had he not been in debt; for notoriety as a novelist is not always a recommendation to a constituency.

In "Henrietta" he found an opportunity to write the biography of a lover oppressed by duns. It is a most entertaining novel even to a reader who does not read for a new light on the great statesman, and is remarkable as the be-

ginning of what is now known as the "natural" manner; a revolt, his admirers tell us, from the stilted fashion of making love that then prevailed in novels.

"Venetia" is founded on the characters of Byron and Shelley, and is amusing reading. The high-flown language incrusted with the gems of rhetoric excites our risibilities, but it is not safe to laugh at Disraeli; in his most diverting aspects he has a deep sense of humor, and he who would mock at him is apt to get a whip across the face at an unguarded moment. Mr. Disraeli laughs in his sleeve at many things, but first of all at the reader.

He failed in his canvass for his seat at High Wycombe, but he turned his failure to good account, and established a reputation for pluck and influence. "A mighty independent personage," observed Charles Greville, and his famous quarrel with O'Connell did him so little harm that in 1837 he was returned for Maidstone. His first speech was a failure. The word had gone out that he was to be put down. At last, finding it useless to persist, he said he was not surprised at the reception he had experienced. He had begun several things many times and had succeeded at last. Then pausing, and looking indignantly across the house, he exclaimed in a loud and remarkable tone, "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."

He married the widow of his patron, Wyndham Lewis, in 1838. This put him in possession of a fortune, and gave him the power to continue his political career. His radicalism was a thing of the past. He had drifted from Conservatism, with Peel for a leader, to aristocratic socialism; and in 1844, 1845, and 1847 appeared the Triology, as he styled the novels "Coningsby," "Tancred," and "Sibyl." Of the three, "Coningsby" will prove the most entertaining to the

modern reader. The hero is a gentleman, and in this respect is an improvement on Vivian Grey, for his audacity is tempered by good breeding. The plot is slight, but the scenes are entertaining. The famous Sidonia, the Jew financier, is a favorite with the author, and betrays his affection and respect for race. Lord Monmouth, the wild peer, is a rival of the "Marquis of Steyne," and worthy of a place in "Vanity Fair"; the political intriguers are photographed from life, the pictures of fashionable London tickle both the vanity and the fancy of the reader.

"Sibyl" is too clearly a novel with a motive to give so much pleasure. It is a study of the contrasts between the lives of the very rich and the hopelessly poor, and an attempt to show the superior condition of the latter when the Catholic Church was all-powerful in England and the king an absolute monarch.

"Tancred" was composed when Disraeli was under "the illusion of a possibly regenerated aristocracy." He sends Tancred, the hero, the heir of a ducal house, to Palestine to find the inspiration to a true religious belief, and details his adventures with a power of sarcasm that is seldom equalled. In certain scenes in this novel the author rises from a mere mocker to a genuine satirist. Tancred's interview with the bishop, in which he takes that dignitary's religious tenets seriously; that with Lady Constance, when she explains the "Mystery of Chaos" and shows how "the stars are formed out of the cream of the Milky Way, a sort of celestial cheese churned into light"; the vision of the angels on Mt. Sinai, and the celestial Sidonia who talks about the "Sublime and Solacing Doctrine of Theocratic Equality,"—all these are passages where we wonder whether the author sneered or blushed when he wrote. Certainly what

has since been known as the Disraelian irony stings as we turn each page.

Meanwhile Disraeli had become a power in Parliament, and the bitter opponent of Peel, under whom Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the abrogation of the commercial system, had been carried without conditions and almost without mitigations.

Disraeli's assaults on his leader delighted the Liberals; the country members felt indignant satisfaction at the deserved chastisement of their betrayer. With malicious skill, Disraeli touched one after another the weak points in a character that was superficially vulnerable. Finally the point before the House became Peel's general conduct. He was beaten by an overwhelming majority, and to the hand that dethroned him descended the task of building up the ruins of the Conservative party. Disraeli's best friends felt this a welcome necessity. There is no example of a rise so sudden under such conditions. His politics were as much distrusted as his serious literary passages. But Disraeli was the single person equal to the task. For the next twenty-five years he led the Conservative opposition in the House of Commons, varied by short intervals of power. He was three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1853, 1858, and 1859; and on Lord Derby's retirement in 1868 he became Prime Minister.

In 1870, having laid aside novel-writing for twenty years, he published "Lothair." It is a politico-religious romance aimed at the Jesuits, the Fenians, and the Communists. It had an instantaneous success, for its author was the most conspicuous figure in Europe, but its popularity is also due to its own merits. We are all of us snobs after a fashion and love high society. The glory of entering the splendid

portals of the real English dukes and duchesses seems to be ours when Disraeli throws open the magic door and ushers the reader in. The decorations do not seem tawdry, nor the tinsel other than real. We move with pleasurable excitement with Lothair from palace to castle, and thence to battle-field and scenes of dark intrigue. The hint of the love affair with the Olympian Theodora appeals to our romance; the circumventing of the wily Cardinal and his accomplices is agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon Protestant mind; their discomfiture, and the crowning of virtue in the shape of a rescued Lothair married to the English Duke's daughter with the fixed Church of England views, is what the reader expects and prays for, and is the last privilege of the real story-teller. That the author has thrown aside his proclivities for Romanism as he showed them in " Sibyl," no more disturbs us than the eccentricities of his politics. We do not quite give him our faith when he is most in earnest, talking Semitic Arianism on Mt. Sinai.

A peerage was offered to him in 1868. He refused it for himself, but asked Queen Victoria to grant the honor to his wife, who became the Countess of Beaconsfield. But in 1876 he accepted the rank and title of Earl of Beaconsfield. The author of " Vivian Grey " received the title that Burke had refused.

His last novel, " Endymion," was written for the £10,000 its publishers paid for it. It adds nothing to his fame, but is an agreeable picture of fashionable London life and the struggles of a youth to gain power and place.

Lord Beaconsfield put more dukes, earls, lords and ladies, more gold and jewels, more splendor and wealth into his books than any one else ever tried to do. But beside his Oriental delight in the display of luxury, it is interesting

to see the effect of that Orientalism when he describes the people from whom he sprang. His rare tenderness and genuine respect are for those of the race "that is the aristocracy of nature, the purest race, the chosen people." He sends all his heroes to Palestine for inspiration; wisdom dwells in her gates. Another aristocracy, that of talent, he recognizes and applauds. No dullard ever succeeds, no genius goes unrewarded.

It is the part of the story-teller to make his story a probable one to the listener, no matter how impossible both character and situation. Mr. Disraeli was accredited with the faculty of persuading himself to believe or disbelieve whatever he liked; and did he possess the same power over his readers, these entertaining volumes would lift him to the highest rank the novelist attains. As it is, he does not quite succeed in creating an illusion, and we are conscious of two lobes in the author's brain; in one sits a sentimental ist, in the other a mocking devil.

MAZZINI

(1805–1872)

BY FRANK SEWALL

AMONG the liberators of modern Italy, ranking in influence with Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, Joseph Mazzini was unique in his combination of deep religious motive, philosophic insight, and revolutionary zeal. His early studies of Dante inspired in him two ideals: a restored Italian unity, and the subordination of political government to spiritual law, exercised in the conscience of a free people. Imprisoned in early life for participation in the conspiracy of the Carbonari, he left Italy in his twenty-sixth year, to spend almost the entire remainder of his life in exile. While living as a refugee in Marseilles and in Switzerland, from 1831 to 1836, he fostered the revolutionary association of young Italian enthusiasts, and edited their journal, the Giovine Italia, its purpose being to bring about a national revolution through the insurrection of the Sardinian States. In Switzerland he organized in the same spirit the "Young Switzerland" and the "Young Europe," fostering the idea of universal political reform, and the bringing in of a new era of the world, in which free popular government should displace the old systems both of legitimate monarchy and despotic individualism. Banished from Switzerland under a decree of the French government, in 1836 Mazzini found refuge in London; and for the remainder of his life the English press was the chief organ of his world-wide influence as a reformer,

while his literary ability won him a place among the most brilliant of the modern British essayists. Only for brief intervals did Mazzini appear in Italy; notably in the period of 1848 and 1849, when, on the insurrection of Sicily and Venetian Lombardy and the flight of Pio Nono from Rome, like a Rienzi of the nineteenth century he issued from that "city of the soul" the declaration of the Roman Republic, and was elected one of the triumvirs. He led in a heroic resistance to the besieging French army until compelled to yield; and he was content to have brought forth from the conflict the unstained banner, "God and the People," to be the standard for all future struggles for the union of free Italy under the rightful leadership of Rome. In 1857 he again took part in person in the insurrections in Genoa and in Sicily, and was laid under sentence of death, a judgment which was removed in 1865. In 1870, on his attempting to join Garibaldi in Sicily, he was arrested at sea and imprisoned at Gaëta, to be released in two months, as the danger of a general insurrection disappeared. During all this time he had been carrying on, mainly from England, his propaganda through the press; publishing in 1852, in the Westminster Review, the essay "Europe, its Conditions and Prospects," completing in 1858 "The Duties of Man," and addressing open letters to Pio Nono, to Louis Napoleon, and to Victor Emmanuel. In 1871 he contributed to the Contemporary Review an essay on "The Franco-German War and the Commune." The last production of his pen was an essay on Renan's "Reforme Morale et Intellectuelle," finished in March, 1872, and published in the Fortnightly Review in 1874.

It was shortly after the completion of this essay at Pisa, whither he had gone in the hope of regaining his health,

that he was seized with the illness that closed his earthly life on March 10th, 1872. Honors were decreed him by the Italian Parliament, his funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, and his remains were laid away in a costly monument in the Campo Santo of Genoa.

If Mazzini is entitled to be called the prophet of a new political age, it is because he sought for a new spiritual basis for political reform. What is remarkable is, that his bold and ingenuous insistence on the religious motive as fundamental in the government that is to be, did not diminish his influence with his contemporaries of whatever shades of opinion. Even so radical a writer as the Russian anarchist Bakunin, in an essay on the "Political Theology" of Mazzini, speaks of him as one of the noblest and purest individualities of our age.

The two fundamental principles for which Mazzini stood were collective humanity as opposed to individualism, and duty as opposed to rights. His position was, that the revolutionary achievements of the past had at most overcome the tyranny of monarchy in asserting the principle of the rights of the individual. But this is not in itself a unifying motive. The extreme assertion of this leads to disunion and weakness, and makes way only for another and more hopeless despotism. The rights of the individual must now be sacrificed to the collective good, and the motive of selfish aggrandizement must yield to the sacred law of duty under the Divine government. It is this undeviating regard for the supreme principle of duty to the collective man, under the authority of the Divine law, that alone can make the perpetuation of the republic possible.

Mazzini's devotion to this principle accounts for his apparent lukewarmness in many of the boldest and most con-

spicuous movements in the progress of Italian liberation and unity. It was because he saw the preponderance of sectional aims rather than the participation of all in the new federation, that he criticized the Carbonari king, Charles Albert, in 1831, and that he fought against the policy of obtaining at the cost of Savoy and Nice " a truncated Italy of monarchy and diplomacy, the creation of Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and Cavour." He lived to see Italy, nominally at least, a united nation, freed from foreign control; but far from being the ideal republic whose law is from above, and whose strength is in the supreme devotion of each citizen to the good of all, and to the realization in this manner of a Divine government in the world. Toward the attainment of this ideal by progressive governments everywhere, the influence of Mazzini will long be a powerful factor, and his mission more and more recognized as that of a true prophet of a new political era of the world.

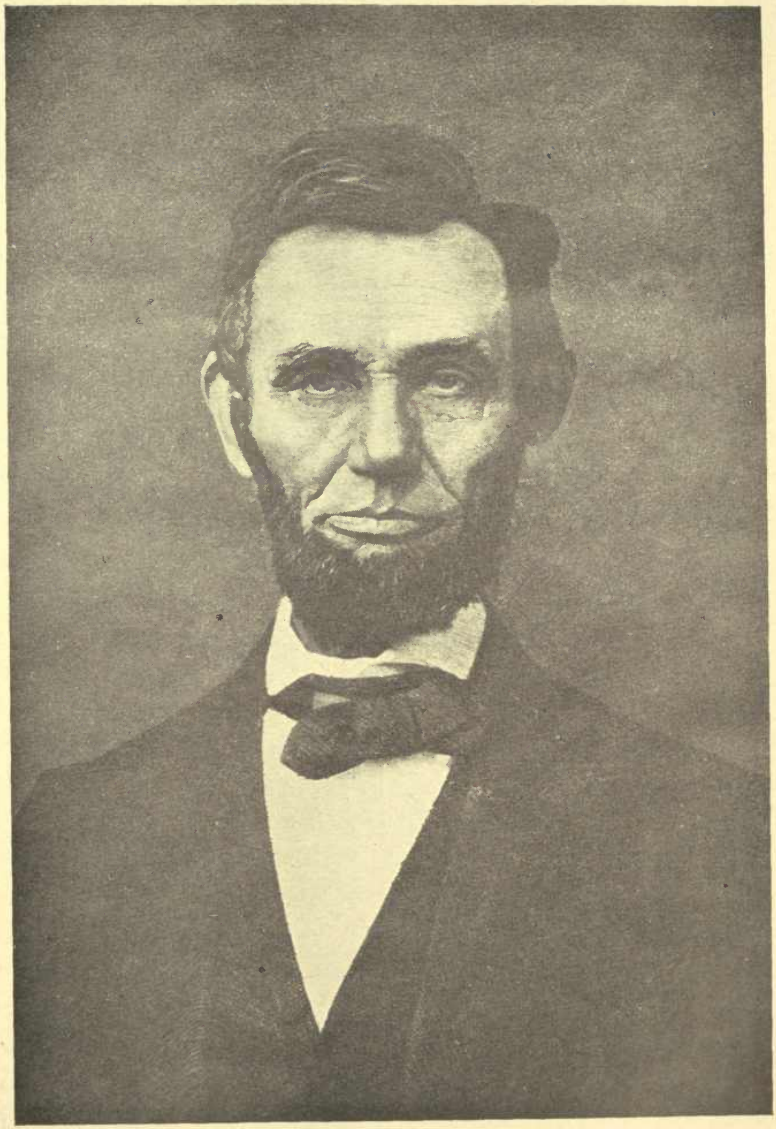
LINCOLN

(1809–1865)

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

BORN in 1809 and dying in 1865, Mr. Lincoln was the contemporary of every distinguished man of letters in America to the close of the war; but from none of them does he appear to have received literary impulse or guidance. He might have read, if circumstances had been favorable, a large part of the work of Irving, Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Thoreau, as it came from the press; but he was entirely unfamiliar with it apparently until late in his career, and it is doubtful if even at that period he knew it well or cared greatly for it. He was singularly isolated by circumstances and by temperament from those influences which usually determine, within certain limits, the quality and character of a man's style.

And Mr. Lincoln had a style,—a distinctive, individual, characteristic form of expression. In his own way he gained an insight into the structure of English, and a freedom and skill in the selection and combination of words, which not only made him the most convincing speaker of his time, but which have secured for his speeches a permanent place in literature. One of those speeches is already known wherever the English language is spoken; it is a classic by virtue not only of its unique condensation of the sentiment of a tremendous struggle into the narrow compass of a few brief paragraphs, but by virtue of that instinctive felicity of style



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

which gives to the largest thought the beauty of perfect simplicity. The two Inaugural Addresses are touched by the same deep feeling, the same large vision, the same clear, expressive, and persuasive eloquence; and these qualities are found in a great number of speeches, from Mr. Lincoln's first appearance in public life. In his earliest expressions of his political views there is less range; but there is the structural order, clearness, sense of proportion, ease, and simplicity which give classic quality to the later utterances. Few speeches have so little of what is commonly regarded as oratorical quality; few have approached so constantly the standards and character of literature. While a group of men of gift and opportunity in the East were giving American literature its earliest direction, and putting the stamp of a high idealism on its thought and a rare refinement of spirit on its form, this lonely, untrained man on the old frontier was slowly working his way through the hardest and rudest conditions to perhaps the foremost place in American history, and forming at the same time a style of singular and persuasive charm.

There is, however, no possible excellence without adequate education; no possible mastery of any art without thorough training. Mr. Lincoln has sometimes been called an accident, and his literary gift an unaccountable play of nature; but few men have ever more definitely and persistently worked out what was in them by clear intelligence than Mr. Lincoln, and no speaker or writer of our time has, according to his opportunities, trained himself more thoroughly in the use of English prose. Of educational opportunity in the scholastic sense, the future orator had only the slightest. He went to school "by littles," and these "littles" put together aggregated less than a year; but he

discerned very early the practical uses of knowledge, and set himself to acquire it. This pursuit soon became a passion, and this deep and irresistible yearning did more for him perhaps than richer opportunities would have done. It made him a constant student, and it taught him the value of fragments of time. "He was always at the head of his class," writes one of his schoolmates, "and passed us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books with him to work, so that he might read when he rested from labor." "I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home as well as at school," writes his stepmother. "At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he too seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him,—would let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord."

The books within his reach were few, but they were among the best. First and foremost was that collection of great literature in prose and verse, the Bible: a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting nearly every literary form, and translated at the fortunate moment when the English language had received the recent impress of its greatest masters of the speech of the imagination. This literature Mr. Lincoln knew intimately, familiarly fruitfully; as Shakespeare knew it in an earlier version, and as Tennyson knew it and was deeply influenced by it in the form in which it entered into and trained Lincoln's imagiation. Then there was that wise and very human text-book of the knowledge of character and life, "Æsop's Fables"; that masterpiece of clear presentation, "Robinson Crusoe"; and that classic of

pure English, "The Pilgrim's Progress." These four books —in the hands of a meditative boy, who read until the last ember went out on the hearth, began again when the earliest light reached his bed in the loft of the log cabin, who, perched himself on a stump, book in hand, at the end of every furrow in the plowing season—contained the elements of a movable university.

To these must be added many volumes borrowed from more fortunate neighbors; for he had "read through every book he had heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." A history of the United States and a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" laid the foundations of his political education. That he read with his imagination as well as with his eyes is clear from certain words spoken in the Senate chamber at Trenton in 1861. "May I be pardoned," said Mr. Lincoln, "if on this occasion I mention that way back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the members have ever seen,—Weems's 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured all that time,—all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how those early impressions last longer than any others."

"When Abe and I returned to the house from work," writes John Hanks, "he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. We grubbed, plowed, weeded,

and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read." And this habit was kept up until Mr. Lincoln had found both his life work and his individual expression. Later he devoured Shakespeare and Burns; and the poetry of these masters of the dramatic and lyric form, sprung like himself from the common soil, and like him self-trained and directed, furnished a kind of running accompaniment to his work and his play. What he read he not only held tenaciously, but took into his imagination and incorporated into himself. His familiar talk was enriched with frequent and striking illustrations from the Bible and "Æsop's Fables."

This passion for knowledge and for companionship with the great writers would have gone for nothing, so far as the boy's training in expression was concerned, if he had contented himself with acquisition; but he turned everything to account. He was as eager for expression as for the material of expression; more eager to write and to talk than to read. Bits of paper, stray sheets, even boards served his purpose. He was continually transcribing with his own hand thoughts or phrases which had impressed him. Everything within reach bore evidence of his passion for reading, and for writing as well. The flat sides of logs, the surface of the broad wooden shovel, everything in his vicinity which could receive a legible mark, was covered with his figures and letters. He was studying expression quite as intelligently as he was searching for thought. Years afterward, when asked how he had attained such extraordinary clearness of style, he recalled his early habit of retaining in his memory words or phrases overheard in ordinary conversation or met in books and newspapers, until night, meditating

on them until he got at their meaning, and then translating them into his own simpler speech. This habit, kept up for years, was the best possible training for the writing of such English as one finds in the Bible and in "The Pilgrim's Progress." His self-education in the art of expression soon bore fruit in a local reputation both as a talker and a writer. His facility in rhyme and essay-writing was not only greatly admired by his fellows, but awakened great astonishment, because these arts were not taught in the neighboring schools.

In speech too he was already disclosing that command of the primary and universal elements of interest in human intercourse which was to make him, later, one of the most entertaining men of his time. His power of analyzing a subject so as to be able to present it to others with complete clearness was already disclosing itself. No matter how complex a question might be, he did not rest until he had reduced it to its simplest terms. When he had done this he was not only eager to make it clear to others, but to give his presentation freshness, variety, attractiveness. He had, in a word, the literary sense. "When he appeared in company," writes one of his early companions, "the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks, and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales, and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near to us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said."

In that phrase lies the secret of the closeness of Mr. Lincoln's words to his theme and to his listeners,—one of the qualities of genuine, original expression. He fed himself

with thought, and he trained himself in expression; but his supreme interest was in the men and women about him, and later, in the great questions which agitated them. He was in his early manhood when society was profoundly moved by searching questions which could neither be silenced nor evaded; and his lot was cast in a section where, as a rule, people read little and talked much. Public speech was the chief instrumentality of political education and the most potent means of persuasion; but behind the platform, upon which Mr. Lincoln was to become a commanding figure, were countless private debates carried on at street corners, in hotel rooms, by the country road, in every place where men met even in the most casual way. In these wayside schools Mr. Lincoln practiced the art of putting things until he became a past-master in debate, both formal and informal.

If all these circumstances, habits and conditions are studied in their entirety, it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln's style, so far as its formal qualities are concerned, is in no sense accidental or even surprising. He was all his early life in the way of doing precisely what he did in his later life with a skill which had become instinct. He was educated, in a very unusual way, to speak for his time and to his time with perfect sincerity and simplicity; to feel the moral bearing of the questions which were before the country; to discern the principles involved; and to so apply the principles to the questions as to clarify and illuminate them. There is little difficulty in accounting for the lucidity, simplicity, flexibility, and compass of Mr. Lincoln's style; it is not until we turn to its tempermental and spiritual qualities, to the soul of it, that we find ourselves perplexed and baffled.

But Mr. Lincoln's possession of certain rare qualities is in no way more surprising than their possession by Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman. We are constantly tempted to look for the sources of a man's power in his educational opportunities instead of in his temperament and inheritance. The springs of genius are purified and directed in their flow by the processes of training, but they are fed from deeper sources. The man of obscure ancestry and rude surroundings is often in closer touch with nature, and with those universal experiences which are the very stuff of literature, than the man who is born on the upper reaches of social position and opportunity. Mr. Lincoln's ancestry for at least two generations were pioneers and frontiersmen, who knew hardship and privation, and were immersed in that great wave of energy and life which fertilized and humanized the central West. They were in touch with those original experiences out of which the higher evolution of civilization slowly rises; they knew the soil and the sky at first hand; they wrested a meagre subsistence out of the stubborn earth by constant toil; they shared to the full the vicissitudes and weariness of humanity at its elemental tasks.

It was to this nearness to the heart of a new country, perhaps, that Mr. Lincoln owed his intimate knowledge of his people and his deep and beautiful sympathy with them. There was nothing sinuous or secondary in his processes of thought: they were broad, simple, and homely in the old sense of the word. He had rare gifts, but he was rooted deep in the soil of the life about him, and so completely in touch with it that he divined its secrets and used its speech. This vital sympathy gave his nature a beautiful gentleness, and suffused his thought with a tenderness born of deep compassion and love. He carried the sorrows of his country as

truly as he bore its burdens; and when he came to speak on the second immortal day at Gettysburg, he condensed into a few sentences the innermost meaning of the struggle and the victory in the life of the nation. It was this deep heart of pity and love in him which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.

That there was a deep vein of poetry in Mr. Lincoln's nature is clear to one who reads the story of his early life; and this innate idealism, set in surroundings so harsh and rude, had something to do with his melancholy. The sadness which was mixed with his whole life was, however, largely due to his temperament; in which the final tragedy seemed always to be predicted. In that temperament too is hidden the secret of the rare quality of nature and mind which suffused his public speech and turned so much of it into literature. There was humor in it, there was deep human sympathy, there was clear mastery of words for the use to which he put them; but there was something deeper and more pervasive,—there was the quality of his temperament; and temperament is a large part of genius The inner forces of his nature played through his thought; and when great occasions touched him to the quick, his whole nature shaped his speech and gave it clear intelligence, deep feeling, and that beauty which is distilled out of the depths of the sorrows and hopes of the world. He was as unlike Burke and Webster, those masters of the eloquence of statesmanship, as Burns was unlike Milton and Tennyson. Like Burns, he held the key of the life of his people; and through him, as through Burns, that life found a voice, vibrating, pathetic, and persuasive.

GLADSTONE

(1809–1898)

BY LORD STANMORE

FROM time to time in the course of every century the death of some well-known man or woman provokes an outburst of national sorrow as genuine as it is spontaneous, and altogether different from the conventional demonstrations of regret which habitually accompany the disappearance from the world's stage of those who have played an important part upon it.

The pathetic circumstances attending the death of Princess Charlotte, and the universal sympathy felt for the queen in her widowhood, excited feelings throughout the country akin to those experienced by a family at the loss of one of its members. When Lord Nelson perished at Trafalgar a sense of the services which he might still have rendered to the country, combined with a recognition of those already performed by him, made grief for his loss both general and sincere. When the Duke of Wellington was borne in stately pomp to St. Paul's Cathedral, it is in no way wonderful that the recollection of the great deeds he had done, and of his devotion through the whole of his long life to the call of duty, should have moved in so marked a manner as they did the heart of the nation. And within the last few years we have seen the death of Tennyson mourned wherever the language which he has adorned is spoken.

From the nature of the case, a statesman occupies a very different position in the public eye from that filled by a victorious hero, a royal personage or a great poet. He may be viewed with enthusiastic admiration by one party in the State, but that very fact insures his being regarded at somewhat less than his proper value by another. It hence arises that it will be but seldom that anything which can be called a national recognition will be given to the services of a man who has followed a political career. That which has gained him the applause of one portion of the people will have alienated from him the sympathies of the remainder.

Nevertheless, it may be safely said that three times during the present century—once at its commencement, once in the very middle of its course, and once at its close—the death of an English statesman has elicited a manifestation of truly national sorrow and respect.

The moment has not yet arrived for a cool and impartial analysis of Mr. Gladstone's political career. It is only after the lapse of time, and that not an inconsiderable period of time, that it will be possible to assign to him his true place as a statesman and a ruler. It may be that all the anticipations now expressed will be realized, and his claim to the foremost rank in each capacity may be admitted by acclamation, or it may be that, as in the cases of Pitt and Peel, some deduction will be made from an estimate the acceptance of which has been confidently predicted under the influence of enthusiasm aroused by the feelings of the moment.

But whatever may be the ultimate judgment passed upon his public career, I venture to believe that the verdict which has been instinctively pronounced by the whole country as to the reverence due to his personal character will never

be changed or modified. As more and more is known of the details of his life, and as the thoughts of his heart are more or less revealed to us, the magnanimity and true greatness of the man cannot but become more and more apparent; and, while abstaining from the discussion of his political action, it is worth while to inquire how it came about that a man who, till he was well over fifty, was among the least understood and least trusted of English statesmen, should have died a popular idol.

We have for so long a time been accustomed to regard his enormous popularity as a matter of course, that the present generation hears with wonder, strongly tinged with incredulity, that there was ever a time when that popularity was not enjoyed by him. And yet those whose memories go back so far well know that between 1850 and 1865 he had hardly any personal following in Parliament, and that while his abilities and eloquence were recognized and admired, it would be hard to say on which side of the House of Commons, or by which political party in the country, he was least cordially regarded. Some of this unpopularity he shared with those with whom he generally acted; that is to say, the other members of the Peelite party. By the old Conservative party they were regarded as deserters, and viewed with much of the rancor which had pursued Sir Robert Peel. Their courageous though hopeless opposition in 1851 to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had exasperated the bigotry which still pervaded the nation. Their steady advocacy of the cause of peace was equally distasteful to the public at large. And in both these cases the largest share of unpopularity fell to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Aberdeen and Sir James Graham had, like Mr. Gladstone, opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and had incurred odium accord-

ingly; but no one suspected, or could suspect, them of any leaning towards the tenets of the Church of Rome. It was otherwise with Mr. Gladstone. He was known to entertain views on church questions then regarded with a suspicion and intolerance which we have happily now to a great degree outlived. He was considered to be, however unconsciously, a practical ally—and a valuable ally—of the Church of Rome: some were even foolish enough to believe, or to effect to believe, that he was already a concealed Roman Catholic.

The last forty years have seen a remarkable advance of toleration in public opinion, but, at the time of which I speak, the taint of "Puseyism" was believed, not only by the opposite party in the Church (then numerically very far the strongest), but also by those who had no prejudice against High Church doctrines, and even by those who held them to be an insuperable bar to the attainment of a position which places at the disposal of its holder the highest preferments of the Church of England.

Again, though all members of what was styled the Peace Party were regarded with suspicion and dislike, it was upon Mr. Gladstone that the chief weight of public displeasure full, as being, with the possible exception of Mr. Bright, the most eloquent, the most active, and the most vehement of those who denounced the policy of Lord Palmerston and deprecated the prolongation of the war with Russia and the initiation of other quarrels. Even after Mr. Gladstone had become Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Palmerston, his known opposition to any increase in the Naval and Military Estimates and to the schemes of fortification pressed forward by the Prince Consort, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, told strongly against him with the

public. The references to "Mr. Finespun" in Anthony Trollope's popular novels of that day, reflect accurately the view taken of him by middle-class opinion, then certainly, and perhaps now also, the most important factor in determining the general popularity or unpopularity of a man in public life.

But besides those grounds of unpopularity which he shared to a greater or less degree with others, there were some peculiar to himself which caused him to be coldly regarded by the public. Average stupidity always resents and distrusts a superiority which it does not understand. And Mr. Gladstone in those days was not always easy to be understood. Clear and forcible as his eloquence often was, he loved subtle distinctions and complicated reasonings, which sometimes bewildered rather than convinced his hearers. His written style was then more involved and obscure than it subsequently became. He was not understood, and men resented their own ability to understand him. His very virtues told against him. In some quarters, not excluding some of great importance, there were those who doubted, or seemed to doubt, whether the purity and simplicity of his character were genuine or but the mask of hypocrisy. No such doubt ever crossed the mind of any who had the privilege of familiar intercourse with him, and knew, as they did, the intensely earnest reality of the man's nature. But that such suspicions existed, and had some effect, cannot be doubted.

There was, moreover, about him, at that time, a certain ignorance of men and of the world and its ways, never wholly shaken off, but, of course, far more marked in the earlier years of his career, than when he had long dealt with great affairs. This want of practical knowledge of men, and

of their management, led even his closest friends—such men as Sidney Herbert, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir James Graham, and others—to conclude, as their correspondence shows, that however distinguished in other respects he might be, his gifts were not those of a practical politician, and that he was disqualified for the lead of men or for the highest post in political life.

"I look on Gladstone as lost—as a splendid example of what might have been," wrote one. "Something he clearly lacks, which must, I fear, prevent him from ever taking that place to which his abilities might otherwise entitle him," sighed another. A third laments that "He has no personal following, and with all his eloquence I do not suppose that a dozen men in the House are really influenced by him"; whilst, in yet another quarter, judgment is pronounced that "No man can make head against such general aversion." These are the utterances in 1856 and 1857, not of his enemies, but of friends who knew and loved him.

How is it, then, that a man so estimated by highly competent judges at a time when he was already nearly fifty years of age, yet lived to be four times Prime Minister, and died the object of popular idolatry?

I believe the truth to be that the nation—with that curious instinct which, though liable from time to time to temporary aberrations of the strangest character, is in the long run rarely at fault—gradually learned to recognize the essential greatness and nobleness of his character. The homage paid to him has been to no small extent a tribute of admiration of the rare personality of the man rather than a mark of approval of his public acts, or of the measures with which his name has been connected, and which are heartily detested by thousands of those who have taken part in doing homage to his memory

I am especially desirous to give prominence to the fact that whilst his opinions on many public questions underwent a process of continual change, the features of his moral and personal character, thus justly honored, never varied, but were essentially the same at the end of his public life as in its earlier years.

I cannot remember the time when I did not know Mr. Gladstone, but I well remember how, as I grew from boy to man, our former relations passed into those of close friendship, marked by something like passionate devotion on my part, and by uninterrupted kindness and confidence upon his. For the six years between 1853–59 we were in almost daily intercourse by speech or letter. Of the political views he then held he abandoned many before his death, but those features of his character which exercised, and rightly exercised, so strong a fascination over those who then knew him and called forth their respect and admiration, remained all but unaltered to the end. I did not at that time attempt critically to analyze the qualities by which I was so powerfully attracted, but I experienced no difficulty in subsequently recalling them.

The perfect simplicity and transparent openness of his moral character were such as to rouse the enthusiastic admiration of those younger than himself, and possessed all the greater charm from the strong contrast they afforded to the singularly complex and subtle working of his intellect, and they were combined with a certain unworldliness and ignorance of life (which time and experience did not very materially alter), to me singularly attractive, but by which not a few were irritated and repelled.

His undaunted courage, which never failed him, made on those brought into touch with him an early and a strong im-

pression. His deliberate preference to be misjudged rather than lose an opportunity of doing good to others, and his utter indifference to odium and abuse when incurred in any cause which he thought just, carried with them lessons of the utmost value.

Without any consciousness of so doing, he impressed on all those about him a sense of his absolute unselfishness and disinterestedness, which placed him as high above the level of ordinary politicians as the flawless purity and sincerity of life, thought and intention, manifest in all intercourse with him, raised him above the ordinary mass of men. His devotion to duty was as keen as that of the Great Duke himself. During the whole of the long period for which I knew him I have never known him to neglect anything he thought a duty, no matter how apparently trivial, or how great the inducement to disregard it.

Another characteristic, known only to comparatively few, was his magnificent generosity, a generosity so unostentatious as to be generally unsuspected. I do not think there can now be any objection to saying that, even at a time when he was a comparatively poor man, he belonged (as did some other persons of distinction) to a private association, the bond of which was the pledge of each member to devote a considerable part of his annual income to works of public charity and personal benevolence. The names of the members of this association were never published, or even made known to the association generally, while the amounts they gave were, I believe, known to the treasurer only.

Above all, dominating every thought and action, was the intense earnestness of his Christian faith, which admitted no doubt, and with a constant reference to which every detail of life was regulated.

The possession of great qualities is compatible with a preoccupied mind, and an unprepossessing exterior, but they were, in his case, rendered all the more attractive by great personal advantages; by the charm of a most musical and winning voice, and by the mobility of features never at rest, and over the expression of which every emotion felt by him might be seen to play and *speak*. I have never seen a man in public life (and but very rarely any one outside its circle) whose face so plainly expressed the thoughts within.

There was great charm, too, in his gracious and unfailing courtesy, natural and spontaneous, but cast into a special mold by the Eton and Oxford stamp. Nor were the passion and vehemence with which he advocated any cause, small or great, which interested him, otherwise than attractive to his younger friends, though they were distasteful to elder men, and to those who saw, in such eagerness, some lack of good taste, and of the restraints imposed by the unwritten canons of social life.

Some forty years later it occurred to me carefully to compare Mr. Gladstone as he then was with the man as I had first known him. As a politician he had greatly changed; in all that concerned the character and personality of the man there was scarcely any change whatsoever.

In three things only did I perceive any appreciable alteration affecting character:—

First. A long career of official life had made him a better judge of men and of their comparative capacity. But, to the last, Lord Houghton's witty remark that he knew man, but not men, remained essentially true of him.

Second. His Christian influence was as firm and its influence on him as strong as ever, but he took a more tolerant view of what he was wont to call the " potential Christian-

ity" of those beyond its pale, and while steadfast in his adherence and attachment to the Church of England, it was plain that his sympathy with other Christian bodies and churches had largely increased.

Third. The incense of continual adulation had probably less effect upon him than it would have had upon most other men; but it was not habitually inhaled with entire impunity. In writing in May, 1877, to a friend absent from England, and to whom he was describing the agitation roused with regard to the "Bulgarian Atrocities," he remarked that: "... No small portion of the excitement finds its way to me personally in the shape of a kind of idolising sentiment among the people such as I have never before experienced." He seemed to be startled, and to a certain degree shocked, by this novel development.

A few years later he had become well accustomed to it, and was, I think, led by it to miscalculate his power and influence and to anticipate from those who acted with him an acceptance of his word as law, which they were not always prepared to give, and which at an earlier period he would not have sought to exact. He had become less patient than before of any difference of opinion, nor did it always seem easy for him to recognize that respectful silence did not necessarily mean unhesitating agreement.

But with these exceptions, his character at eighty presented no difference, as regards those points which I have noted, from what it was at forty.

There was the same lofty disinterestedness, the same righteous indignation at, and the same vehement denunciation of, whatever was mean, impure or cruel: the same eager impetuousness as to whatever at the time interested him: the same love of all things good and beautiful: the same

reference of all things to a religious test: the same faith in divine help and guidance: the same ever present consciousness of the presence of God and of working in His sight. The sense of duty was as keen, indeed keener, than ever, and showed itself in ways sometimes almost fantastic. And, in spite of all the friction of a long life, much remained of the old simplicity and openness of expression. His conversational powers, always great, were more remarkable than ever.

I have called attention to the contrast between the fixity of his moral and personal character, and the great change in his attitude towards many questions and principles of public policy, but great though the changes of opinion he passed through unquestionably were, I think their extent has, in some degree, been exaggerated.

Of course, it is not attempted to deny that these changes were grave and numerous. When, in 1856, a friend with whom he was intimate spoke and voted for the Ballot, Mr. Gladstone expressed grave annoyance at his having given his adhesion to so "pernicious" a measure. And when in the following year the same friend lost his seat in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone expressed a strong hope that during a period of exclusion from Parliament he would reconsider, and on further enquiry abandon, the opinions he had formed in favor of an extension of the suffrage and the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The measures thus condemned all subsequently became law on motion of the man who then condemned them.

Though, no doubt, there were many subjects with regard to which his opinions were, in 1894, entirely opposite to those held in 1854, it should not be forgotten that these instances of real change have a strong tendency to make

people overlook the fact that in many other important points his views were at the time of his death much what they had been fifty years earlier.

Men have been so struck by obvious changes and inconsistencies that they have failed to note how in many ways he was the same, or how tendencies only partially disclosed, and of which he was himself to a great degree unaware, were operating in silence. The underlying principles of action remained much the same, though the direction of the action taken may have been altogether different.

His advocacy of a thorough free trade policy never varied. His detestation of war, and his dislike to large military and naval establishments, were pronounced at a very early period. The principles of finance as enunciated in his first budget were never abandoned. His inclination to espouse the cause of the weak against the strong, and his desire, without regard to consequences, to aid those whom he thought oppressed, were as clearly displayed in the Neapolitan letters of 1851 as in his denunciation at Liverpool of Armenian misgovernment, in the last public speech ever delivered by him—nearly half a century later. The principles which dictated many of his later utterances may, in their germ, be detected in the speeches of an earlier period, as, for instance, in those on the New Zealand Constitution in 1852. He was always impatient of exceptional privileges, and his trust in the capacity of the people for self-government was always strong.

Probably the explanation of the reluctance to admit his true value is to be found in the fact that the superiority of the man, and his unlikeness to those round him, jarred upon the conventionalities and unrealities of the environment in which both they and he lived. A man who was always

desperately in earnest wearied and irritated those who were seldom really in earnest about anything at all. And some minor causes were not inoperative in a similar direction. Oxford had given him a certain semi-ecclesiastical tone which was not generally relished. The courtesy which was naturally his, had also something of the clerical type. The repose of manner and of mind, and calm evenness of speech, exacted by the conventions of society, were impossible to one whose restless vehemence in regard to any matter, small or great, which interested him, was irrepressible. But, above all, society was impatient of a man better, nobler, simpler, and more earnest than itself, and found satisfaction accordingly in the expression of dislike and the practice of detraction.

I have pointed out that there was a strong Tory prejudice against him in Parliament, and that up to 1864 no sufficiently strong Liberal feeling existed in his favor to counteract it.

The popularity of a public man outside the House of Commons must be either the reflection and extension of popularity within it, or the result of direct addresses to the people and free communication with them. The first, Mr. Gladstone did not possess between 1850 and 1865; on the latter course he had not embarked till about the middle of the sixties.

When he had thoroughly identified himself with Liberalism of a progressive type, and had turned his great oratorical powers to direct communication with the masses, not only was his political power assured, but those whom he addressed began to conceive dimly what manner of man he really was.

Of the great career which followed it is not my purpose here to speak. Suffice to say that had his fame rested on it alone, and the honors accorded to his memory been measured

strictly by his action as a statesman, even then the enthusiastic reverence of half the people, and the respectful homage of the remainder, would have followed him to the grave.

I have said that he became a popular idol. It is the fate of all idols to have attributes assigned to them which they do not possess, and to be regarded by their worshipers as the special patrons of their own views and wishes. I have no doubt that in some quarters Mr. Gladstone is honored as the apostle of doctrines he did not hold and of causes with which he had no sympathy.

But neither irrational idolatry, nor the loyalty of a party, nor the sober respect of political foes, nor any combination of them, would have been sufficient to stir the nation as it was stirred by the news of Mr. Gladstone's death. The accidents of his life had been great, but it was felt that the man himself was greater.

Other men have done great things before him, others have deserved national gratitude and honor, others have displayed in public life most of the virtues which he possessed, but of no other who has filled so large a space in the public eye can it be said that through all the toils and temptations of a long life he has been swayed throughout by none but the loftiest and the purest motives, and has escaped all taint of selfishness, insincerity or cowardice.

Of course the brightest picture has its shadows. I have not indicated and I shall not indicate them. To say that Mr. Gladstone had some weaknesses and even some faults of character is only to say that he was human. But it is not when the echoes of the funeral service are barely hushed within the Abbey walls that they should be recalled to mind, nor in any case is mine the pen by which they should be recorded.

I have referred to the popular feeling on the death of

Mr. Pitt. It is curious to speculate what, other things being the same, would have been the comparative estimate of the two men had Mr. Gladstone died at the age of Mr. Pitt, or Mr. Pitt lived to the age of Mr. Gladstone. In each case it would have been a very different place from that now assigned them. In the latter case, judging from the inferiority of the men who filled his place for twenty years after his death, Pitt, whether in office or opposition, must have been the foremost man in Parliament, and would have guided its deliberations, certainly till the accession of William IV., and possibly till the beginning of the present reign. A Roman Catholic Relief Bill and a Parliamentary Reform Act would probably have been passed soon after the close of the great war; the Irish Viceroyalty would have been abolished; the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland would have received State aid, and it is possible Ireland itself might have become a contended portion of the British Empire. Mr. Pitt would then have been remembered not as a reactionary Tory, but as the great Liberal minister of the century. On the other hand, it may be doubted whether under Mr. Pitt's auspices England would have taken that conspicuous and successful part in the contest with Napoleon, which gained for her so commanding an influence in Europe up to the time of the Crimean War.

Had Mr. Gladstone died at the age of forty-six, his name would probably have been handed down to posterity as that of a man of great oratorical power, of much ingenuity and subtlety of thought, of cultivated intellect and irreproachable character, but an impracticable politician, a theorist and a dreamer wholly unfit to deal with the business of real life.

The estimate would have been strangely false, but perhaps many of our accepted characters of those who have died in middle life are not much more just.

PARKER

(1810–1860)

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

THEODORE PARKER was born in Lexington, Massachusetts, August 24, 1810; the eleventh and youngest child of John and Hannah (Stearns) Parker. His grandfather, John Parker, commanded the company of militia on Lexington Green, April 19, 1775; and said to his men as the British soldiers were approaching, "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here." A certain fighting temper in Parker rooted back into this family tradition, and was nourished by the circumstance that his father's carpenter-shop was the belfry from which the summons to the farmer folk rang out on that eventful day. From his father, who was both carpenter and farmer, he inherited a strong and active mind, and a disposition "not to take things for granted"; from his mother his finer and more sympathetic qualities. Speaking of Daniel Webster's mother, and thinking of his own, he wrote: "When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter and condensed the summer's sun into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets."

He was still a mere boy when he resolved upon a life of study and the work of a minister. His first book—ultimately one of some twenty thousand volumes and pamphlets

—was a Latin dictionary, which he earned by picking berries in the Lexington pastures. One of his rarest books had long eluded him, when he finally got upon its scent in a Southern paper sent to him that he might have the benefit of some abusive article upon his anti-slavery course. In 1830 he entered Harvard College, and for four years kept pace with the studies there, while still working on the farm or engaged in teaching school. Harvard might well give him the degree A. M. in 1840; for by that time he was master of a dozen languages, with a good smattering of half a dozen more. He entered the Divinity School in 1834, midway of the course, and was graduated in 1836. His first settlement was in West Roxbury, Massachusetts; which, though a suburb of Boston, was then so much of a farming village that the young preacher, always soundly practical, found in "The Temptations of Milkmen" an appropriate subject for a sermon. During his Roxbury ministry he was translating De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament"; but his great acquisitions in the way of learning never burdened him in his pulpit work. Even when he waxed philosophical, he translated his philosophy into the vernacular speech.

Whatever the natural tendencies of Parker's mind, it is unquestionable that they were much affected by the Transcendental movement of which Emerson was the New England coryphæus, and which found its inspirations from abroad in Coleridge and Carlyle rather than in the great German idealists. So far as Parker's Transcendentalism had any German stamp on it, it was that of Jacobi. It was certainly not that of Kant, whose God and immortality were not even inferences of the moral law, but good working hypotheses. Parker proclaimed the soul's direct consciousness of all three of these great objects of belief. But it

may well be questioned whether he was not a philosopher more by accident than by any natural bent, and whether his Transcendentalism was not rather a crude expression of the robust and joyous faith of his own believing soul than any doctrine of universals, carefully thought out. It is impossible to read him widely and not feel that in what is inductive and scientific in his thinking, much more than in what is deductive and metaphysical, we have the natural gesture of his mind. No one ever reveled in facts more joyously than he, or had more of a stomach for statistics which his digestion of them could not match.

When Emerson gave his famous Divinity School address in July, 1838, Parker was there to hear it with a quick-beating heart; and walking home that night, he resolved to keep silence no longer on the matters which that address made a subject of general discussion in the Unitarian churches. When, in 1839, Professor Andrews Norton animadverted on Emerson's address as "The Latest Form of Infidelity," and George Ripley, of Brook Farm distinction, took Norton in hand, Parker also took part in the controversy, but, with becoming modesty, in an anonymous pamphlet. Anonymity was not, however, the habit of his life; though frequently resorted to when, as a notorious heretic, he feared to injure some good cause by having his connection with it known. On May 19, 1841, he was engaged to preach the ordination sermon of Mr. Charles Shackford, in South Boston. He took for his subject "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," and the sermon proved to be one of three of the most epoch-making in the history of American Unitarianism; Emerson's address a second, Channing's "Baltimore sermon" of 1819 the third. The doctrine preached was, that the moral and religious teachings of Jesus were

permanent elements in Christianity, and that the miraculous element was transient. There was no denial that miracles had been associated with the origin of Christianity; only that they are necessary to its modern acceptance and support. But the conservative Unitarians contended that Christianity must be accepted because of the New Testament miracles, or it was no Christianity at all. Whereupon a controversy arose of great violence and bitterness. Without being formally excluded from the Unitarian body, Parker was shut out from all the prominent Unitarian pulpits; the ministers venturing to exchange with him being punished for their temerity by the secession from their societies of many "gentlemen of property and standing," or by the entire loss of their positions. Thereupon certain persons came together, and voted "that Theodore Parker have a chance to be heard in Boston"; and he had it, giving in the form of lectures his "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion,"—the book which is at once the best expression of his theological mind and of his literary methods. In 1845 he began preaching every Sunday in Boston, without surrendering his Roxbury parish; but in 1846, finding this double work too arduous, he concentrated his energies on his Boston pulpit; first at the Melodeon and afterward at the Music Hall, preaching to a congregation much larger than any other in the city. This continued until 1859, when his health broke down. He went to the West Indies, and there wrote an elaborate account of his ministry, which is one of the most impressive and affecting of his many publications. From the West Indies he went to Europe, and died in Florence, May 10, 1860. His body is buried there in the English cemetery.

It was much easier for Parker to give up the traditional supports of religion, because he was naturally a believer of uncommon spontaneity. For all his denials, his piety was so warm and glad that it put to shame the colder temper of the Unitarians who could not endure his heresies. These were more pronounced as he went on. From denying the permanent necessity for the miraculous, he passed to a denial of its historical evidence, anticipating the position of Huxley and Matthew Arnold: in proportion to the divergence from our habitual experience, alleged facts must have more evidence to establish them, and the New Testament miracles do not meet this requisition. His published sermons do not in their aggregation give a just impression of his preaching in its proportionate character. They represent it as more controversial and occasional than it was. His "Ten Sermons on Religion" is the volume most representative of his average strain; while for the tenderness of his piety one must see his "Prayers," caught as they sped to heaven by some loving friend, and the meditations of his "Journal" as they appear in the ill-made but invaluable "Life and Correspondence," written and edited by John Weiss. The "Life" by Frothingham is much better written, but far less rich as an expression of Parker's wonderful range of knowledge, thought, religious sentiment, and passionate engrossment in political affairs.

It is in the last of these particulars that a great many persons who conceive of Parker as believing quite too little or too much, find ample justification for the warmest eulogy. Think as they may of his theological opinions, or of the invectives which he launched at those of the traditional stripe, they cannot but perceive that he was one of the greatest leaders in the anti-slavery conflict, intimately associated with

Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Chase, John Brown, and others who were profoundly engaged in that conflict. On the best of terms with the abolitionists, and always welcome and willing to speak on their platform, he could not withhold himself from the political organization which, avowedly powerless for the destruction of slavery, sternly resolved upon its territorial limitation. This anti-slavery work was of itself sufficient to exhaust the energy of a much stronger man than Parker ever was. He was in constant correspondence with the great party leaders, advising them with an authority which they could not resent, such were its mass and weight. His lyceum lectures tended to the slavery question with an irresistible gravitation. He was moreover one of the principal managers of the "underground railroad," among the first to know of any fugitive slave newly arrived in Boston, and one of the most active in such measures as were necessary to put him out of reach of harm. In Faneuil Hall he openly demanded armed resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law in behalf of Anthony Burns, and put to vote the question when it should begin. For this offense he was indicted; but greatly to his disappointment, was not brought to trial. He had, however, the satisfaction of publishing the "Defense" he had prepared. He did not wait till great men died to prepare his sermon on their characters. His sermon on Daniel Webster was from three to four hours long, and it drew its waters from the whole area of our political history. He promised his hearers that they should not sit uneasily in their chairs; and except for the unqualified admirers of Webster, his promise was made good.

Parker was much more an orator than a writer; and his published writings, with few exceptions, reflect two lights that flare upon the public stage. They are diffuse in matter,

and loosely articulated in their form, in spite of the mechanical arrangement of their parts. What gives to them their greatest charm is a certain vivid homeliness of phrase, shaping itself upon the facts of nature and of our human life. Luther nor Latimer excelled him here. He wrote some beautiful hymns and other poems; but the best of his poetry will not be found in these, but in passages of his sermons, that go very near the tenderest joys and simplest tragedies of our experience. Not only was he so human that nothing human was foreign to him, but his sympathy was as keen as Wordsworth's with all natural things, and something of nature's wide inclusiveness and generous toleration was characteristic of his sympathy with universal life. It is suggestive of the homeliness of his affections that ninety-one of his words out of every hundred were Saxon, to eighty-five of Webster's, and seventy-four of Sumner's; though in the range of his reading and scholarship he was incomparably inferior to either of these men. In praising another for "words so deep that a child could understand them," he was unconsciously giving a most apt description of his own.

THACKERAY

(1811–1863)

BY W. C. BROWNELL

THACKERAY shares the reader's interest with his works in a degree quite unexampled in literature. His works are, in a more obvious and special sense than is true of those of most authors, the direct expression of his personality; and this personality in turn is one of unusually special and conspicuous interest. He was a man of immense idiosyncratic attractiveness aside from his literary faculties and equipment, and he endued his writings with this personal interest to an extent not to be met with elsewhere. No books are so personal as his. They are full of his ideas, his notions, his feelings; and they owe to these not only their color and atmosphere, but a considerable portion of their substance. They not only tell the story, but draw the moral; and in a large way justify the title of "week-day preacher," which he gave himself, and of which he was both fond and proud.

This circumstance has been variously viewed by his readers and critics, according to their own inclinations towards art or towards morals,—their preferences for "objectivity" in the novelist's attitude to, and treatment of, his theme — for the cogent and illuminating commentary which draws out and sets forth in the telling the typical and universal interest and value of the story. Taine laments the consecration of such splendid artistic gifts as are witnessed by the exceptional "Henry Esmond" to the service of morals. And on the other hand, Dr. John Brown both underestimates and

undervalues the artistic element in Thackeray, and deems his "moralizing" his great and real distinction. The inference is, naturally, that Thackeray has a side which each of these temperaments may admire at its ease. But it is to be pointed out in addition that he has so fused the two—which ordinarily exist separately when they exist in any such distinction as they do in Thackeray—that each enhances and neither disparages the other. The characters of "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," or "The Newcomes," and the story that is evolved out of their study rather than constructed for their framework, gain greatly in realization as well as in significance from the personal commentary by which they are expressed as well as attended. And the social and personal philosophy which springs from their consideration, and to which they give point, is powerfully enforced by the illustrative, exemplary, and suggestive service they perform. Both proceed from the instinctive exercise of Thackeray's mind and temperament, and therefore coexist harmoniously in his works. Letters has never known such a combination in one personality of the artist and moralist, the satirist and poet; and the literature that is the expression of this unique personality is, therefore, not to be classed in the customary category of art or in that of morals, with its complementary qualities considered correspondingly as defects according to the category to which the work is ascribed. Hence, moreover, the unusual, the unique importance and convenience in any critical consideration of Thackeray's works, of considering also the personality which not only penetrates but characterizes them.

It has become quite superfluous at the present day to point out that he was very far from being the cynic he passed for with many readers during his lifetime. He is rather to be

defended from the reproach of sentimentality. But excess in the matter of sentiment is something that different people will determine differently. Intellectual rectitude distinguished him conspicuously; but he was notably a man of heart, and exercised his great powers in the service of the affections. He may be said to have taken the sentimental view of things, if not to do so implies the dispassionate and detached attitude towards them. He was extremely sensitive, and chafed greatly under the frequent ascription of cynicism that he had to endure. He found the problem of reconciling a stoic philosophy and an epicurean temperament no easier and no harder, probably, than many others to whom it has been assigned; and his practice was, as usual, a succession of alternations of indulgence and restraint. But he hoodwinked himself no more than he was deceived by others; and if few men of his intellectual eminence—which is the one thing about him we can now perceive as he could hardly do himself—have been so open to his particular temptations, few men of his temperament, on the other hand, have steadfastly and industriously carved for themselves so splendid a career. He was at the same time the acutest of observers and eminently a man of the world. He was even in some sense a man about town. The society he depicted so vividly had marked attractions for him. He was equally at home in Bohemia and in Belgravia,—enough so in the latter to lead the literal to ascribe to him the snobbishness he made so large a portion of his subject. As he pointed out, however, no one is free from some touch of this, and denunciation of it is in peculiar peril from its contagion; and Thackeray had the courage of his tastes in valuing what is really valuable in the consideration which society bestows. On its good side this consideration is certainly to be prized by any

one not a snob; for it means a verdict often more impartial and independent than that of any other tribunal. Society is a close corporation; and petty as are many of its standards, and vulgar as is much of its application of them, it has its ideal of the art of life: and what it really worships is real power,—power that is independent of talent, accomplishment, or worth, often, very likely; but power that, adventitious or other, is almost an automatic measure of an individual's claims upon it. Really to contribute to the life of society implies a special, disinterested, and æsthetic talent like another; and Thackeray's gift in this respect is properly to be associated with his literary and more largely human ones. At all events it aided him to handle his theme of "manners" with a competence denied to most writers, and helped to fuse in him the dual temperament of the artist and satirist with distinguished results.

This combination of the artist and the satirist is the ideal one for the novelist; and Thackeray's genius, varied as it is, is pre-eminently the genius of the born novelist. It is singular, but it is doubtless characteristic of a temperament destined to such complete maturity, that he should have waited so long before finding his true field of effort, and that he should not have begun the work upon which his fame rests until he had reached an age at which that of not a few men of genius has ended: he was thirty-six before his first great work was published. He was born July 18, 1811, in Calcutta; and was sent home to England to school, upon his father's death when he was five years old. From 1822 to 1828 he was at Charterhouse School,—the famous "Grey Friars" of "The Newcomes." He spent two years at Cambridge, leaving without a degree to travel abroad, where he visited the great European capitals, and saw Goethe at

Weimar. He traveled in the real sense, and used perceptive faculties such as are given to few observers, to the notable ends subsequently witnessed in his books. He was from the first always of the world as well as in it, and understood it with as quick sympathy in one place as in another. At Weimar he meditated translating Schiller; but—no doubt happily—nothing came of the rather desultory design. In 1831 he went into chambers in the Temple; but not taking kindly to law, and losing a small inherited fortune, he followed his native bent, which led him into journalism, literature, and incidentally into art. He began his serious literary work as a contributor to Fraser's Magazine in 1835, after some slight preliminary experience; and thenceforth wrote literary miscellany of extraordinary variety—stories, reviews, art criticisms, foreign correspondence, burlesques, ballads—for all sorts of periodicals.

In 1836 he made an effort to obtain work as an illustrator, but without success,—one of his failures being with Dickens, whose refusal was certainly justified. In 1838 he illustrated Jerrold's "Men of Character"; but in the main he was forced to content himself with his own works in this respect, and most of these he did illustrate. Pictorial art was clearly not his vocation. His drawings have plenty of character; and it is not unfortunate, perhaps, that we have his pictorial presentment rather than another's, of so many of his personages. But he not only lacked the skill that comes of training,—he had no real gift for representation, and for the plastic expression of beauty he had no faculty; the element of caricature is prominent in all his designs. He did them with great delight and ease, whereas literary work was always drudgery to him; but of course this is the converse of witness to their merit.

His poetry, which he wrote at intervals, and desultorily throughout his career, is on a decidedly higher plane. It is of the kind that is accurately called "verses," but it is as plainly his own as his prose; and some of it will always be read, probably, for its feeling and its felicity. It is the verse mainly but not merely of the improvisatore. It never oversteps the modesty becoming the native gift that expresses itself in it. Most of it could not have been as well said in prose; and its title is clear enough, however unpretentious. Metrically and in substance the "Ballads" are excellent balladry. They never rise to Scott's level of heroic *bravura,* and though the contemplative ones are deeper in feeling than any of Scott's, they are poetically more summary and have less sweep; one hardly thinks of the pinions of song at all in connection with them. Prose was distinctly Thackeray's medium more exclusively than it was Scott's. But compare the best of the "Ballads" with Macaulay's "Lays," to note the difference in both quality and execution between the verse of a writer with a clear poetic strain in his temperament, and that of a pure rhetorician whose numbers make one wince. "The White Squall" is a *tour de force* of rhyme and rhythm, the "Ballad of Bouillabaisse" has a place in every reader's affections, "Mr. Moloney's Account of the Ball" is a perpetual delight, even "The Crystal Palace" is not merely clever; and "The Pen and the Album" and notably the "Vanitas Vanitatum" verses have an elevation that is both solemn and moving,—a sustained note of genuine lyric inspiration chanting gravely the burden of all the poet's prose.

He joined the staff of Punch almost immediately upon its establishment, and was long one of its strongest con-

tributors. The following year, 1843, he went to Ireland, and published his "Irish Sketch-Book." In 1844 he made the Eastern journey chronicled in "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo," and published "Barry Lyndon" in Fraser. In 1846 "The Book of Snobs" appeared; and the next year "Vanity Fair," which made him famous and the fashion. "Pendennis" followed in 1848–49. Next came "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" (1851), delivered with great success to the exacting London world of society and letters; "Henry Esmond," and his first trip to America (1852), where he repeated the lectures, and where he was greeted universally with a friendliness he thoroughly returned; "The Newcomes" (1853–5); his second American trip (1855), when he first read his lectures on "The Four Georges"; "The Virginians" (1857–9); the establishment of the Cornhill Magazine with Thackeray as editor (1860), and the publication in its pages during his last three years of the "Roundabout Papers," "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the beginning of the unfinished "Denis Duval." In 1857 he had contested a seat in Parliament for Oxford in the Liberal interest, but had been defeated by a vote of 1018 to 1085 for his opponent. His health had been far from good for some years; and during the night of December 23, 1863, he died in his sleep.

Loosely speaking, his work may be said to be divided into two classes, miscellany and novels, by the climacteric date of his career—January 1847—when the first number of "Vanity Fair" appeared. No writer whose fame rests, as Thackeray's larger fame does, on notable works of fiction, has written miscellaneous literature of the quality of his. Taken in connection with the novels, it ranks him as the representative English man of letters of his time. There

is extraordinarily little "copy" in it. It is the lighter work of a man born for greater things, and having therefore in its quality something superior to its *genre*. In the first place, it has the style which in its maturity led Carlyle to say, "Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style;" and as Thackeray observes of Gibbon's praise of Fielding, "there can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge" in such a matter. It has too his qualities of substance, which were to reach their full development later. "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" is rather small-beer, but it communicates that sense of reality which is to be sought for in vain among its contemporaries: compare the consummate Brough in this respect with one of Dickens's ideal hypocrites. The "Sketch-Books" will always be good reading. "The Book of Snobs" enlarged the confines of literature by the discovery and exploration of a new domain. "Barry Lyndon" is a masterpiece of irony comparable with Swift and "Jonathan Wild" alone, and to be ranked rather among the novels. Such burlesques as "Rebecca and Rowena" and the "Novels by Eminent Hands" of Punch, the various essays in polite literature of Mr. Yellowplush, the delightful extravagance "The Rose and the Ring," the admirable account of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and many other trifles which it is needless even to catalogue here, illustrate in common a quality of wit, of unexpectedness, of charm, as conspicuous as their remarkable variety. And as to the later "Lectures" on the Queen Anne humorists and the Georges, and the inimitable "Roundabout Papers," nothing of the kind has ever been done on quite the same plane.

It is, however, to the elaborate and exquisitely commented picture of life which the novels present, that Thack-

eray owes his fellowship with the very greatest figures of literature outside the realm of poetry. The four most important,—"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes,"—especially, enable him to take his place among these with the ease of equality. "Vanity Fair" perhaps expresses his genius in its freest spontaneity. Thackeray himself spoke of it—to Dr. Merriman—as his greatest work. And though he declared "Henry Esmond" —which, as the dedicator states, "copies the manners and language of Queen Anne's time"—"the very best that I can do," the two remarks are not inconsistent: they aptly distinguish between his most original substance and his most perfect form. "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" are social pictures on a larger scale, of less dramatic and more epic interest. "The Virginians" is only less important; but it loses something of the relief which the remoteness of its epoch gives "Henry Esmond," and something of the actuality that its other predecessors owe to their modernness. "Lovel the Widower" is an admitted failure, largely though not splendidly redeemed by "Philip" which followed it. But the beginnings of "Denis Duval" are enough to show that the level of "The Virginians," at least, might have been reached again; and make the writer's death at fifty-two indisputably and grievously premature.

Charlotte Brontë, who dedicated the second edition of "Jane Eyre" to Thackeray, maintaining that "No commentator upon his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent," spoke of him as "the first social regenerator of the day." She had herself, however, correctly divined his talent: it was at once social and moral. She objected to his association with Fielding, whom she declared he re-

sembled " as an eagle does a vulture," and charged Fielding with having " stooped on carrion." Fielding was undoubtedly his model. He regretted that he had not read him more in early years. And Fielding is undoubtedly a writer of both social and moral quality. But his moral range is narrow, and there is a grave lack in his equipment considered as that of a great writer,—he lacks spirituality altogether. And spirituality is a quality that Thackeray possessed in a distinguished degree. It is his spirituality that Charlotte Brontë really had in mind in contrasting him in her trenchant, passionate way with his predecessor. The difference is fundamental. It is far deeper than mere choice of material. Thackeray himself says regretfully, in the preface to " Pendennis ": " Since the author of ' Tom Jones ' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man. We must drape him, and give him a certain conventional simper." He would have liked, clearly, a wider range and a freer hand; and Charlotte Brontë would have been less pleased with him had he enjoyed them. But he would never have " sunk with his subject," because his imagination had so strong a spiritual side.

On the other hand, what distinguishes him from such a novelist as George Eliot is the preoccupation of his imagination with the heart rather than the mind. Instinctively his critics agree in characterizing his dominant faculty as " insight into the human heart." There is no question anywhere as to the depth and keenness of this insight in him, at all events,—however one regards the frequent statement that it was deeper and keener than that of any other writer, " Shakespeare and Balzac perhaps excepted." The exception of Shakespeare is surely as sound as it is mechanical. That

of Balzac may be disputed. Balzac's insight proceeds from his curiosity, that of Thackeray from his sympathy. If always as keen, Balzac's is never quite as deep. It is perhaps wider. Curiosity in the artist means an unlimited interest in men and things; which it regards as all, and more or less equally, material. Sympathy necessarily selects—sympathy, or even antipathy if one chooses; but in selecting it concentrates. "La Comédie Humaine" is a wonderful structure. It parallels the existing world, one may almost say. The psychologist, the sociologist, the specialist of nearly any description, may study it with zest and ponder it profitably. It is a marvelously elaborate framework filled in with an astonishing variety of both types and individuals. One may seek in it not vainly for an analogue of almost anything actual. But though less multifarious, Thackeray's world is far more real. His figures are far more alive. Their inner springs are divined, not studied. They make the story themselves, not merely appear in it. We have no charts of their minds and qualities, but we know them as we know our friends and neighbors.

This sense of reality and vitality, in which the personages of Thackeray excel those of any other prose fiction, proceeds from that unusual association in the author's own personality of the spiritual and sentimental qualities with great intellectual powers—to which I have already referred. For character—the subject *par excellence* of the great writers of fiction as distinguished from the pure romanticists—depends upon the heart. It is comparatively independent of psychology. For a period so given over to science as our own, so imbued with the scientific spirit, and so concentrated upon the scientific side of even spiritual things, psychological fiction—such as George Eliot's—inevitably possesses

a special, an almost esoteric, interest. But it is nevertheless true that the elemental, the temperamental, the vital idiosyncrasies of character depend less directly upon mental than upon moral qualities. Men are what they are through their feeling, not through their thinking—except in so far as their thinking modifies their feeling. At the same time it is to be borne in mind that Thackeray does not neglect the mental constitution of his characters. It cannot be said of his Rebecca, for example, as Turgénieff is said to have observed of Zola's Gervaise Coupeau, that "he tells us how she feels, never what she thinks." We have a complete enough picture of what is going on in her exceedingly active mind; only in the main we infer this indirectly from what she does, as we do in the case of Shakespeare's characters, rather than from an express scrutiny of her mental mechanism. Her human and social side is uppermost in her creator's presentation of her, though she is plainly idiosyncratic enough to reward the study and even the speculation of the most insistent psychologist.

Mr. Henry James acutely observes of Hawthorne's characters, that with the partial exception of Donatello in the "Marble Faun," there are no types among them. And it is assuredly for this reason that they appear to us so entirely the creations of Hawthorne's fancy, so much a part of the insubstantial witchery of his genius, that they seem as individuals so unreal. Thackeray, on the other hand, has been reproached with creating nothing but types. But the truth is that a character of fiction, in order to make the impression of individuality, must be presented as a type. It is through its typical qualities that it attains a definition which is neither insubstantial like that of Hawthorne's personages, nor a caricature like that of so many of Dickens's.

Its typical qualities are those that persuade us of its truth, and create the convincing illusion of its reality. A type in fiction is a type in the sense in which the French use the term in speaking of a real person,—a synthesis of representative traits, more accentuated than the same characteristics as they are to be found in general; a person, that is to say, of particularly salient individuality. Only in this way do real persons who are not also eccentric persons leave a striking and definite impression on us; and only in this way do we measure that correspondence of fictitious to real character which determines the reality of the former.

Of course in thus eschewing psychology and dealing mainly with types,—in occupying himself with those elemental traits of character that depend upon the heart rather than the mind,—a realist like Thackeray renounces a field so large and interesting as justly to have his neglect of it accounted to him as a limitation. And Thackeray still further narrows his field by confining himself in the main to character not merely in its elemental traits, but in its morally significant ones as well. The colorless characters, such as Tom Tulliver for a single example, in which George Eliot is so strong, the irresponsible ones, such as Dickens's Winkles and Swivellers, have few fellows in his fiction, from which the seriousness of his satiric strain excludes whatever is not significant as well as whatever is purely particular. The loss is very great, considering his world as a *comédie humaine*. It involves more than the elimination of psychology,—it diminishes the number of types; and all types are interesting, whether morally important or not. But in Thackeray's case it has two great compensations. In the first place, the greater concentration it involves notably defines and emphasizes the net impres-

sion of his works. It unifies their effect; and sharply crystallizes the message to mankind, which, like every great writer in whatever branch of literature he may cultivate, it was the main business, the aim and crown and apology of his life, to deliver. There is no missing the tenor of his gospel, which is that character is the one thing of importance in life; that it is tremendously complex, and the easiest thing in the world to misconceive both in ourselves and in others; that truth is the one instrument of its perfecting, and the one subject worthy of pursuit; and that the study of truth discloses littlenesses and futilities in it at its best for which the only cloak is charity, and the only consolation and atonement the cultivation of the affections.

In the second place, it is his concentration upon the morally significant that places him at the head of the novelists of manners. It is the moral and social qualities, of course, that unite men in society, and make it something other than the sum of the individuals composing it. Far more deeply than Balzac, Thackeray felt the relations between men that depend upon these qualities; and consequently his social picture is, if less comprehensive and varied, far more vivid and real. It is painted directly, and lacks the elaborate structural machinery which makes Balzac's seem mechanical in composition and artificial in spirit. Thackeray's personages are never portrayed in isolation. They are a part of the *milieu* in which they exist, and which has itself therefore much more distinction and relief than an environment which is merely a framework. How they regard each other, how they feel toward and what they think of each other, the mutuality of their very numerous and vital relations, furnishes an important strand in the texture of the story in which they figure. Their activities are modified by the

air they breathe in common. Their conduct is controlled, their ideas affected, even their desires and ambitions dictated, by the general ideals of the society that includes them. In a more extended sense than Lady Kew intended in reminding Ethel Newcome of the fact, they "belong to their belongings." So far as it goes, therefore,—and it would be easy to exaggerate its limitations, which are trivial in comparison,—Thackeray's picture of society is the most vivid, as it is incontestably the most real, in prose fiction. The temperament of the artist and satirist combined, the preoccupation with the moral element in character,—and in logical sequence, with its human and social side,—lead naturally to the next step of viewing man in his relations, and the construction of a miniature world. And in addition to the high place in literature won for him by his insight into the human heart, Thackeray's social picture has given him a distinction that is perhaps unique. In virtue of it, at any rate, the writer who passed his life in rivalry with Dickens and Bulwer and Trollope and Lever, belongs with Shakespeare and Molière.

GREELEY

(1811–1872)

BY CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

THIRTY years after his death, Horace Greeley's name remains at the head of the roll of American journalists. Successors in the primacy of current discussion may surpass him, as doubtless some of them already have, in consistency and learning, but hardly in the chief essentials of a journalistic style; others may exert a more salutary influence, if not so personally diffused: but in the respect of high ideals, courage, intellectual force, and personal magnetism, the qualities which impel a man of letters to be also a man of action, Horace Greeley was of heroic mold. He was no popgun journalist firing from a sky-sanctum, but a face-to-face champion in the arena of public affairs, laying about him with pen and speech like an ancient Bayard with his sword. The battles he fought for humanity, and the blows he gave and received, have made him for all time the epic figure of the American press.

Born in rural New Hampshire, of English and Scotch-Irish descent, he epitomized his heritage and his attainment in the dedication of his autobiography "To our American boys, who, born in poverty, cradled in obscurity, and early called from school to rugged labor, are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty."

Though physically a weak child, his intellect was strong, and when near his tenth year his father removed to Ver-

mont, the boy took with him the reputation of a mental prodigy; so, with little schooling and much reading, he was thought when fourteen to be a fit apprentice to a printer, setting forth four years later as a journeyman. His parents had moved to western Pennsylvania, and he followed; but after a desultory practice of his art he came to the metropolis on August 17, 1831, with ten dollars in his pocket, and so rustic in dress and manners as to fall under suspicion of being a runaway apprentice. Later in life, at least, his face and his figure would have lent distinction to the utmost elegance of style: but his dress was so careless even after the long period of comparative poverty was passed, that the peculiarity became one of his distinguishing features as a public character; and to the last there were friends of little discernment who thought this eccentricity was studied affectation: but manifestly his dress, like his unkempt handwriting, was the unconscious expression of a spirit so concentrated on the intellectual interests of its life as to be oblivious to mere appearances.

After eighteen months of dubious success as a journeyman in the city, in his twenty-first year he joined a friend in setting up a modest printing-office, which on March 22, 1834, issued the New-Yorker, a literary weekly in the general style of Willis's Mirror, under the firm name of H. Greeley & Co. For four years the young printer showed his editorial aptitude to such good effect that in 1838 he was asked to conduct the Jeffersonian, a Whig campaign paper. This was so effective that in 1840 he was encouraged to edit and publish the Log-Cabin, a weekly which gained a circulation of 80,000, brought him a reputation as a political writer, and active participation in politics with the Whig leaders, Governor Seward and Thurlow Weed. It contrib-

uted much to the election of General Harrison, but very little to the purse of the ambitious editor. On April 10th of the following year, 1841, he issued the first number of the New York Tribune, as a Whig daily of independent spirit. He was still editing the New-Yorker and the Log-Cabin, both of which were soon discontinued, the Weekly Tribune in a way taking their place. Though the New-Yorker had brought him literary reputation, it had not been profitable, because of uncollectible bills which at the end amounted to $10,000. Still, at the outset of the Tribune he was able to count $2,000 to his credit in cash and material. He was then thirty years of age, and for thirty years thereafter the paper grew steadily in circulation, influence, and profit, until, a few weeks after his death, a sale of the majority interest indicated that the "good-will" of the Tribune, aside from its material and real estate, was held to be worth about a million dollars. The Greeley interest was then small, since he had parted with most of it to sustain his generous methods of giving and lending.

He had great capacity for literary work, and when absent for travel or business was a copious contributor to his paper. To his rather delicate physical habit was perhaps due his distaste for all stimulants, alcoholic or otherwise, and his adherence through life to the vegetarian doctrines of Dr. Graham; another follower of the latter being his wife, Mary Young Cheney, also a writer, whom he married in 1836. His moderate advocacy of temperance in food and drink, coupled with his then unorthodox denial of eternal punishment, helped to identify him in the public mind with most of the "isms" of the time, including Fourierism and spiritualism; when in fact his mind and his paper were merely open to free inquiry, and were active in exposing vagaries of

opinion wherever manifested. Protection to American industry, and abolitionism, were the only varieties which he accepted without qualification; and while the pro-slavery party detested him as a dangerous agitator, it is possible at this day even from their point of view to admire the moderation, the candor, and the gentle humanity of his treatment of the slavery question. In all issues concerning the practical affairs of life, like marriage and divorce, he was guided by rare common-sense, and usually his arguments were scholarly and moderate; but in matters of personal controversy he was distinctly human, uniting with a taste for the intellectual fray a command of facts, and a force and pungency of presentation, which never seem admirable in an opponent.

He was in great demand as a lecturer and as a speaker at agricultural fairs, his addresses always being distinguished by a desire to be helpful to working humanity and by elevated motives. Though not a jester, genial humor and intellectual exchange were characteristic of his social intercourse. His books, with one or two exceptions, were collections of his addresses and newspaper articles. His first book, "Hints Toward Reforms," appeared in 1850, and was followed by "Glances at Europe" (1851); "A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction" (1856); "The Overland Journey to California" (1859); "An Address on Success in Business" (1867); "Recollections of a Busy Life," formed on a series of articles in the New York Ledger" (1869); "Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy" (1870); "Letters from Texas and the Lower Mississippi, and an Address to the Farmers of Texas" (1871); "What I Know of Farming" (1871); and "The American Conflict," written as a book, the first

volume appearing in 1864 and the second in 1867. This work on the Civil War is remarkable, when considered in the light of his purpose to show "the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events"; but it was hastily prepared, and while strikingly accurate in the large sense, will not bear scrutiny in some of the minor details of war history.

Neither his political friends, nor his party, nor the causes he espoused, could hold him to a course of partisan loyalty contrary to his own convictions of right and duty. As a member of the Seward-Weed-Greeley "triumvirate," he was often a thorn in the flesh of the senior members; his letter of November 11, 1854, dissolving "the political firm," being one of the frankest documents in the history of American politics. During the Civil War he occasionally embarrassed Mr. Lincoln's administration by what seemed then to be untimely cries of "On to Richmond!" immediate emancipation, and peace. On the whole, his influence for the Union cause was powerful; but when, the war being over, he advocated general amnesty, and finally as an object lesson went on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, he lost the support of a large body of his most ardent anti-slavery admirers. The clamor against him called forth a characteristic defiance in his letter to members of the Union League Club, who were seeking to discipline him. Having further alienated the Republican party by his general attitude in "reconstruction" matters, he became the logical candidate for the Presidency, in 1872, of the Democrats at Baltimore and the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, in opposition to a second term for General Grant. Though personally he made a brilliant canvass, the influences at work in his favor were inharmonious and disintegrating, and

the result was a most humiliating defeat. This he appeared to bear with mental buoyancy, despite the affliction of his wife's death, which occurred a week before the election, he having left the stump in September to watch unremittingly at her bedside. On November 6th, the day after his defeat, he resumed the editorship of the Tribune, which six months before he had relinquished to Whitelaw Reid. Thereafter he contributed to only four issues of the paper, for the strain of his domestic and political misfortunes had aggravated his tendency to insomnia: on the 12th he was seriously ill, and on the 29th he succumbed to inflammation of the brain. The last few months of his eventful career supplied most of the elements essential to a Greek tragedy. On December 23d, the Tribune having been reorganized with Mr. Reid in permanent control, there first appeared at the head of the editorial page the line "Founded by Horace Greeley," as a memorial to the great journalist and reformer. A bronze statue has been erected in the portal of the new Tribune office, and another statue in the angle made by Broadway and Sixth Avenue, appropriately named "Greeley Square," after the man who was second to no other citizen in establishing the intellectual ascendency of the metropolis.

BEECHER

(1813–1887)

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE life of Henry Ward Beecher may be either compressed into a sentence or expanded into a volume. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on the 24th day of June, 1813, the child of the well-known Lyman Beecher; graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and subsequently studied at Lane Theological Seminary (Cincinnati), of which his father was the president; began his ministerial life as pastor of a Home Missionary (Presbyterian) church at the little village of Lawrenceburg, twenty miles south of Cincinnati on the Ohio River; was both sexton and pastor, swept the church, built the fires, lighted the lamps, rang the bell, and preached the sermons; was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, where he remained for eight years, 1839 to 1847, and where his preaching soon won for him a reputation throughout the State, and his occasional writing a reputation beyond its boundaries; thence was called in 1847 to be the first pastor of the newly organized Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, where he remained with an ever increasing reputation as preacher, lecturer, orator, and writer, until the day of his death, March 8, 1887.

Such is the outline of a life, the complete story of which would be the history of the United States during the most critical half-century of the nation's existence. Living in

an epoch when the one overshadowing political issue was pre-eminently a moral issue, and when no man could be a faithful preacher of righteousness and not a political preacher; concerned in whatever concerned humanity; believing that love is the essence of all true religion, and that love to God is impossible without love to man; moral reformer not less than gospel preacher, and statesman even more than theologian; throwing himself into the anti-slavery conflict with all the courage of a heroic nature and all the ardor of an intensely impulsive one,—he stands among the first half-score of writers, orators, reformers, statesmen, and soldiers, who combined to make the half-century from 1835 to 1885 as brilliant and as heroic as any in human history.

The greatness of Henry Ward Beecher consisted not so much in a predominance of any one quality as in a remarkable combination of many. His physique justified the well-known characterization of Mr. Fowler, the phrenologist, "Splendid animal." He was always an eager student, though his methods were desultory. He was familiar with the latest thought in philosophy, had studied Herbert Spencer before his works were republished in the United States, yet was a child among children, and in his old age retained the characteristic faults and virtues of childhood, and its innocent impulsiveness.

His imagination might have made him a poet, his human sympathies a dramatic poet, had not his strong common-sense kept him always in touch with the actualities of life, and a masterful conscience compelled him to use his æsthetic faculties in sterner service than in the entertainment of mankind. The intensity of his moral nature enhanced rather than subdued his exuberant humor, which love pre-

vented from becoming satire, and seriousness preserved from degenerating into wit. His native faculty of mimicry led men to call him an actor, yet he wholly lacked the essential quality of a good actor,—power to take on another's character,—and used the mimic art only to interpret the truth which at the moment possessed him.

Such power of passion as was his is not often seen mated to such self-control; for while he spoke with utter abandon, he rarely if ever did so until he had carefully deliberated the cause he was espousing. He thought himself deficient in memory, and in fact rarely borrowed illustrations from his reading either of history or of literature; but his keenness of observation photographed living scenes upon an unfading memory which years after he could and did produce at will. All these contrary elements of his strangely composite though not incongruous character entered into his style,—or, to speak more accurately, his styles,—and make any analysis of them within reasonable limits difficult, if not impossible.

For the writer is known by his style as the wearer by his clothes. Even if it be no native product of the author's mind, but a conscious imitation of carefully studied models, —what I may call a tailor-made style, fashioned in a vain endeavor to impart sublimity to commonplace thinking,— the poverty of the author is thereby revealed, much as the boor is most clearly disclosed when wearing ill-at-ease, unaccustomed broadcloth. Mr. Beecher's style was not artificial; its faults as well as its excellences were those of extreme naturalness. He always wrote with fury; rarely did he correct with phlegm. His sermons were published as they fell from his lips,—correct and revise he would not. The too few editorials which he wrote, on the eve of the

Civil War, were written while the press was impatiently waiting for them, were often taken page by page from his hand, and were habitually left unread by him to be corrected in proof by others.

His lighter contributions to the New York Ledger were thrown off in the same way, generally while the messenger waited to take them to the editorial sanctum. It was his habit, whether unconscious or deliberate I do not know, to speak to a great congregation with the freedom of personal conversation, and to write for the press with as little reserve as to an intimate friend. This habit of taking the public into his confidence was one secret of his power, but it was also the cause of those violations of conventionality in public address which were a great charm to some and a grave defect to others. There are few writers or orators who have addressed such audiences with such effect, whose style has been so true and unmodified a reflection of their inner life. The title of one of his most popular volumes might be appropriately made the title of them all—"Life Thoughts."

But while his style was wholly unartificial, it was no product of mere careless genius; carelessness never gives a product worth possessing. The excellences of Mr. Beecher's style were due to a careful study of the great English writers; its defects to a temperament too eager to endure the dull work of correction. In his early manhood he studied the old English divines, not for their thoughts, which never took hold of him, but for their style, of which he was enamored. The best characterization of South and Barrow I ever heard he gave me once in a casual conversation. The great English novelists he knew; Walter Scott's novels, of which he had several editions in his library, were great favorites with him, but he read them rather for the beauty

of their descriptive passages than for their romantic and dramatic interest. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" he both used himself and recommended to others as a text-book in the observation of nature, and certain passage in them he read and re-read.

But in his reading he followed the bent of his own mind rather than any prescribed system. Neither in his public utterances nor in his private conversation did he indicate much indebtedness to Shakespeare among the earlier writers, nor to Emerson or Carlyle among the moderns. Though not unfamiliar with the greatest English poets, and the great Greek poets in translations, he was less a reader of poetry than of poetical prose. He had, it is true, not only read but carefully compared Dante's "Inferno" with Milton's "Paradise Lost"; still it was not the "Paradise Lost," it was the "Areopagitica" which he frequently read on Saturday nights, for the sublimity of its style and the inspiration is afforded to the imagination. He was singularly deficient in verbal memory, a deficiency which is usually accompanied by a relatively slight appreciation of the mere rhythmic beauty of literary form. It is my impression that for amorous poems, such as Moore's songs, or even Shakespeare's sonnets, and for purely descriptive poetry, such as the best of "Childe Harold" and certain poems of Wordsworth, he cared comparatively little.

But he delighted in religious poetry, whether the religion was that of the pagan Greek Tragedies, the mediæval Dante, or the Puritan Milton. He was a great lover of the best hymns, and with a catholicity of affection which included the Calvinist Toplady, the Arminian Wesley, the Roman Catholic Faber, and the Unitarian Holmes. Generally, however, he cared more for poetry of strength than for

that of fancy or sentiment. It was the terrific strength in Watts's famous hymn beginning

> "My thoughts on awful subjects dwell,
> Damnation and the dead,"

which caused him to include it in the "Plymouth Collection," abhorrent as was the theology of that hymn alike to his heart and to his conscience.

In any estimate of Mr. Beecher's style, it must be remembered that he was both by temperament and training a preacher. He was brought up not in a literary, but in a didactic atmosphere. If it were as true as it is false that art exists only for art's sake, Mr. Beecher would not have been an artist. His art always had a purpose; generally a distinct moral purpose. An overwhelming proportion of his contributions to literature consists of sermons or extracts from sermons, or addresses not less distinctively didactic. His one novel was written avowedly to rectify some common misapprehensions as to New England life and character. Even his lighter papers, products of the mere exuberance of a nature too full of every phase of life to be quiescent, indicated the intensity of a purposeful soul, much as the sparks in a blacksmith's shop come from the very vigor with which the artisan is shaping on the anvil the nail or the shoe.

But Mr. Beecher was what Mr. Spurgeon has called him, "the most myriad-minded man since Shakespeare"; and such a mind must both deal with many topics, and if it be true to itself, exhibit many styles. If one were to apply to Mr. Beecher's writings the methods which have sometimes been applied by certain Higher Critics to the Bible, he would conclude that the man who wrote the Sermons on

Evolution and Theology could not possibly have also written the humorous description of a house with all the modern improvements. Sometimes grave, sometimes gay, sometimes serious, sometimes sportive, concentrating his whole power on whatever he was doing, working with all his might but also playing with all his might, when he is on a literary frolic the reader would hardly suspect that he was ever dominated by a strenuous moral purpose. Yet there were certain common elements in Mr. Beecher's character which appeared in his various styles, though mixed in very different proportions and producing very different combinations. Within the limits of such a study as this, it must suffice to indicate in very general terms some of these elements of character which appear in and really produce his literary method.

Predominant among them was a capacity to discriminate between the essentials and the accidentals of any subject, a philosophical perspective which enabled him to see the controlling connection and to discard quickly such minor details as tended to obscure and to perplex. Thus a habit was formed which led him not infrequently to ignore necessary limitations and qualifications, and to make him scientifically inaccurate, though vitally and ethically true. It was this quality which led critics to say of him that he was no theologian, though it is doubtful whether any preacher in America since Jonathan Edwards has exerted a greater influence on its theology. But this quality imparted clearness to his style. He always knew what he wanted to say and said it clearly. He sometimes produced false impressions by the very strenuousness of his aim and the vehemence of his passion; but he was never foggy, obscure, or ambiguous.

This clearness of style was facilitated by the singleness of his purpose. He never considered what was safe, prudent, or expedient to say, never reflected upon the effect which his speech might have on his reputation or his influence, considered only how he could make his hearers apprehend the truth as he saw it. He therefore never played with words, never used them with a double meaning, or employed them to conceal his thoughts. He was indeed utterly incapable of making a speech unless he had a purpose to accomplish; when he tried he invariably failed; no orator ever had less ability to roll off airy nothings for the entertainment of an audience.

Coupled with this clearness of vision and singleness of purpose was a sympathy with men singularly broad and alert. He knew the way to men's minds, and adapted his method to the minds he wished to reach. This quality put him at once *en rapport* with his auditors, and with men of widely different mental constitution. Probably no preacher has ever habitually addressed so heterogeneous a congregation as that which he attracted to Plymouth Church. In his famous speech at the Herbert Spencer dinner he was listened to with equally rapt attention by the great philosopher and by the French waiters, who stopped in their service, arrested and held by his mingled humor, philosophy, and restrained emotion. This human sympathy gave a peculiar dramatic quality to his imagination. He not only recalled and reproduced material images from the past with great vividness, he re-created in his own mind the experiences of men whose mold was entirely different from his own. As an illustration of this, a comparison of two sermons on Jacob before Pharaoh, one by Dr. Talmage, the other by Mr. Beecher, is interesting and instructive. Dr.

Talmage devotes his imagination wholly to reproducing the outward circumstances,—the court in its splendor and the patriarch with his wagons, his household, and his stuff; this scene Mr. Beecher etches vividly but carelessly in a few outlines, then proceeds to delineate with care the imagined feelings of the king, awed despite his imperial splendor by the spiritual majesty of the peasant herdsman. Yet Mr. Beecher could paint the outer circumstances with care when he chose to do so. Some of his flower pictures in "Fruits, Flowers, and Farming" will always remain classic models of descriptive literature, the more amazing that some of them are portraits of flowers he had never seen when he wrote the description.

While his imagination illuminated nearly all he said or wrote, it was habitually the instrument of some moral purpose; he rarely ornamented for ornament's sake. His pictures gave beauty, but they were employed not to give beauty but clearness. He was thus saved from fixed metaphors, the common fault of imaginative writings which are directed to no end, and thus are liable to become first lawless, then false, finally self-contradictory and absurd. The massive Norman pillars of Durham Cathedral are marred by the attempt which some architect has made to give them grace and beauty by adding ornamentation. Rarely if ever did Mr. Beecher fall into the error of thus mixing in an incongruous structure two architectural styles. He knew when to use the Norman strength and solidity, and when the Gothic lightness and grace.

Probably his keen sense of humor would have preserved him from this not uncommon error. It is said that the secret of humor is the quick perception of incongruous relations. This would seem to have been the secret of Mr. Beecher's

humor, for he had in an eminent degree what the phrenologists call the faculty of comparison. This was seen in his arguments, which were more often analogical than logical; seen not less in that his humor was not employed with deliberate intent to relieve a too serious discourse, but was itself the very product of his seriousness. He was humorous, but rarely witty, as, for the same reason, he was imaginative but not fanciful. For both his imagination and his humor were the servants of his moral purpose; and as he did not employ the one merely as a pleasing ornament, so he never went out of his way to introduce a joke or a funny story to make a laugh.

Speaking broadly, Mr. Beecher's style as an orator passed through three epochs. In the first, best illustrated by his "Sermons to Young Men," preached in Indianapolis, his imagination is the predominant faculty. Those sermons will remain in the history of homiletical literature as remarkable of their kind, but not as a pulpit classic for all times; for the critic will truly say that the imagination is too exuberant, the dramatic element sometimes becoming melodramatic, and the style lacking in simplicity. In the second epoch, best illustrated by the Harper and Brothers edition of his selected sermons, preached in the earlier and middle portion of his Brooklyn ministry, the imagination is still pervasive, but no longer predominant. The dramatic fire still burns, but with a steadier heat. Imagination, dramatic instinct, personal sympathy, evangelical passion, and a growing philosophic thought-structure, combine to make the sermons of this epoch the best illustration of his power as a popular preacher. In each sermon he holds up a truth like his favorite opal, turning it from side to side and flashing its opalescent light upon his congregation, but so as always to

show the secret fire at the heart of it. In the third epoch, best illustrated by his sermons on Evolution and Theology, the philosophic quality of his mind predominates; his imagination is subservient to and the instrument of clear statement, his dramatic quality shows itself chiefly in his realization of mental conditions foreign to his own, and his style, though still rich in color and warm with feeling, is mastered, trained, and directed by his intellectual purpose. In the first epoch he is the painter, in the second the preacher, in the third the teacher.

Judgments will differ: in mine the last epoch is the best, and its utterances will long live a classic in pulpit literature. The pictures of the first epoch are already fading; the fervid oratory of the second epoch depends so much on the personality of the preacher, that as the one grows dim in the distance the other must grow dim also; but the third, more enduring though less fascinating, will remain so long as the heart of man hungers for the truth and the life of God,—that is, for a rational religion, a philosophy of life which shall combine reverence and love, and a reverence and love which shall not call for the abdication of the reason.

PHILLIPS

(1811–1884)

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

EMERSON said of Phillips that he was the best orator in America, because he had spoken every day for fourteen years. What Emerson meant was, that immense practice was the secret of Phillips's supremacy. It was one secret; but not, I think, *the* secret. He was one of those men in whom the orator is born, not made. It may be doubted whether he ever delivered a better speech than his first, at that memorable meeting in Faneuil Hall on the murder of Lovejoy. The germ of all his oratory lies there; the methods which he followed all his life he adopted, instinctively and unconsciously, in that critical instant of his life. He had not meant to speak. He went up to Faneuil Hall in the state which is called unprepared,—that is to say, his preparation consisted in years of thought and study, in a profound moral sense, in the possession of an imaginative and oratorical genius and of a diction which for his purpose was nearly perfect. It was the speech of Austin, Attorney-General of Massachusetts, in opposition to the object of the meeting, and his invective upon Lovejoy, which brought Phillips from the floor to the platform. I quote once more the famous sentence,—"Sir, when I heard the Attorney-General place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke

the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead." I asked Phillips, with whom I often talked over his speeches and his life, whether the image was thought out before hand. "Oh no," he answered: "it was the portraits themselves which suggested it as I spoke."

The answer covers much. For this austere and irreconcilable enthusiast, with the blood of the martyr in his veins, was in oratory a pure opportunist. He was a general who went into battle with a force of all arms, but used infantry or artillery or cavalry as each seemed most apt to the moment. He formed his plan, as Napoleon did, on the field and in the presence of the enemy. For Phillips—and the fact is vital to all criticism of his oratory—spoke almost always, during twenty-five years of his oratorical life, to a hostile audience. His audiences were often mobs; they often sought to drive him from the platform, sometimes to kill him. He needed all his resources merely to hold his ground and to get a hearing. You cannot compare oratory in those circumstances with oratory in a dress debate, or even with the oratory of a great parliamentary contest. On this last has often hung, no doubt, the life of a ministry. On Phillips's mastery over his hearers depended sometimes his own life, sometimes that of the anti-slavery cause—with which, as we now all see and as then hardly anybody saw, was bound up the life of the nation. It was, in my judgment, the oratory of Phillips which insured the maintenance of that great antislavery struggle during the last ten years or more which preceded the War. His oratory must be judged with reference to that—to its object as well as to its rhetorical qualities. He had and kept the ear of the people. To have silenced that silver trumpet would have been to wreck the cause. I speak of the Abolitionist cause

by itself—that which relied solely on moral forces and stood completely outside of politics.

Yet Phillips never made a concession. There was no art of speech he would not emply to win the attention of his audience. But he never softened an invective or compromised the clear logic of his statement in order to divert the hostility which confronted him. He would coax, cajole, ridicule, transpierce, or overwhelm an opponent, but never yielded a jot in principle. I have known him try all means to conciliate and then all means to crush, all within a few minutes. He had the art of so exciting curiosity, that a raging mob which half caught the first half of a sentence would still its own tumult in order to hear what was coming next. He shrank from no danger: on his unfailing cool courage and self-possession rested half the orator's power. When in Faneuil Hall he called the Attorney-General recreant, there were cries "Take that back!" and a tumult. "Fellow-citizens," answered the young Bostonian, "I cannot take back my words." It was the motto of his whole career. Twenty-four years later, April 21, 1861, he was to speak in the Music Hall of Boston for the War. Against his habit, he wrote out his speech;—it was a turning-point in his history as orator and as abolitionist. He read me the speech, which began: "Many times this winter, here and elsewhere, I have counseled peace,—urged as well as I know how the expediency of acknowledging a Southern Confederacy, and the peaceful separation of these thirty-four States. One of the journals announces to you that I come here this morning to retract those opinions. No, not one of them." Those were days of flame and fire, and I said to Phillips that they would never let him get farther. "Well," he answered, "if I cannot say that I will say nothing."

And he read on. "I need them all,—every word I have spoken this winter, every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this War hearty and hot." The result justified his gallantry. The low murmurs which the opening sentence provoked were swept away in the storm of passionate cheers which followed.

All this dwelling upon the moral attributes of the orator may seem out of place in a brief criticism; but it is inevitable. Take away the moral impulse and there would have been no orator, no oratory, no thirty years of unmatched eloquence, no such rhetorical lesson as the speeches of Phillips now give. There is, unhappily, no adequate record of them; as there is none of the speeches of any orator of the first order, except where they were written out like those of the great Greek, or written and rewritten like his Roman rival's or like Burke's,—or unless, like those of the one great English orator of this generation, Bright, they were fully reported at the time. Phillips was never thought worth reporting till late in life. He was of the minority; and then as now, the tyranny of the majority in this country was oppressive and relentless. They meant to keep him in obscurity: it was the sun of his genius which burst through the mists and darkness which enveloped him. Traditions still fresh tell you of the beauty of Phillips's presence on the platform, of his incomparable charm of manner and voice, of his persuasiveness, and much else. But oratory, save under such conditions as I mentioned above, is evanescent. That of Phillips did its work: it is the eulogy he would value most. There was in him the poet. He had in abounding measure the sympathies without which no oratory, be its other qualities what they may, carries an audience captive. He put himself instantly on easy terms with

those before him. He could be colloquial and familiar, he delighted in repartee,—in which he never found his equal,—the next moment he was among the clouds, and on the just and unjust alike descended a rain of eloquence, beneath which sprang forth those seeds of virtue and moral faith and religious hatred of wrong which presently covered the land.

There was much of the Greek in him: the sense of ordered beauty and of art. He had culture; the fire of true patriotism; serenity of mind. Not a speech in which those high qualities are not visible. They were still more evident as you heard him; and still more, perhaps, the symmetrical quality of mind and speech which is almost the rarest in modern oratory or modern life. He had indomitable good-nature on the platform. The hard things he said about men had no root in his heart; they were meant to fasten attention not on the sin only, which is abstract, but on the sinner. Intellectually a Greek, his moral nature was Hebraic, and the language of the Old Testament is inwrought in his oratory. But there was a smile on his face while the lightnings flashed. The authority with which he spoke was due largely to his coolness; but it is idle to ascribe it to any one trait, and to seek for the sources of it in mere rhetoric or mere culture. The true source of it was the whole man.

LOWELL

(1819–1891)

BY HENRY JAMES

WITH a certain close propriety that seems to give him, among Americans of his time, the supreme right, James Russel Lowell wears the title of a man of letters. He was a master of verse and a political disputant; he was to some extent a journalist, and in a high degree an orator; he administered learning in a great university; he was concerned, in his later years, with public affairs, and represented in two foreign countries the interests of the United States. Yet there is only one term to which, in an appreciation, we can without a sense of injustice give precedence over the others. He was the American of his time most saturated with literature and most directed to criticism; the American also whose character and endowment were such as to give this saturation and this direction—this intellectual experience, in short—most value. He added to the love of learning the love of expression; and his attachment to these things—to poetry, to history, to language, form, and style—was such as to make him, the greater part of his life, more than anything a man of study: but his temperament was proof against the dryness of the air of knowledge, and he remained to the end the least pale, the least passionless of scholars.

He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 22, 1819, and died in the same house on August 12,

1891. His inheritance of every kind contributed to the easy play of his gifts and the rich uniformity of his life. He was of the best and oldest New England—of partly clerical—stock; a stock robust and supple, and which has given to its name many a fruit-bearing branch. We read him but dimly in not reading into him, as it were, everything that was present, around him, in race and place; and perhaps also in not seeing him in relation to some of the things that were absent. He is one more instance of the way in which the poet's message is almost always, as to what it contains or omits, a testimony to personal circumstance, a communication of the savor of the mother soil. He figures to us thus—more handsomely than any competitor—as New England conscious of its powers and its standards, New England accomplished and articulate. He grew up in clerical and collegiate air, at half an hour's walk from the cluster of homely halls that are lost to-day in the architectural parade of the modernized Harvard. He spent fifty years of his life in the shade, or the sunshine, of Alma Mater; a connection which was to give his spirit just enough of the unrest of responsibility, and his style just too much perhaps of the authority of the pedagogue. His early years unfolded with a security and a simplicity that the middle ones enriched without disturbing; and the long presence of which, with its implications of leisure, of quietude, of reflection and concentration, supplies in all his work an element of agreeable relish not lessened by the suggestion of a certain meagreness of personal experience. He took his degree in 1838; he married young, in 1844, then again in 1857; he inherited, on the death of his father in 1861, the commodious old house of Elmwood (in those days more embowered and more remote), in which his life was virtually

to be spent. With a small family—a single daughter—but also a small patrimony, and a deep indifference—his abiding characteristic—to any question of profit or fortune, the material condition he had from an early time to meet was the rather blank face turned to the young American who in that age, and in the consecrated phrase, embraced literature as a profession. The embrace, on Lowell's part as on that of most such aspirants, was at first more tender than coercive; and he was no exception to the immemorial rule of propitiating the idol with verse. This verse took in 1841 the form of his first book; a collection of poems elsewhere printed and unprinted, but not afterwards republished.

His history from this time, at least for many years, would be difficult to write save as a record of stages, phases, dates too particular for a summary. The general complexion of the period is best presented in the simple statement that he was able to surrender on the spot to his talent and his taste. There is something that fairly charms, as we look at his life, in the almost complete elimination of interference or deviation: it makes a picture exempt from all shadow of the usual image of genius hindered or inclination blighted. Drama and disaster could spring as little from within as from without; and no one in the country probably led a life—certainly for so long a time—of intellectual amenity so great in proportion to its intensity. There was more intensity perhaps for such a spirit as Emerson's: but there was, if only by that fact, more of moral ravage and upheaval; there was less of applied knowledge and successful form, less of the peace of art. Emerson's utterance, his opinions, seem to-day to give us a series, equally full of beauty and void of order, of noble experiments and fragments. Washington Irving and Longfellow, on the other hand, if they show us the amenity,

show us also, in their greater abundance and diffusion, a looseness, an exposure; they sit as it were with open doors, more or less in the social draught. Hawthorne had further to wander and longer to wait; and if he too, in the workshop of art, kept tapping his silver hammer, it was never exactly the nail of thought that he strove to hit on the head. What is true of Hawthorne is truer still of Poe; who, if he had the peace of art, had little of any other. Lowell's evolution was all in what I have called his saturation, in the generous scale on which he was able to gather in and to store up impressions. The three terms of his life for most of the middle time were a quiet fireside, a quiet library, a singularly quiet community. The personal stillness of the world in which for the most part he lived, seems to abide in the delightful paper—originally included in "Fireside Travels"—on "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." It gives the impression of conditions in which literature might well become an alternate world, and old books, old authors, old names, old stories, constitute in daily commerce the better half of one's company. Complications and distractions were not, even so far as they occurred, appreciably his own portion; except indeed for their being—some of them, in their degree—of the general essence of the life of letters. If books have their destinies, they have also their antecedents; and in the face of the difficulty of trying for perfection with a rough instrument, it cannot of course be said that even concentration shuts the door upon pain. If Lowell had all the joys of the scholar and the poet, he was also, and in just that degree, not a stranger to the pangs and the weariness that accompany the sense of exactitude, of proportion, and of beauty; that feeling for intrinsic success, which in the long run becomes a grievous burden for shoulders that have in

the rash confidence of youth accepted it,—becomes indeed in the artist's breast the incurable, intolerable ache.

But such drama as could not mainly, after all, be played out within the walls of his library, came to him, on the whole, during half a century, only in two or three other forms. I mention first the subordinate,—which were all, as well, in the day's work; the long grind of teaching the promiscuous and preoccupied young, and those initiations of periodical editorship which, either as worries or as triumphs, may never perhaps be said to strike very deep. In 1855 he entered, at Harvard College, upon the chair just quitted by Longfellow: a comprehensive professorship in literature, that of France and that of Spain in particular. He conducted on its foundation, for four years, the Atlantic Monthly; and carried on from 1862, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the North American Review, in which his best critical essays appeared. There were published the admirable article on Lessing, that on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists," that on Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," the rich, replete paper on "Witchcraft," the beautiful studies (1872–1875) of Dante, Spenser, and Wordsworth; and the brilliant *jeux d'esprit*, as their overflow of critical wit warrants our calling them, on such subjects as (1866) sundry infirmities of the poetical temper of Swinburne, or such occasions as were offered (1865) by the collected writings of Thoreau, or (1867) by the "Life and Letters" of James Gates Percival,—occasions mainly to run to earth a certain shade of the provincial spirit. Of his career from early manhood to the date of his going in 1877 as minister to Spain, the two volumes of his correspondence published in 1893 by Mr. Norton give a picture reducible to a presentment of study in happy conditions, and of opinions

on " moral " questions; an image subsequently thrown somewhat into the shade, but still keeping distinctness and dignity for those who at the time had something of a near view of it. Lowell's great good fortune was to believe for so long that opinions and study sufficed him. There came in time a day when he lent himself to more satisfactions than he literally desired; but it is difficult to imagine a case in which the literary life should have been a preparation for the life of the world. There was so much in him of the man and the citizen, as well as of the poet and the professor, that with the full reach of curiosities and sympathies, his imagination found even in narrow walls, windows of long range. It was during these years, at any rate, that his poetical and critical spirit were formed; and I speak of him as our prime man of letters precisely on account of the unhurried and unhindered process of the formation. Literature was enough, without being too much, his trade: it made of his life a reservoir never condemned, by too much tapping, to show low water. We have had critics much more frequent, but none more abundant; we have had poets more abundant, but none more acquainted with poetry. This acquaintance with poetry bore fruits of a quality to which I shall presently allude; his critical activity, meantime, was the result of the impulse given by the responsibilities of instructorship to the innermost turn of his mind. His studies could deepen and widen at their ease. The university air soothed, but never smothered; Europe was near enough to touch, but not tormentingly to overlap; the intimate friends were more excellent than numerous, the college feasts just recurrent enough to keep wit in exercise, and the country walks not so blank as to be unsweetened by a close poetic notation of every aspect and secret of nature. He absorbed

and lectured and wrote, talked and edited and published; and had, the while, struck early in the day the note from which, for a long time, his main public identity was to spring.

This note, the first of the "Biglow Papers," was sounded in the summer of 1846, the moment of the outbreak of the Mexican War. It presented not quite as yet so much an "American humorist" the more, as the very possibility or fact of the largest expressiveness in American humor. If he was the first of the dialectic and colloquial group in the order of time, so he was to remain, on this ground, the master and the real authority. The "Biglow Papers" were an accident, begun without plan or forecast: but by the accident the author was, in a sense, determined and prompted; he himself caught from them and from their success a fuller idea of the "Yankee" character, lighted up by every advantage that wit and erudition could lend it. Lowell found himself, on the spot, committed to giving it such aid to literary existence as it could never have had without him. His conception of all the fine things of the mind—of intelligence, honesty, judgment, knowledge—was placed straight at the service of the kind of American spirit that he was conscious of in himself, and that he sought in his three or four typical figures to make ironic and racy.

The "Biglow Papers" are in this relation an extraordinary performance and a rare work of art: in what case, on the part of an artist, has the national consciousness, passionately acute, arrived at a form more independent, more objective? If they were a disclosure of this particular artist's humor, and of the kind of passion that could most possess him, they represent as well the element that for years gave his life its main enlargement, and as may be said

its main agitation,—the element that preserved him from dryness, from the danger of the dilettante. This safeguard was his care for public things and national questions; those to which, even in his class-rooms and his polishings of verse, all others were subordinate. He was politically an ardent liberal, and had from the first engaged with all the force of his imagination on the side that has figured at all historical moments as the cause of reform. Reform, in his younger time, meant above all resistance to the extension of slavery; then it came to mean—and by so doing, to give occasion during the Civil War to a fresh and still finer "Biglow" series—resistance to the pretension of the Southern States to set up a rival republic. The two great impulses he received from without were given him by the outbreak of the war, and—after these full years and wild waves had gradually ebbed—by his being appointed minister to Spain. The latter event began a wholly new period, though serving as a channel for much, for even more perhaps, of the old current; meanwhile, at all events, no account of his most productive phases at least can afford not to touch on the large part, the supreme part, played in his life by the intensity, and perhaps I may go so far as to say the simplicity, of his patriotism. Patriotism had been the keynote of an infinite quantity of more or less felicitous behavior; but perhaps it had never been so much as in Lowell the keynote of reflection and of the moral tone, of imagination and conversation. Action, in this case, could mainly be but to *feel* as American as possible,—with an inevitable overflow of course into whatever was the expression of the moment. It might often have seemed to those who often—or even to those who occasionally—saw him, that his case was almost unique, and that the national consciousness had never elsewhere been so

cultivated save under the stress of national frustration or servitude. It was in fact, in a manner, as if he had been aware of certain forces that made for oppression; of some league of the nations and the arts, some consensus of tradition and patronage, to treat as still in tutelage or on its trial the particular connection of which he happened most to be proud.

The secret of the situation was that he could only, could actively, "cultivate" as a retort to cultivation. There were American phenomena that, as he gathered about the world, cultivation in general deemed vulgar; and on this all his genius rose within him to show what *his* cultivation could make of them. It enabled him to make so much that all the positive passion in his work is for the direct benefit of patriotism. That, beyond any other irritation of the lyric temperament, is what makes him ardent. In nothing, moreover, is he more interesting than in the very nature of his vision of this humorous "Yankeeism" of type. He meant something it was at that time comparatively easy, as well as perhaps a trifle more directly inspiring, to mean; for his life opened out backward into Puritan solidities and dignities. However this be, at any rate, his main care for the New England—or, as may almost be said, for the Cambridge—consciousness, as he embodied it, was that it could be fed from as many sources as any other in the world, and assimilate them with an ingenuity all its own: literature, life, poetry, art, wit, all the growing experience of human intercourse. His great honor is that in this direction he led it to high success; and if the "Biglow Papers" express supremely his range of imagination about it, they render the American tone the service of placing it in the best literary company,—that of all his other affinities and echoes, his love

of the older English and the older French, of all classics and romantics and originals, of Dante and Goethe, of Cervantes and the Elizabethans; his love, in particular, of the history of language and of the complex questions of poetic form. If they had no other distinction, they would have that of one of the acutest of all studies in linguistics. They are more literary, in short, than they at first appear; which is at once the strength and the weakness of his poetry in general, literary indeed as most of it is at sight. The chords of his lyre were of the precious metal, but not perhaps always of the last lyric tenuity. He struck them with a hand not idle enough for mere moods, and yet not impulsive enough for the great reverberations. He was sometimes too ingenious, as well as too reasonable and responsible; this leaves him, on occasion, too much in the grasp of a certain morally conservative humor,—a side on which he touches the authors of "society" verse,—or else mixes with his emotion an intellectual substance, a something alien, that tends to stiffen and retard it. Perhaps I only mean indeed that he had always something to say, and his sturdiness as well as his "cleverness" about the way it should be said. It is congruous, no doubt, with his poetic solidity that his highest point in verse is reached by his "Harvard Commemoration Ode," a poem for an occasion at once public and intimate; a sustained lament for young lives, in the most vividly sacrificed of which he could divide with the academic mother something of the sentiment of proud ownership. It is unfair to speak of lines so splendid as these as not warmed by the noble thought with which they are charged;—even if it be of the very nature of the English ode to show us always, at its best, something of the chill of the poetic Exercise.

I may refer, however, as little to the detail of his verse as to that of the robust body of his prose. The latter consists of richly accomplished literary criticism, and of a small group of public addresses; and would obviously be much more abundant were we in possession of all the wrought material of Harvard lectures and professorial talks. If we are not, it is because Lowell recognized no material as wrought till it had passed often through the mill. He embarked on no *magnum opus,* historical, biographical, critical; he contented himself with uttering thoughts that had great works in its blood. It was for the great works and the great figures he cared; he was a critic of a pattern mainly among ourselves superseded—superseded so completely that he seems already to have receded into time, and to belong to an age of vulgarity less blatant. If he was in educated appreciation the most distinct voice that the United States had produced, this is partly, no doubt, because the chatter of the day and the triumph of the trivial could even then still permit him to be audible, permit him to show his office as supported on knowledge and on a view of the subject. He represented so well the use of a view of the subject that he may be said to have represented best what at present strikes us as most urgent; the circumstance, namely, that so far from being a chamber surrendering itself from the threshold to the ignorant young of either sex, criticism is positively and miraculously *not* the simplest and most immediate, but the most postponed and complicated of the arts, the last qualified for and arrived at, the one requiring behind it most maturity, most power to understand and compare.

One is disposed to say of him, in spite of his limited production, that he belonged to the massive race, and even has for the present the air of one of the last of it. The two

volumes of his "Letters" help, in default of a biography, the rest of his work in testifying to this; and would do so still more if the collection had comprised more letters of the time of his last period in Europe. His diplomatic years—he was appointed in 1880 minister to England—form a chapter by themselves; they gave a new turn to his career, and made a different thing of what was to remain of it. They checked, save here and there for an irrepressible poem, his literary production; but they opened a new field—in the mother-land of "occasional" oratory—for his beautiful command of the spoken word. He spoke often from this moment, and always with his admirable mixture of breadth and wit; with so happy a surrender indeed to this gift that his two finest addresses, that on "Democracy" (Birmingham, 1884) and that on the Harvard Anniversary of 1886, connect themselves with the reconsecration, late in life, of his eloquence. It was a singular fortune, and possible for an American alone, that such a want of peculiarly professional, of technical training, should have been consistent with a degree of success that appeared to reduce training to unimportance. Nothing was more striking, in fact, than that what Lowell had most in England to show was simply all the air and all the effect of preparedness. If I have alluded to the best name we can give him and the best niche we can make for him, let this be partly because letters exactly met in him a more distinguished recognition than usually falls to their lot. It was they that had prepared him really; prepared him—such is the subtlety of their operation—even for the things from which they are most divorced. He reached thus the phase in which he took from them as much as he had given; represented them in a new, insidious way. It was of course in his various speeches that

his preparedness came out most; most enjoyed the superlative chance of becoming, by the very fact of its exercise, one of the safeguards of an international relation that he would have blushed not to have done his utmost to keep inviolable. He had the immense advantage that the very voice in which he could speak—so much at once that of his masculine, pugnacious intellect, and that of the best side of the race—was a plea for everything the millions of English stock have in common. This voice, as I may call it, that sounds equally in every form of his utterance, was his great gift to his time. In poetry, in satire, in prose, and on his lips, it was from beginning to end the manliest, the most ringing, to be heard. He was essentially a fighter; he could always begin the attack; could always, in criticism as in talk, sound the charge and open the fire. The old Puritan conscience was deep in him, with its strong and simple vision, even in æsthetic things, of evil and of good, of wrong and of right; and his magnificent wit was all at its special service. He armed it, for vindication and persuasion, with all the amenities, the " humanities "—with weapons as sharp and bright as it has ever carried.

ARNOLD

(1822–1888)

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

MATTHEW ARNOLD, an English poet and critic, was born December 24, 1822, at Laleham, in the Thames valley. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, best remembered as the master of Rugby in later years, and distinguished also as a historian of Rome. His mother was, by her maiden name, Mary Penrose, and long survived her husband. Arnold passed his school days at Winchester and Rugby, and went to Oxford in October, 1841. There, as also at school, he won scholarship and prize, and showed poetical talent. He was elected a fellow of Oriel in March, 1845. He taught for a short time at Rugby, but in 1847 became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, who in 1851 appointed him school inspector. From that time he was engaged mainly in educational labors, as inspector and commissioner, and traveled frequently on the Continent examining foreign methods. He was also interested controversially in political and religious questions of the day, and altogether had a sufficient public life outside of literature. In 1851 he married Frances Lucy, daughter of Sir William Wightman, a judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, and by her had five children, three sons and two daughters.

His first volume of verse, "The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems," bears the date 1849; the second, "Em-

pedocles on Etna and Other Poems," 1852; the third, "Poems," made up mainly from the two former, was published in 1853, and thereafter he added little to his poetic work. His first volume of similar significance in prose was "Essays in Critcism," issued in 1865. Throughout his mature life he was a constant writer, and his collected works of all kinds now fill eleven volumes, exclusive of his letters. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and there began his career as a lecturer; and this method of public expression he employed often. His life was thus one with many diverse activities, and filled with practical or literary affairs; and on no side was it deficient in human relations. He won respect and reputation while he lived; and his works continue to attract men's minds, although with much unevenness. He died at Liverpool, on April 15, 1888.

That considerable portion of Arnold's writings which was concerned with education and politics, or with phases of theological thought and religious tendency, however valuable in contemporary discussion, and to men and movements of the third quarter of the century, must be set on one side. It is not because of anything there contained that he has become a permanent figure of his time, or is of interest in literature. He achieved distinction as a critic and as a poet; but although he was earlier in the field as a poet, he was recognized by the public at large first as a critic. The union of the two functions is not unusual in the history of literature; but where success has been attained in both, the critic has commonly sprung from the poet in the man, and his range and quality have been limited thereby. It was so with Dryden and Wordsworth, and, less obviously, with Landor and Lowell. In Arnold's case there is no such

growth: the two modes of writing, prose and verse, were disconnected. One could read his essays without suspecting a poet, and his poems without discerning a critic, except so far as one finds the moralist there. In fact, Arnold's critical faculty belonged rather to the practical side of his life, and was a part of his talents as a public man.

This appears by the very definitions that he gave, and by the turn of his phrase, which always keeps an audience rather than a meditative reader in view. "What is the function of criticism at the present time?" he asks, and answers—"A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." That is a wide warrant. The writer who exercises his critical function under it, however, is plainly a reformer at heart, and labors for the social welfare. He is not an analyst of the form of art for its own sake, or a contemplator of its substance of wisdom or beauty merely. He is not limited to literature or the other arts of expression, but the world—the intellectual world—is all before him where to choose; and having learned the best that is known and thought, his second and manifestly not inferior duty is to go into all nations, a messenger of the propaganda of intelligence. It is a great mission, and nobly characterized; but if criticism be so defined, it is criticism of a large mold.

The scope of the world conspicuously appears also in the phrase, which became proverbial, declaring that literature is "a criticism of life." In such an employment of terms, ordinary meanings evaporate; and it becomes necessary to know the thought of the author rather than the usage of men. Without granting the dictum, therefore, which would be far from the purpose, is it not clear that by "critic" and "criticism" Arnold intended to designate, or at least to

convey, something peculiar to his own conception,—not strictly related to literature at all, it may be, but more closely tied to society in its general mental activity? In other words, Arnold was a critic of civilization more than of books, and aimed at illumination by means of ideas. With this goes his manner,—that habitual air of telling you something which you did not know before, and doing it for your good,—which stamps him as a preacher born. Under the mask of the critic is the long English face of the gospeler; that type whose persistent physiognomy was never absent from the conventicle of English thought.

This evangelizing prepossession of Arnold's mind must be recognized in order to understand alike his attitude of superiority, his stiffly didactic method, and his success in attracting converts in whom the seed proved barren. The first impression that his entire work makes is one of limitation; so strict is this limitation, and it profits him so much, that it seems the element in which he had his being. On a close survey, the fewness of his ideas is most surprising, though the fact is somewhat cloaked by the lucidity of his thought, its logical vigor, and the manner of its presentation. He takes a text, either some formula of his own or some adopted phrase that he has made his own, and from that he starts out only to return to it again and again with ceaseless iteration. In his illustrations, for example, when he has pilloried some poor gentleman, otherwise unknown, for the astounded and amused contemplation of the Anglican monocle, he cannot let him alone. So too when, with the journalist's nack for nicknames, he divides all England into three parts, he cannot forget the rhetorical exploit. He never lets the points he has made fall into oblivion; and hence his work in general, as a critic, is skeletonized to the

memory in watchwords, formulas, and nicknames, which, taken altogether, make up only a small number of ideas.

His scale, likewise, is meagre. His essay is apt to be a book review or a plea merely; it is without that free illusiveness and undeveloped suggestion which indicate a full mind and give to such brief pieces of writing the sense of overflow. He takes no large subject as a whole, but either a small one or else some phases of the larger one; and he exhausts all that he touches. He seems to have no more to say. It is probable that his acquaintance with literature was incommensurate with his reputation or apparent scope as a writer. As he has fewer ideas than any other author of his time of the same rank, so he discloses less knowledge of his own or foreign literatures. His occupations forbade wide acquisition; he husbanded his time, and economized also by giving the best direction to his private studies, and he accomplished much; but he could not master the field as any man whose profession was literature might easily do. Consequently, in comparison with Coleridge or Lowell, his critical work seems dry and bare, with neither the fluency nor the richness of a master.

In yet another point this paucity of matter appears. What Mr. Richard Holt Hutton says in his essay on the poetry of Arnold is so apposite here that it will be best to quote the passage. He is speaking, in an aside, of Arnold's criticisms:—

"They are fine, they are keen, they are often true; but they are always too much limited to the thin superficial layer of the moral nature of their subjects, and seem to take little comparative interest in the deeper individuality beneath. Read his essay on Heine, and you will see the critic

engrossed with the relation of Heine to the political and social ideas of his day, and passing over with comparative indifference the true soul of Heine, the fountain of both his poetry and his cynicism. Read his five lectures on translating Homer, and observe how exclusively the critic's mind is occupied with the form as distinguished from the substance of the Homeric poetry. Even when he concerns himself with the greatest modern poets,—with Shakespeare as in the preface to the earlier edition of his poems, or with Goethe in reinterated poetical criticisms, or when he again and again in his poems treats of Wordsworth,—it is always the style and superficial doctrine of their poetry, not the individual character and unique genius, which occupy him. He will tell you whether a poet is 'sane and clear,' or stormy and fervent; whether he is rapid and noble, or loquacious and quaint; whether a thinker penetrates the husks of conventional thought which mislead the crowd; whether there is sweetness as well as lucidity in his aims; whether a descriptive writer has 'distinction' of style, or is admirable only for his vivacity: but he rarely goes to the individual heart of any of the subjects of his criticism; he finds their style and class, but not their personality in that class; he *ranks* his men, but does not portray them; hardly even seems to find much interest in the *individual* roots of their character."

In brief, this is to say that Arnold took little interest in human nature; nor is there anything in his later essays on Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Milton, or Gray, to cause us to revise the judgment on this point. In fact, so far as he touched on the personality of Keats or Gray, to take the capital instances, he was most unsatisfactory.

Arnold was not, then, one of those critics who are interested in life itself, and through the literary work seize on the soul of the author in its original brightness, or set forth the life-stains in the successive incarnations of his heart and mind. Nor was he of those who consider the work itself final, and endeavor simply to understand it,—form and matter,—and so to mediate between genius and our slower intelligence. He followed neither the psychological nor the æsthetic method. It need hardly be said that he was born too early to be able ever to conceive of literature as a phenomenon of society, and its great men as only terms in an evolutionary series. He had only a moderate knowledge of literature, and his stock of ideas was small; his manner of speech was hard and dry, there was a trick in his style, and his self-repetition is tiresome.

What gave him vogue, then, and what still keeps his more literary work alive? Is it anything more than the temper in which he worked, and the spirit which he evoked in the reader? He stood for the very spirit of intelligence in his time. He made his readers respect ideas, and want to have as many as possible. He enveloped them in an atmosphere of mental curiosity and alertness, and put them in contact with novel and attractive themes. In particular, he took their minds to the Continent and made them feel that they were becoming cosmopolitan by knowing Joubert; or at home, he rallied them in opposition to the dullness of the period, to "barbarism" or other objectionable traits in the social classes: and he volleyed contempt upon the common multitudinous foe in general, and from time to time cheered them with some delectable examples of single combat. It cannot be concealed that there was much malicious pleasure in it all. He was not indisposed to high-bred cruelty. Like

Lamb, he "loved a fool," but it was in a mortar; and pleasant it was to see the spectacle when he really took a man in hand for the chastisement of irony. It is thus that "the *seraphim illuminati* sneer." And in all his controversial writing there was a brilliancy and unsparingness that will appeal to the deepest instincts of a fighting race, willy-nilly; and as one had only to read the words to feel himself among the children of light, so that our withers were unwrung, there was high enjoyment.

This liveliness of intellectual conflict, together with the sense of ideas, was a boon to youth especially; and the academic air in which the thought and style always moved, with scholarly self-possession and assurance, with the dogmatism of "enlightenment" in all ages and among all sects, with serenity and security unassailable, from within at least —this academic "clearness and purity without shadow or stain" had an overpowering charm to the college-bred and cultivated, who found the rare combination of information, taste, and aggressiveness in one of their own ilk. Above all, there was the play of intelligence on every page; there was an application of ideas to life in many regions of the world's interests; there was contact with a mind keen, clear, and firm, armed for controversy or persuasion equally, and filled with eager belief in itself, its ways, and its will.

To meet such personality in a book was a bracing experience; and for many these essays were an awakening of the mind itself. We may go to others for the greater part of what criticism can give,—for definite and fundamental principles, for adequate characterization, for the intuition and the revelation, the penetrant flash of thought and phrase: but Arnold generates and supports a temper of mind in which the work of these writers best thrives even in its

own sphere; and through him this temper becomes less individual than social, encompassing the whole of life. Few critics have been really less "disinterested," few have kept their eyes less steadily "upon the object": but that fact does not lessen the value of his precepts of disinterestedness and objectivity; nor is it necessary, in becoming "a child of light," to join in spirit the unhappy "remnant" of the academy, or to drink too deep of that honeyed satisfaction, with which he fills his readers, of being on his side. As a critic, Arnold succeeds if his main purpose does not fail, and that was to reinforce the party of ideas, of culture, of the children of light; to impart, not moral vigor, but openness and reasonableness of mind; and to arouse and arm the intellectual in contradistinction to the other energies of civilization.

The poetry of Arnold, to pass to the second portion of his work, was less widely welcomed than his prose, and made its way very slowly; but it now seems the most important and permanent part. It is not small in quantity, though his unproductiveness in later years has made it appear that he was less fluent and abundant in verse than he really was. The remarkable thing, as one turns to his poems, is the contrast in spirit that they afford to the essays: there is here an atmosphere of entire calm. We seem to be in a different world. This fact, with the singular silence of his familiar letters in regard to his verse, indicates that his poetic life was truly a thing apart.

In one respect only is there something in common between his prose and verse: just as interest in human nature was absent in the latter, it is absent also in the former. There is no action in the poems; neither is there character for its own sake. Arnold was a man of the mind, and he

betrays no interest in personality except for its intellectual traits; in Clough as in Obermann, it is the life of thought, not the human being, that he portrays. As a poet, he expresses the moods of the meditative spirit in view of nature and our mortal existence; and he represents life, not lyrically by its changeful moments, nor tragically by its conflict in great characters, but philosophically by a self-contained and unvarying monologue, deeper or less deep in feeling and with cadences of tone, but always with the same grave and serious effect. He is constantly thinking, whatever his subject or his mood; his attitude is intellectual, his sentiments are maxims, his conclusions are advisory. His world is the sphere of thought, and his poems have the distance and repose and also the coldness that befit that sphere; and the character of his imagination, which lays hold of form and reason, makes natural to him the classical style.

It is obvious that the sources of his poetical culture are Greek. It is not merely, however, that he takes for his early subjects Merope and Empedocles, or that he strives in "Balder Dead" for Homeric narrative, or that in the recitative to which he was addicted he evoked an immelodious phantom of Greek choruses; nor is it the "marmoreal air" that chills while it ennobles much of his finest work. One feels the Greek quality not as a source but as a presence. In Tennyson, Keats, and Shelley, there was Greek influence, but in them the result was modern. In Arnold the antiquity remains; remains in mood, just as in Landor it remains in form. The Greek twilight broods over all his poetry. It is pagan in philosophic spirit; not Attic, but of a later and stoical time, with the very virtues of patience, endurance, suffering, not in their Christian types, but as they now seem to a post-Christian imagination looking back to the imperial

past. There is a difference, it is true, in Arnold's expression of the mood: he is as little Sophoclean as he is Homeric, as little Lucretian as he is Vergilian. The temperament is not the same, not a survival or a revival of the antique, but original and living. And yet the mood of the verse is felt at once to be a reincarnation of the deathless spirit of Hellas, that in other ages also has made beautiful and solemn for a time the shadowed places of the Christian world. If one does not realize this, he must miss the secret of the tranquillity, the chill, the grave austerity, as well as the philosophical resignation, which are essential to the verse. Even in those parts of the poems which use romantic motives, one reason of their original charm is that they suggest how the Greek imagination would have dealt with the forsaken merman, the church of Brou, and Tristram and Iseult. The presence of such motives, such mythology, and such Christian and chivalric color in the work of Arnold does not disturb the simple unity of its feeling, which finds no solvent for life, whatever its accident of time and place and faith, except in that Greek spirit which ruled in thoughtful men before the triumph of Christianity, and is still native in men who accept the intellect as the sole guide of life.

It was with reference to these modern men and the movement they took part in, that he made his serious claim to greatness; to rank, that is, with Tennyson and Browning, as he said, in the literature of his time. "My poems," he wrote, "represent on the whole the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century; and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions that reflect it. It might be fairly urged

that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigor and abundance than Browning; yet because I have, perhaps, more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs." If the main movement had been such as he thought of it, or if it had been of importance in the long run, there might be a sounder basis for this hope than now appears to be the case; but there can be no doubt, let the contemporary movement have been what it may, that Arnold's mood is one that will not pass out of men's hearts to-day nor to-morrow.

On the modern side the example of Wordsworth was most formative, and in fact it is common to describe Arnold as a Wordsworthian: and so, in his contemplative attitude to nature, and in his habitual recourse to her, he was; but both nature herself as she appeared to him, and his mood in her presence, were very different from Wordsworth's conception and emotion. Arnold finds in nature a refuge from life, an anodyne, an escape; but Wordsworth, in going into the hills for poetical communion, passed from a less to a fuller and deeper life, and obtained an inspiration, and was seeking the goal of all his being. In the method of approach, too, as well as in the character of the experience, there was a profound difference between the two poets. Arnold sees with the outward rather than the inward eye. He is pictorial in a way that Wordsworth seldom is; he uses detail much more, and gives a group or a scene with the externality of a painter. The method resembles that of Tennyson rather than that of Wordsworth, and has more direct analogy with the Greek manner than with the modern and emotional schools; it is objective, often minute, and

always carefully composed, in the artistic sense of that term. The description of the river Oxus, for example, though faintly charged with suggested and allegoric meaning, is a noble close to the poem which ends in it. The scale is large, and Arnold was fond of a broad landscape, of mountains, and prospects over the land; but one cannot fancy Wordsworth writing it. So too, on a small scale, the charming scene of the English garden in "Thyrsis" is far from Wordsworth's manner:—

> "When garden walks and all the grassy floor
> With blossoms red and white of fallen May
> And chestnut-flowers are strewn —
> So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
> From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,
> Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze."

This is a picture that could be framed: how different from Wordsworth's "wandering voice"! Or to take another notable example, which, like the Oxus passage, is a fine close in the "Tristram and Iseult,"—the hunter on the arras above the dead lovers:—

> "A stately huntsman, clad in green,
> And round him a fresh forest scene.
> On that clear forest-knoll he stays,
> With his pack round him, and delays.
> . . . . . .
> The wild boar rustles in his lair,
> The fierce hounds snuff the tainted air,
> But lord and hounds keep rooted there.
> Cheer, cheer, thy dogs into the brake,
> O hunter! and without a fear
> Thy golden tasseled bugle blow —"

But no one is deceived, and the hunter does not move from the arras, but is still "rooted there," with his green suit and his golden tassel. The piece is pictorial, and highly wrought for pictorial effects only, obviously decorative and

used as stage scenery precisely in the manner of our later theatrical art, with that accent of forethought which turns the beautiful into the æsthetic. This is a method which Wordsworth never used. Take one of his pictures, the "Reaper" for example, and see the difference. The one is out-of-doors, the other is of the studio. The purpose of these illustrations is to show that Arnold's nature-pictures are not only consciously artistic, with an arrangement that approaches artifice, but that he is interested through his eye primarily and not through his emotions. It is characteristic of his temperament also that he reminds one most often of the painter in water-colors.

If there is this difference between Arnold and Wordsworth in method, a greater difference in spirit is to be anticipated. It is a fixed gulf. In nature Wordsworth found the one spirit's "plastic stress," and a near and intimate revelation to the soul of truths that were his greatest joy and support in existence. Arnold finds there no inhabitancy of God, no such streaming forth of wisdom and beauty from the fountain heads of being; but the secret frame of nature is filled only with the darkness, the melancholy, the waiting endurance that is projected from himself:—

> "Yet, Fausta, the mute turf we tread,
> The solemn hills about us spread,
> The stream that falls incessantly,
> The strange-scrawled rocks, the lonely sky,
> If I might lend their life a voice,
> Seem to bear rather than rejoice."

Compare this with Wordsworth's "Stanzas on Peele Castle," and the important reservations that must be borne in mind in describing Arnold as a Wordsworthian will become clearer. It is as a relief from thought, as a beautiful and half-physical diversion, as a scale of being so vast and

mysterious as to reduce the pettiness of human life to nothingness,—it is in these ways that nature has value in Arnold's verse. Such a poet may describe natural scenes well, and obtain by means of them contrast to human conditions, and decorative beauty; but he does not penetrate nature or interpret what her significance is in the human spirit, as the more emotional poets have done. He ends in an antithesis, not in a synthesis, and both nature and man lose by the divorce. One looks in vain for anything deeper than landscapes in Arnold's treatment of nature; she is emptied of her own infinite, and has become spiritually void: and in the simple great line in which he gave the sea—

"The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea —"

he is thinking of man, not of the ocean: and the mood seems ancient rather than modern, the feeling of a Greek, just as the sound of the waves to him is always Ægean.

In treating of man's life, which must be the main thing in any poet's work, Arnold is either very austere or very pessimistic. If the feeling is moral, the predominant impression is of austerity; if it is intellectual, the predominant impression is of sadness. He was not insensible to the charm of life, but he feels it in his senses only to deny it in his mind. The illustrative passage is from "Dover Beach":—

"Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

This is the contradiction of sense and thought, the voice of a regret grounded in the intellect (for if it were vital

and grounded in the emotions it would become despair); the creed of illusion and futility in life, which is the characteristic note of Arnold, and the reason of his acceptance by many minds. The one thing about life which he most insists on is its isolation, its individuality. In the series called "Switzerland," this is the substance of the whole; and the doctrine is stated with an intensity and power, with an amplitude and prolongation, that set these poems apart as the most remarkable of all his lyrics. From a poet so deeply impressed with this aspect of existence, and unable to find its remedy or its counterpart in the harmony of life, no joyful or hopeful word can be expected, and none is found. The second thing about life which he dwells on is its futility; though he bids one strive and work, and points to the example of the strong whom he has known, yet one feels that his voice rings more true when he writes of Obermann than in any other of the elegiac poems. In such verse as the "Summer Night," again, the genuineness of the mood is indubitable. In "The Sick King of Bokhara," the one dramatic expression of his genius, futility is the very centre of the action. The fact that so much of his poetry seems to take its motive from the subsidence of Christian faith has set him among the skeptic or agnostic poets, and the "main movement" which he believed he had expressed was doubtless that in which agnosticism was a leading element. The unbelief of the third quarter of the century was certainly a controlling influence over him, and in a man mainly intellectual by nature it could not well have been otherwise.

Hence, as one looks at his more philosophical and lyrical poems—the profounder part of his work—and endeavors to determine their character and sources alike, it is plain to see that in the old phrase, "the pride of the intellect" lifts

its lonely column over the desolation of every page. The man of the academy is here, as in the prose, after all. He reveals himself in the literary motive, the bookish atmosphere of the verse, in its vocabulary, its elegance of structure, its precise phrase and its curious allusions (involving foot-notes), and in fact, throughout all its form and structure. So self-conscious is it that it becomes frankly prosaic at inconvenient times, and is more often on the level of eloquent and graceful rhetoric than of poetry. It is frequently liquid and melodious, but there is no burst of native song in it anywhere. It is the work of a true poet, nevertheless; but there are many voices for the Muse. It is sincere, it is touched with reality; it is the mirror of a phase of life in our times, and not in our times only, but whenever the intellect seeks expression for its sense of the limitation of its own career, and its sadness in a world which it cannot solve.

A word should be added concerning the personality of Arnold which is revealed in his familiar letters,—a collection that has dignified the records of literature with a singularly noble memory of private life. Few who did not know Arnold could have been prepared for the revelation of a nature so true, so amiable, so dutiful. In every relation of private life he is shown to have been a man of exceptional constancy and plainness. The letters are mainly home letters; but a few friendships also yielded up their hoard, and thus the circle of private life is made complete. Every one must take delight in the mental association with Arnold in the scenes of his existence, thus daily exposed, and in his family affections. A nature warm to its own, kindly to all, cheerful, fond of sport and fun, and always fed from pure fountains, and with it a character so founded upon the rock,

so humbly serviceable, so continuing in power and grace, must wake in all the responses of happy appreciation, and leave the charm of memory.

He did his duty as naturally as if it required neither resolve, nor effort, nor thought of any kind for the morrow, and he never failed, seemingly, in act or word of sympathy, in little or great things; and when, to this, one adds the clear ether of the intellectual life where he habitually moved in his own life apart, and the humanity of his home, the gift that these letters bring may be appreciated. That gift is the man himself; but set in the atmosphere of home, with sonship and fatherhood, sisters and brothers, with the bereavements of years fully accomplished, and those of babyhood and boyhood,—a sweet and wholesome English home, with all the cloud and sunshine of the English world drifting over its roof-tree, and the soil of England beneath its stones, and English duties for the breath of its being. To add such a home to the household-rights of English literature is perhaps something from which Arnold would have shrunk, but it endears his memory.

GRANT

(1822–1885)

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

ULYSSES GRANT was born on the 27th of April, 1822, in a small two-room cabin situated in Point Pleasant, a village in southern Ohio, about forty miles above Cincinnati. His father, Jesse R. Grant, was a powerful, alert, and resolute man, ready of speech and of fair education for the time. His family came from Connecticut, and was of the earliest settlers in New England. Hannah Simpson, his wife, was of strong American stock also. The Simpsons had been residents, for several generations, of southeastern Pennsylvania. The Grants and the Simpsons had been redoubtable warriors in the early wars of the republic. Hannah Simpson was a calm, equable, self-contained young woman, as reticent and forbearing as her husband was disputatious and impetuous.

Their first child was named Hiram Ulysses Grant. Before the child was two years of age, Jesse Grant, who was superintending a tannery in Point Pleasant, removed to Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio, and set up in business for himself. Georgetown was a village in the deep woods, and in and about this village Ulysses Grant grew to be a sturdy, self-reliant boy. He loved horses, and became a remarkable rider and teamster at a very early age. He was not notable as a scholar, but it was soon apparent that he had inherited the self-poise, the reticence, and the modest

demeanor of his mother. He took part in the games and sports of the boys, but displayed no military traits whatever. At the age of seventeen he was a fair scholar for his opportunities, and his ambitious father procured for him an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. He reported at the adjutant's desk in June, 1839, where he found his name on the register "Ulysses S. Grant" through a mistake of his Congressman, Thomas L. Hamer. Meanwhile, to escape ridicule on the initials of his name, which spelled "H, U, G," he had transposed his name to Ulysses H. Grant, and at his request the adjutant changed the S to an H; but the name on record in Washington was Ulysses S., and so he remained "U. S. Grant" to the government and U. H. Grant to his friends and relatives.

His record at West Point was a good one in mathematics and fair in most of his studies. He graduated at about the middle of his class, which numbered thirty-nine. He was much beloved and respected as an upright, honorable, and loyal young fellow. At the time of his graduation he was president of the only literary society of the academy; W. S. Hancock was its secretary.

He remained markedly unmilitary throughout his course, and was remembered mainly as a good comrade, a youth of sound judgment, and the finest horseman in the academy. He asked to be assigned to cavalry duty, but was brevetted second lieutenant of the 4th Infantry, and ordered to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Here he remained till the spring of 1844, when his regiment was ordered to a point on the southwestern frontier, near the present town of Natchitoches, Louisiana. Here he remained till May 1845, when the Mexican War opened, and for the next three years he served with his regiment in every battle except Buena

Vista. He was twice promoted for gallant conduct, and demonstrated his great coolness, resource, and bravery in the hottest fire. He was regimental quartermaster much of the time, and might honorably have kept out of battle, but he contrived to be in the forefront with his command.

In the autumn of 1848 he married Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis, and as first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, with a brevet of captain, he served at Sackett's Harbor and Detroit alternately till June 1852, when he was ordered to the coast. This was a genuine hardship, for he was unable to take his wife and child with him; but he concluded to remain in the army, and went with his command, sailing from New York and passing by the way of the Isthmus. On the way across the Isthmus the regiment encountered cholera, and all Grant's coolness, resource and bravery were required to get his charge safely across. "He seemed never to think of himself, and appeared to be a man of iron," his companions said.

He was regimental quartermaster at Fort Vancouver, near Portland, Oregon, for one year. In 1853 he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt, near Eureka in California. In 1854, becoming disheartened by the never-ending vista of barrack life, and despairing of being able to have his wife and children with him, he sent in his resignation, to take effect July 31, 1854. He had lost money by unfortunate business ventures, and so returned forlorn and penniless to New York. Thence he made his way to St. Louis to his wife and children, and began the world again as a farmer, without a house or tools or horses.

His father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Dent, who lived about ten miles out of the city, set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for his use, and thereon he built with his own hands

a log cabin, which he called "Hardscrabble." For nearly four years he lived the life of a farmer. He plowed, hoed, cleared the land, hauled wood and props to the mines, and endured all the hardships and privations of a small farmer. In 1858 his health gave way, and he moved to St. Louis in the attempt to get into some less taxing occupation. He tried for the position of county engineer, and failed. He went into the real estate business with a friend, and failed in that. He secured a place in the customs office, but the collector died and he was thrown out of employment.

In the spring of 1860, despairing of getting a foothold in St. Louis, he removed to Galena, Illinois, where his father had established a leather store, a branch of his tannery in Covington, Kentucky. Here he came in touch again with his two brothers, Simpson and Orvil Grant. He became a clerk at a salary of six hundred dollars per annum. At this time he was a quiet man of middle age, and his manner and mode of life attracted little attention till in 1861, when Sumter was fired upon and Lincoln called for volunteers. Galena at once held a war meeting to raise a company. Captain Grant, because of his military experience, was made president of the meeting, and afterward was offered the captaincy of the company, which he refused, saying, "I have been a captain in the regular army. I am fitted to command a regiment."

He wrote at once a patriotic letter to his father-in-law, wherein he said, "I foresee the doom of slavery." He accompanied the company to Springfield, where his military experience was needed. Governor Richard Yates gave him work in the adjutant's office, then made him drill-master at Camp Yates; and as his efficiency became apparent he was appointed governor's aide, with rank of colonel. He

mustered in several regiments, among them the 7th Congressional regiment at Mattoon. He made such an impression on this regiment that they named their camp in his honor, and about the middle of June sent a delegation of officers to ask that he be made colonel. Governor Yates reluctantly appointed him, and at the request of General John C. Frémont, the commander of the Department of the West, Grant's regiment (known as the 21st Illinois Volunteers) was ordered to Missouri. Colonel Grant marched his men overland, being the first commander of the State to decline railway transportation. His efficiency soon appeared, and he was given the command of all the troops in and about Mexico, Missouri. At this point he received a dispatch from E. B. Washburne, Congressman for his district, that President Lincoln had made him brigadier-general. He was put in command at Ironton, Missouri, and was proceeding against Colonel Hardee, when he was relieved from command by B. M. Prentiss and ordered to Jefferson City, Missouri. He again brought order out of chaos, and was ready for a campaign, when he was again relieved, and by suggestion of President Lincoln placed in command of a district with headquarters at Cairo, Illinois.

This was his first adequate command, and with clear and orderly activity he organized his command of nearly ten thousand men. On the 6th of September, learning that the Confederates were advancing on Paducah, he took the city without firing a gun, and issued an address to the people of Kentucky which led Lincoln to say, "The man who can write like that is fitted to command in the West." Early in November, in obedience to a command from Frémont, he fought the battle of Belmont, thus preventing General Polk from reinforcing Price in Missouri. This was neither

a victory nor a defeat, as the purpose was not to hold Belmont.

In February 1862, with an army of twenty thousand men and accompanied by Commander Foote's flotilla, he took Fort Henry and marched on Fort Donelson. On the 16th of the same month he had invested Donelson and had beaten the enemy within their works. General Simon Buckner, his old classmate and comrade, was in command. He wrote to Grant, asking for commissioners to agree upon terms. Grant replied: "*No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.*" Buckner surrendered, and Grant's sturdy words flamed over the land, making him "Unconditional Surrender Grant." The whole nation thrilled with the surprise and joy of this capture, and the obscure brigadier-general became the hero of the day. He was made major-general, and given the command of the District of Western Tennessee.

On the 6th and 7th of April he fought the terrible battle of Shiloh, and won it, though with great loss, owing to the failure of part of his reinforcements to arrive. Immediately after this battle, General H. W. Halleck, who had relieved General Frémont as commander in the West, took command in person, and by a clever military device deprived Grant of all command; and for six weeks the army timidly advanced on Corinth. Corinth was evacuated by the enemy before Halleck dared to attack, and Grant had no hand in any important command until late in the year.

Halleck went to Washington in July, leaving Grant again in command; but his forces were so depleted that he could do little but defend his lines and stores. In January 1863 he began to assemble his troops to attack Vicksburg, but

high water kept him inactive till the following April. His plan, then fully developed, was to run the battery with gunboats and transports, march his troops across the peninsula before the city, and flank the enemy from below. This superbly audacious plan involved cutting loose from his base of supplies and all communications. He was obliged to whip two armies in detail,—Johnston at Jackson, Mississippi, and Pemberton in command at Vicksburg. This marvelous campaign was executed to the letter, and on the third day of July, Pemberton surrendered the largest body of troops ever captured on this continent up to that time, and Grant became the "man of destiny" of the army. All criticism was silenced. The world's markets rose and fell with his daily doings. Lincoln wrote him a letter of congratulation. The question of making "the prop-hauler of the Gravois" general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States was raised, and all the nation turned to him as the savior of the republic.

He was made commander of all the armies of the Mississippi, and proceeded to Chattanooga to rescue Rosecrans and his beleaguered army. In a series of swift and dramatic battles he captured Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Wherever he went, victory seemed to follow. His calm demeanor never changed. He was bent on "whipping out the Rebellion." He was seen to be a warrior of a new sort. He was never malignant, or cruel, or ungenerous to his enemies; but he fought battles to win them, and the country now clamored for him to lead the armies of the Potomac against Lee, the great Southern general against whom no Northern general seemed able to prevail.

Early in March of 1864, Hon. E. B. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-

General. It was passed by both houses with some discussion, and Lincoln conferred the title and all it implied upon Grant. He called him to Washinton, and placed the whole conduct of the war in his hands. "I don't want to know your plans," he said. Grant became absolutely chief in command, and set forth at once to direct the Army of the Potomac in person, and to encompass Lee as he had captured the armies of Buckner and Pemberton. His aim was not to whip Lee, but to destroy his army and end the war. He began an enormous encircling movement which never for one moment relaxed. The Army of the Potomac retreated no more. It had a commander who never knew when he was beaten.

He fought one day in the Wilderness, sustaining enormous losses; but when the world expected retreat, he ordered an advance. He fought another day, and on the third day ordered an advance. Lincoln said, "At last I have a general." Grant never rested. After every battle he advanced, inexorably closing around Lee. It took him a year, but in the end he won. He captured Lee's army, and ended the war on the 9th of April, 1865. His terms with the captured general of the Southern forces were so chivalrous and generous that it gained for him the respect and even admiration of the Southern people. They could not forget that he was conqueror, but they acknowledged his greatness of heart. He had no petty revenges.

Nothing in human history exceeds the contrasts in the life of Ulysses Grant. When Lee surrendered to him, he controlled a battle line from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, composed of a million men. His lightest command had almost inconceivable power; and yet he was the same man who had hauled wood in St. Louis and sold awls and shoe-

pegs in Galena,—he had been developed by opportunity. Personally he remained simple to the point of inconspicuousness. His rusty blouse, his worn hat, his dusty boots, his low and modest voice, gave no indication of his exalted position and his enormous power. At the grand review of the armies in Washington in May, he sat with musing eyes while the victorious legions passed him, so unobtrusive in the throng that his troops could hardly distinguish his form and face; and when he returned to Galena, his old home, he carried no visible sign of the power and glory to which he had won his way step by step, by sheer power of doing things so well that other and greater duties were intrusted to his keeping.

He presented a new type of soldier to the world. He was never vengeful, never angry in battle. When others swore and uttered ferocious cries, Grant remained master of himself and every faculty, uttering no oaths, giving his commands in full, clear, simple, dignified phrases. He hated conflict. He cared nothing for the pomp and circumstance of war; it was not glorious to him; and when it was all over he said, "I never want to see a soldier's uniform again."

He was the chief citizen of the republic at the close of the war, and when Lincoln was assassinated he was the mainstay of the republic. Every eye was turned upon him, and his calmness was most salutary upon the nation. He became inevitably a candidate for President, and was elected with great enthusiasm in 1868. In 1872 he was re-elected, and during his two terms his one great purpose was to reconstruct the nation. He did all that he could to heal the scars of war. He stood between the malignants of the North and the helpless people of the South, always patient and sympathetic. His administrations ran in turbulent times, and corruption was abroad in official circles, but

there is no evidence that he was touched by it. His administration was attacked; he was acquitted.

In 1878, two years after his second term had ended, he went on a trip around the world, visiting all the great courts and kings of the leading nations. He received the most extraordinary honors ever tendered to one human being by his fellows, but he returned to Galena and to his boyhood home, the same good neighbor, just as democratic in his intercourse as ever. He never forgot a face, whether of the man who shod his horses or of the man who nominated him for President, though he looked upon more people than any other man in the history of the world.

In 1880 he mistakenly became a candidate for a third term, and was defeated. Shortly after this he moved to New York City, and became a nominal partner in the firm of Grant & Ward. His name was used in the business; he had little connection with it, for he was growing old and failing in health.

In May 1884, through the rascality of Ferdinand Ward, the firm failed, and General Grant lost every dollar he owned. Just before the crash, in the attempt to save the firm, he went to a wealthy friend and borrowed a large sum of money. After the failure the grim old commander turned over to his creditor every trophy, every present which had been given him by his foreign friends, even the jeweled favors of kings and queens and the swords presented to him by his fellow-citizens and by his soldiers; he reserved nothing. He became so poor that his pew rent became a burden, and the question of earning a living came to him with added force, for he was old and lame, and attacked by cancer of the tongue.

Now came the most heroic year of his life. Suffering almost ceaseless pain, with the death shadow on him, he sat

down to write his autobiography for the benefit of his wife. He complained not at all, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of his work. He wrote on steadily, up to the very day of his death, long after the power of speech was gone, revising his proofs, correcting his judgments of commanders as new evidence arose, and in the end producing a book which was a marvel of simple sincerity and modesty of statement, and of transparent clarity of style. It took rank at once as one of the great martial biographies of the world. It redeemed his name and gave his wife a competency. It was a greater deed than the taking of Vicksburg.

In this final illness his thoughts dwelt much upon the differences between the North and the South. From Mt. McGregor, where he was taken in June 1885 to escape the heat of the city, he sent forth repeated messages of good-will to the South. In this hour the two mighty purposes of his life grew clearer in men's minds. He had put down the Rebellion, and from the moment of Lee's surrender had set himself the task of reuniting the severed nation. "Let us have peace," he said; and the saying had all the effect of a benediction.

He died on July 23, 1885, at the age of sixty-three; and at his grave the North and the South stood side by side in friendship, and the great captains of opposing armies walked shoulder to shoulder, bearing his body to its final rest on the bank of the Hudson River. The world knew his faults, his mistakes, and his weaknesses; but they were all forgotten in the memory of his great deeds as a warrior, and of his gentleness, modesty, candor, and purity as a man. Since then it becomes increasingly more evident that he is to take his place as one of three or four figures of the first class in our national history. He was a man of action, and his deeds were of the kind which mark epochs in history.

CURTIS

(1824–1892)

BY EDWARD CARY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824, of a New England family, his ancestry on the father's side running back in unbroken line to the Massachusetts settlers of the first half of the seventeenth century. Though his home was in New York from early boyhood, he was through life a type—one of the best—of New England manhood. The firm, elastic, sometimes hard, fibre of a steadfast and intense moral sense was always found, occasion requiring, beneath the social grace and charm and the blithe and vivid fancy of the author. His schooling was brief—a few years only before the age of eleven. The rest of his education, which was varied and in some lines thorough, was gained by reading, with private tutors, with his accomplished and gifted stepmother, and—richest of all—alone. In 1842, while yet a lad of eighteen, he went for a couple of years as a boarder to Brook Farm. There, to quote his own words, "were the ripest scholars, men and women of the most æsthetic culture and accomplishment, young farmers, seamstresses, mechanics, preachers, the industrious, the lazy, the conceited, the sentimental. But they associated in such a spirit and under such conditions that, with some extravagance, the best of everybody appeared." "Compared with other efforts upon which time and money and industry are

lavished, measured by Colorado and Nevada speculations, by California gold-washings, by oil-boring and the Stock Exchange, Brook Farm was certainly a very reasonable and practical enterprise, worthy of the hope and aid of generous men and women. The friendships that were formed there were enduring. The devotion to noble endeavor, the sympathy with what is most useful to men, the kind patience and constant charity that were fostered there, have been no more lost than the grain dropped upon the field."

These two years, and one spent on a farm at Concord, Massachusetts, near the homes of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, were followed by four years in Europe,—in Germany, Italy, France, Egypt; and in 1851, at the age of twenty-seven, Curtis took up seriously the work of a writer. Within a year he published two small volumes, "The Nile Notes of a Howadji," and "The Howadji in Syria." For a couple of years he was a writer on the New York Tribune, where his Brook Farm friends, Ripley and Dana, were engaged; and "Lotus-Eating" was made up of letters to that paper from the then famous "watering-places." He dropped newspaper work to become an editor and writer with Putnam's Magazine, and the "Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I" were written for that periodical. For a time he formed a connection with the printer of Putnam's in a publishing business; in which, and through the fault of others, he failed; assuming, quite beyond the requirements of the law, debts which it took a score of years to discharge. Finally he found his publishing home with the house of Harper and Brothers. At first a contributor to the Magazine and the Weekly, he became the editor of the Weekly and the writer of the "Easy Chair"; and from those two coignes of vantage, until his death on August

31, 1892, he did what, apart from his lectures and addresses, was the work of his life. He made no more books, save the one not successful novel of "Trumps," written as a serial for the Weekly, and the volumes from the Addresses and the "Easy Chair" published after his death; yet he fulfilled the prophecy of Hawthorne on the appearance of the "Nile Notes"—"I see that you are forever an author."

It would not be easy, were it worth while, exactly to classify Curtis; and if in general phrase we say that he was an essayist, that only betrays how comprehensive a label is needed to cover his work. Essays, long or short, the greater number of his writings were; each particularly embraced a single subject, and of this presented one phase, important perhaps and grave, or light, amusing, tender, and sometimes satiric to the verge of bitterness—though never beyond it.

The Howadji books, which first gave him a name and fairly launched him as a writer, were a singular and original product, wholly different from what could have been expected of his training and associations; a venture in a field which, curiously enough, since the venture was in every sense more than ordinarily successful, he promptly and forever abandoned. "I aimed," he says in one of his private letters, "to represent the essentially sensuous, luxurious, languid, and sense-satisfied spirit of Eastern life." The style was adapted with courage, not to say audacity, to the aim. No American at that time had ever written English so riotously beyond the accepted conventions, so frankly, almost saucily, limited only by what the writer chose to say of what he felt or fancied under the inspiration of the East. Leigh Hunt compared the "Nile Notes" to "Eothen" and to "Hyperion," but the relation was extravagantly remote. The Howadji books were as individual as

the lavish and brilliant bloom of a plant in the hot rays of the southern spring—and as passing. Once the shining and slightly gaudy flowers were shed, the normal growth proceeded to substantial fruitage.

The "Potiphar Papers" were like the Eastern books in this, that they were at the time a still more successful venture in a field which, if not wholly abandoned by Curtis, was not continuously cultivated, but was only entered occasionally and never quite in the same spirit. They were a series of satires, fanciful enough in conception, but serious and almost savage in spirit, on the most conspicuous society of the day: its vulgarity, vanity, shallowness, and stupidity, the qualities inherent in the prevalent rivalry in money-spending. They were of marked importance at the time, because they were the brilliant and stinging comment of a gentleman and a patriot on a portion of society whose wealth gave dangerous prominence to the false standards set up and followed. Happily the vices Curtis scourged were those of an over-vigorous and unchastened youth of society, and the chief value of the satire now is as a picture of the past.

"Prue and I" was a series of papers written, as Curtis's letters show, in odd moments and with great rapidity, to meet the exigencies of the magazine. But the papers survive as an example of the pure literary work of the author. The opulence and extravagance of the "Howadji" books disappear; but the rich imagination, the sportive fancy, the warm and life-giving sentiment, the broad philosophy, are expressed in a style of singular beauty, flexibility, and strength.

And it was in this line that the "Easy Chair" essays were continued, forming one of the most remarkable bodies of literary product of the time. They were written for Har-

per's Magazine, four or five monthly, equivalent each year to an ordinary duodecimo volume, and the series closed with the death of the writer some thirty-five years from their beginning. Their variety was very great. Some of them touched the events and questions of the time, and the time embraced the political contest with slavery, the Civil War, and the marvelously rapid and complex development of the nation after the war. But when the events or questions of the day were touched, it was at once lightly and broadly, to illuminate and fix some suggestion of philosophy; through all ran the current of wise and gracious and noble thought or sentiment. Many of the essays were woven of reminiscence and comment on persons. In the little volume selected by himself and published shortly before his death, a dozen of the twenty-seven were of this nature, embracing such varying personalities as Edward Everett, Browning, Wendell Phillips, Dickens, Thoreau, Jenny Lind, Emerson, Joseph Jefferson. Whoever was thus brought under the clear, soft, penetrating light of Curtis's pen lived thereafter in the mind of the reader with a character more real and just. In many of the essays of the " Easy Chair " there was a tone of gentle satire, but always hopeful and helpful, not bitter or discouraging; as if in " Titbottom's Spectacles," that broke the heart of the wearer with their revelation of the evil in those who passed before them, new lenses had been set, revealing the everlasting beauty and power of the ideal which evil violates, and to whose gracious and blessing sway the writer, with a kindly smile at the incongruities of the actual, invited his friend the reader. The very title had a gleam of this subtle humor, it being well known to the profession, and established by the experience of successive generations, that in reality there is no such thing as an

"editor's easy chair." Even if we allow for the fact that Curtis's seat was in his tranquil library on Staten Island, remote from the complications and vexations of the magazine's office, we must still recognize that the ease was not in the chair, but in that firm high poise of the writer's spirit which enabled him, with wisdom as unfailing as his gracious cheer, "to Report and Consider all Matters of What Kind Soever."

Curtis was, perhaps, in his lifetime even more widely known as a speaker than as a writer. At the very outset of his career he became one of the half-dozen lecturers under the curious and potent lyceum system, that in the third quarter of the century did so much to arouse and satisfy a deep interest in things of the mind in the widely scattered communities of the American republic. At the very outset, too, he entered with all his soul into the political agitation against slavery, and became one of the most stirring and most highly regarded popular orators of the Republican party. Later he was eagerly sought upon occasions of historical interest and for memorial addresses. Still later he delivered the remarkable series of addresses on the reform of the civil service, in what was in effect a second struggle for political emancipation, waged with as broad a human purpose, with as high courage, as was the struggle against slavery, and with even a riper knowledge of the conditions of safety for the republic. The great body of these addresses, many of the slightest as well as the more elaborate, were essentially literary. Most of them were written out and committed to memory, and many were marked by more of the polish and completeness of the scholar's conscientious and deliberate work than most of the writing intended only for publication. But they were still the orator's work, ad-

dressed to the ear, though fitted to bear the test of study, and intended through the ear to touch the conscience and the heart and sway the will. Apart from the unfailing and lofty moral purpose that pervades them, their lasting charm lies in their music. They were the *emmelia*, the "well-tuned speech," of the Greeks. But the hidden monitor who kept the orator true to the carefully chosen "pitch" was not the freedman of Gracchus, it was the sensitive and faithful artistic sense of the speaker. A writer lives in the world's literature, necessarily, by those of his writings that find a permanent form in books. Of these Curtis left few. But fairly to judge of his influence on the thought, and so on the life as well as the literature, of his country, we must remember that the unusual gifts and the rare spirit revealed in these few books pervaded also his work in the magazine and the journal; that the fruit of his work would fill a hundred volumes, and that it reached readers by the hundred thousand. Had Curtis sought only the fame of the writer, he could hardly have failed to gain it, and in notable measure. In pursuing the object he did, he might rightly believe at the close of his career—it is doubtful if he ever gave it a thought—that he had rendered to American literature a service unrecognized and untraceable, but singularly, perhaps uniquely, great.

SCHURZ

(1829–)

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

IN 1848, that year of upheaval, the love of liberty and the spirit of revolution came to Carl Schurz, then nineteen years old (for he was born March 2, 1829, at Liblar near Cologne, Prussia), a student at the University of Bonn. In union with other noble and bold spirits he endeavored to secure by force a freer government and constitutional rule. For his part in an attempt to promote an insurrection he was forced to flee from his university city; he went to the Palatinate and joined the revolutionary army. The revolutionists were defeated. In their failure the high aspirations of many liberty-loving men went down. Schurz escaped to Switzerland, which afforded an asylum for large numbers of the German political exiles. A year in Paris as a correspondent of German newspapers, a year in London as a teacher, brought him to 1852, when he came to the United States. Residing in Philadelphia and visiting Washington, he studied law, political institutions, and public men. He went to Wisconsin, and was admitted to the bar; but his enthusiastic interest in the antislavery movement drew him into politics. As a consequence of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the moral and political struggle against slavery had practically become one. The Republican party had been formed. The Northwest, which had been Democratic, took ground against the extension of slav-

ery; and one of the factors in its conversion was the support which the party of freedom received from the large population of Germans. Schurz threw himself into that contest with ardor, advocated without ceasing the Republican cause, and then laid the foundation for his influence politically over his countrymen, which he has never lost, and which has been of true service to the republic. He spoke for Lincoln in the memorable senatorial campaign of 1858 against Douglas, and made the personal acquaintance of the man with whom the points of contact became closer as the irrepressible conflict developed from the strife of words into the clash of arms. As the chairman of the Wisconsin delegation to the Republican national convention of 1860, held in Chicago, he advocated the nomination of Seward for President; but he did not feel, as some of the friends of Seward in the bitterness of their disappointment felt, that by the action of the delegates the cause had been betrayed and lost. From the debates with Douglas he had measured the ability and character of Lincoln: and when he gave an account of his stewardship to the Republicans of Wisconsin, it was no partisan opportunist who spoke, but an orator whose convictions were decided, whose words were sincere; he told them that their candidate was a " pure and patriotic statesman," " eminently fitted by the native virtues of his character, the high abilities of his mind, and a strong honest purpose," for the solution of the " problem before him." During the canvass of 1860 he was constantly on the stump, speaking in both English and German. Receiving the appointment of minister to Spain, and entering upon the duties of his mission, his heart remained in America: he watched with painful anxiety, as Motley did from Vienna, the progress of the war. He wrote a dispatch to the State

department, giving an accurate and comprehensive account of European sentiment in reference to our civil conflict, and urging that the Government take steps toward the abolition of slavery, to "place the war against the rebellious slave States upon a higher moral basis, and thereby give us control of public opinion in Europe." Concerning the effect abroad his judgment was sound; but the President had to take into account the feeling of the plain people at home, and issued his "Proclamation of Emancipation" at the earliest moment that it would have been sustained by the public, which Mr. Schurz inferentially in his essay on Lincoln admits. "It would have been a hazardous policy," he writes, "to endanger, by precipitating a demonstrative fight against slavery, the success of the struggle for the Union."

Late in 1861 he returned to the United States, and served with credit as a general in the field. After the war he became a journalist. For a while he was the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune; then founded a newspaper in Detroit, and later became the editor of a St. Louis journal. In 1869 Missouri sent him to the United States Senate, where his service was both solid and brilliant. He favored universal amnesty to the men of the South; he opposed President Grant's scheme for the annexation of San Domingo, and was one of the senators and leaders of public opinion who gave expression to the profound disappointment and dissatisfaction of many Republicans with the general drift of Grant's administration. Thus he became more than any other one man the head and front of the movement of Liberal Republicans of 1872, whose convention at Cincinnati, under the influence of some manipulation and a wave of curious enthusiasm, nominated Horace

Greeley for President. Schurz's choice was Charles Francis Adams, who represented logically the opposition to Grant, and whose candidature, whether defeat or victory came, would have been dignified, and might have laid the foundations for a new party capable of enduring good.

During the financial crisis of 1873, the popular remedy for the distress, which had able and powerful advocates in Congress, was the issue of more greenbacks. Schurz fought in the Senate a bill providing for such an inflation of the currency. In 1875 the contest was transferred to Ohio. Meanwhile the Republicans in Congress had committed themselves to the resumption of specie payments; and Hayes, who was nominated for governor of Ohio, advocated unequivocably the doctrine of sound money. The Democrats put forward William Allen, and demanded that "the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade,"—a declaration satisfactory to the generality of Democrats, and to many Republicans in financial straits. Then ensued a wholesome and momentous canvass. Schurz was called from a well-earned rest in Switzerland to take part in it. He spoke constantly all over the State in English and in German; with a power never before equaled, I think, of placing cogently before men who labored with their hands, the elementary truths of sound finance. It is unquestionably true that Schurz's and John Sherman's speeches, their campaign of education, carried the State for the Republicans; though so hard fought was the contest that Hayes's plurality was but 5,544. That Ohio election made Hayes President, and Schurz Secretary of the Interior. As Secretary he served with honor, and he had an opportunity to put into practice his principles of reform in civil service. He supported Cleveland in 1884, 1888, and

1892. In 1896 he canvassed the principal cities of the middle West; opposing the election of Bryan, speaking for sound finance in this great educational campaign as he had spoken in 1875, and being so persuasive a teacher that the sagacious chairman of the Republican National Committee distributed 1,500,000 pamphlet copies of his principal speech, besides a large quantity of so-called "Schurz Nuggets."

Such is a brief account of an active life. With George William Curtis, Mr. Schurz stands as the representative of the Independent in politics. No other man in this country, outside of a few who hold high office, has the political influence which he possesses. Wherever intelligent business men, college professors, advanced students, and political reformers gather together, there will you find the seed germinating which through many years and under different party banners he has sown. The eagerness with which his work on the stump is at different times sought for alike by Republican and Democratic campaign managers, is proof of his large influence with the mass of voters. Many well-meaning men accuse him of inconsistency, for the reason that he has changed so frequently his party associations; but if consistency means adherence through the years to the same principles, he may challenge comparison on this ground with the strongest partisan in the land. He has also been accused of unsteadiness, from his frequent change of residence and occupation. We all know the benefit of attachment to family and location, which we see so clearly in Virginia and Massachusetts: such a feeling causes men to take root in the soil, and redounds to the safety of the State. But in our great republic, there is room for the cosmopolitan, for the citizen who has no attachment to any State,

whose love is for the nation. Mr. Schurz, while pre-eminently a citizen of the world in society, literature, and art, is as true an American as any man born on American soil.

It is a remark of Bageshot that the men who know most, rarely have the time or the training to write books. Let it be noted then in the calendar, when a man of Mr. Schurz's varied life becomes a distinguished member of the republic of letters. His "Life of Henry Clay" is one of the best biographies ever written. The view is purely objective. He had no manuscript material, no unprinted private letters which would of themselves present his hero in a new light. His material was books and speeches accessible to every one. The merit of the biography lies in the thorough assimilation of the facts, the power of telling a story, the bringing to bear upon the subject the wealth of his experiences, and the fusion of the whole into a form grateful to literary art. It seemed strange perhaps that the editor of the "American Statesmen" series selected him who was a strenuous advocate of a tariff for revenue only, to write the life of Clay, the father of the principle of protection to home industries. But John T. Morse, Jr., the editor, chose wisely. Mr. Schurz treats the tariff question and Clay's relation to it with absolute candor. In truth, had he been in public life contemporary with Clay, he would probably have taken the opposite side, on nearly every public question, from his hero; yet such is his impartiality and sympathy that all who read the book must end it with loving Henry Clay. The historical part is of great value, and I question whether one who had not been Senator and Cabinet minister could have given to it such animation.

Mr. Schurz wrote an essay on Abraham Lincoln, originally published in the Atlantic Monthly. More has been

written about Lincoln than about any other man in our history; but our author, by his power of generalization, and his presentment of the orderly unfolding of this great life, has thrown new light on the character and work of the martyr President. To say that the essay is a classic is praise none too high.

After his retirement from public life, Mr. Schurz was one of the editors of the Evening Post, in association with E. L. Godkin and Horace White. On the death of George William Curtis, he became the writer of the leading political article of Harper's Weekly. At first his contributions appeared unsigned, but in 1897 they began to be printed over his own signature. He discusses, for his audience of several hundred thousand, domestic and foreign politics, with an intelligence, acumen and incisive literary style that certainly are not surpassed in America or in England. He writes English with accuracy, clearness, and vigor, and is never dull. A French writer has said: "To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years. To be eloquent in one is the labor of a life." In language the work of Mr. Schurz is that of two lives, for he is eloquent in both English and German.

McKINLEY

(1843–1901)

BY CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

WILLIAM McKINLEY was the product and representative of that development of Americanism which has aroused intense interest and discussion at the commencement of the 20th century. Industrial America owes more to him than to any other statesman. Though never a business man or an employer of labor he created those enterprises which have given unequalled position, wages and work to his countrymen. Though never a manufacturer, he gave the impulse and opportunity, for manufacturers which have placed the surplus of the mills and factories of the United States in the markets of the world, and given them success not only in the competitive countries of the East, but upon the soil and alongside the most highly organized industries of Europe. Though always a poor man, and leaving an estate which was the result only of the savings from his salary as President and his life insurance, he made possible the gigantic fortunes which have been amassed by master minds in the control, use and distribution of iron, coal, oil, cotton and wool, and their products. Though never an organizer, or beneficiary of combinations or trusts, yet the constant aggregation of most industries in vast corporations of fabulous capital, while due to tendencies of the age and common to all countries, received tremendous acceleration from his policies. The domi-

nant idea which governed his public life was, that measures which brought out our National resources and increased our National wealth, added to the security, comfort and happiness of every citizen. Some might profit more than others, but every one shared in greater or less degree in the general prosperity. Pride in his country and love for his people were the mainsprings of his career. The period of impressionable youth was passed in Ohio which was a storm centre of slavery agitation and Union controversy. He heard all about him the mutterings of the coming storm which was to put to the test of arms the existence of the Republic. Slavery became to him not only the sum of abominations but the one and only menace of the union of the States. He was an eager listener to the fiery speeches of that remarkable body of advocates of freedom led by Joshua Giddings and Benjamin Wade. Webster's immortal speech in reply to Hayne for "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable now and forever," became imbedded in his mind and heart. With this preparation, though only seventeen years of age when the Civil War broke out, nothing could keep him from enlistment, and impulsive patriotism swept away all objections to his youth.

The temptations of the camp, the march and the foray and the perils of battle tested the character and courage of this boy to the uttermost. But the religious training of a pious mother and a godly father, and his absorbing attachment to the cause of liberty and union kept him as pure in thought and action as if in the associations of home, or in the emulous and invigorating studies and companionship of school and college.

McKinley the soldier moulded McKinley the statesman. For four years the one object before him, at sunrise and

sunset, leading the way in toilsome marches, its folds illuminating the tented field and inspiring defense and assault, was the flag. It was dearer to him than life, and for it he repeatedly risked his life. It stood for country, home and liberty. It became sacred in his eyes, and he followed it with devotion amounting almost to adoration. He rarely, in after years, ever made a speech which did not have some affectionate or patriotic allusion to Old Glory. It fixed his career and public life. Where he could advance the best interests of the Republic became his aim and ambition.

But the Army developed and strengthened another characteristic. The comradery of the camp appealed to his sympathetic nature. His fellow soldiers were more than comrades; they were intimate friends. He knew them in health and in the hospital, in the fury of the fight and the exhaustion of wounds and disease. He was first at their side when in danger or distress, and the soul of sport at the feast or the jollification. Thus he became in its best sense a lover of his fellow men.

No official was ever so considerate of the feelings of others. He delighted in the bestowal of office and was grieved when he had to deny the applicant. His greatest pleasure was in meeting and greeting his countrymen and countrywomen. Whether they were friends or strangers that cordial grasp, that kindly smile, that honest interest in every one who came near him sent both the successful and disappointed from his presence feeling that the meeting was itself a decoration. It was the irony of fate that the most lovable and the best loved man who ever attained the Presidency should die at the hands of an assassin.

But the game of war could not interest this most sympathetic of men (I was about to say humane, but the word is

inadequate). No matter how great his personal sorrows or troubles, those of a friend at once claimed his care, and his own were for the time forgotten. Confidence in another and ignorance of business drew from him the indorsements of notes which swept away his little property and involved him in a mountain of indebtedness. His wife threw her estate into the vortex and they were bankrupt at a period in life when to take up a profession or engage in business successfully is impossible. He was full of resentment, but when the friend through whom he had suffered explained the terrible results of his failure to himself and his family, McKinley burst into tears — had no thought except for the rescue of the man, and cried "We must find a way to save you. We will find a way to save you."

Americanism with him meant the victories of peace. To see the United States controlling its own markets and successfully competing with other nations in the markets of the world was his idea of the true glory of his country. That Americans had won in the bids for a bridge over the Nile, or rails for Russian roads, or cars for Australia, or had introduced successfully agricultural machines and electrical appliances on the Continent of Europe and textile fabrics in Great Britain, gave him more pride and pleasure than any possible triumph on land or sea. He would exhaust every resource of diplomacy and adopt every measure of conciliation and arbitration before going to war.

He entered Congress at the most critical period of our legislative history. The pacification of the Nation, the reconstruction of the States, the welding of the broken bonds of Union into a free Republic which should be as loyally supported by those who had sought to destroy, as by those who had fought to save it, and financial and industrial

problems upon whose successful solution rested the whole fabric of prosperity, were the questions to be met.

The happiness of the American home and the welfare of the individual American citizen were the aims of McKinley. He believed that in industrial success were good character, good habits and good citizenship. Employment which should be easily attainable for everybody upon a remunerative and ascending scale of wages, making it possible for energy, industry and intelligence to buy and maintain a cottage or a farm, dotting the land with enterprises which would develop the resources or power of the neighborhood and bringing farms and factories together, was his remedy for all National ills, his panacea for insuring National greatness and a contented people. A large number of his countrymen differed widely from him in regard to the measures by which he sought to accomplish these beneficient ends, but they did not question the purity of his purposes or the sincerity of his convictions. He thus became the most eloquent and convincing advocate of the policy of a protective tariff and the embodiment and representative of the principle of fostering by legislation, industrial development. Three statesmen served long together in the House of Representatives and left lasting impressions on the history of the country. They were William McKinley, James A. Garfield and James G. Blaine. The ambition of each was to be President of the United States. Two attained that distinction and Blaine lost the great prize by an accident when it was within his grasp. They were rivals but loyal friends, and their emulous strife never impaired their relations or their efforts for the one who for the time was the favorite of their party. Blaine was a picturesque and brilliant leader with a rare talent for the iniative in formulating

policies which won popular favor, and in devising measures to meet popular demands. His alert genius was quick to see and seize advantages in foreign or domestic policies. Garfield was rather a parliamentary, than a popular leader. His field was in Congress in the appeal for, and the defense and management of the bills which the caucus and its committees had decided must pass. Their labors covered the whole field of debatable questions and party activity. McKinley possessed the greater industry and steadfastness of purpose. He bent all the power of a superior intelligence to the perfection and triumph of the principle in whose practical application he believed lay the security and prosperity of the country. In large and in detail he was a profound student of economic problems. While he had neither the training nor the temperament for success in business, he knew better the conditions and prospects, at home and abroad, of every branch of industry, than those who had spent their lives in its development and in accumulating fortunes by their sagacity. He could not practically conduct any trade, but was able to suggest and provide laws for the benefit of all manufactures, so wise and beneficent that the captains of industry bowed to his judgment and followed his lead. His profound knowledge of these questions, his eagerness to have the people agree with him, and his deep convictions gave an earnestness and force to his advocacy which educated an orator of uncommon power. He was not magnetic like Blaine nor emotional like Garfield, but there was wonderful force in his eloquence. An honest, earnest, sympathetic speaker, master of his subject and possessed of a singularly lucid style, pleaded like an evangelist for the material salvation of the people. Much speaking on the same subject gave his efforts an axiomatic

style which coined maxims and phrases that became part of the current thought and common language of the country. While he never rose to the majestic heights of Webster's reply to Hayne, he was always immensely interesting and at times it seemed in the splendor of his speech that by a supreme effort he might advance one step further and stand beside the immortal orators of inspired genius.

Most public men cultivate seclusion and owe much to a fascinating mystery which surrounds them; but McKinley delighted in crowds. While with singular unanimity the people dread the assembling of Congress and regard its adjournment as a blessing, he was never so happy as when the National Legislature was in session. If a Senator or Member of the House failed to appear frequently he noted his absence and gently chided him. He was just as glad to see, and greeted as cordially, his political opponents as his friends. The representatives of the people were for him — the telephones of public opinion. No President has ever had such influence with Congress. His ability to allay strife in his own party and win support from the other was marvelous. The disappointed office-seeker, nursing a grievance and lying in wait for vengeance, and the most stubborn opponent, were alike clay in his hands. In that forum, Congress, where every President has repeatedly been foiled, McKinley never suffered defeat.

His faith in the public intelligence and conscience was supreme. He believed the people knew more than any man, no matter how great his talents or opportunities. He never tried to lead, but studied so constantly public opinion that he became almost infallible in its interpretation. Great audiences in the open were his intelligence offices. He would mingle with the crowd as a man and a brother. He

could not comprehend that the world held a wretch so depraved or a criminal so vile, as to abuse the simple and sacred trust which a President thus put in the people who had chosen him for their ruler. And yet one, defaming and degrading a righteous cause, aimed a frightful blow at liberty, the liberty of intercourse between citizens and their chief magistrate, when he accepted hospitality and welcome, to murder the most eminent and best loved of the

did not change or elevate the Tribune.
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and of the respect due the office which
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across the continent was when the train
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fleets of commerce were loading and un-
anges of the country and the world, to
ories, the furnaces and the mines. He

and seized. The slogan he had sounded as a citizen, as an orator, and as a Congressman, now rang from the White House with a clarion clearness which aroused the country. It was to him the triumphal hour of faith and works. In his impatience for the trial of his favorite theories, he did his best to prevent the war with Spain. He detested war, and he shrank with horror from its cruelties, and with dread from the interruptions of industries it usually entails. When the country would not wait his efforts for peace he pushed preparations for war and forced the fighting with a wise and resistless energy which recalled the best efforts of Carnot and of Stanton. His favorite recollection of the Civil War was not the many bloody and heroic struggles in which he bore an honorable part, not the promotions which came to him for gallantry in action, but that in the heat of battle at Antietam he had loaded his commissary wagon with food and coffee, and calmly driving amidst the storm of shot and shell, had brought succor and relief to the survivors of his comrades who had been fighting steadily for many hours. His supreme satisfaction in the result of the Spanish war, more than its wonderful conquests, was its bloodless victories.

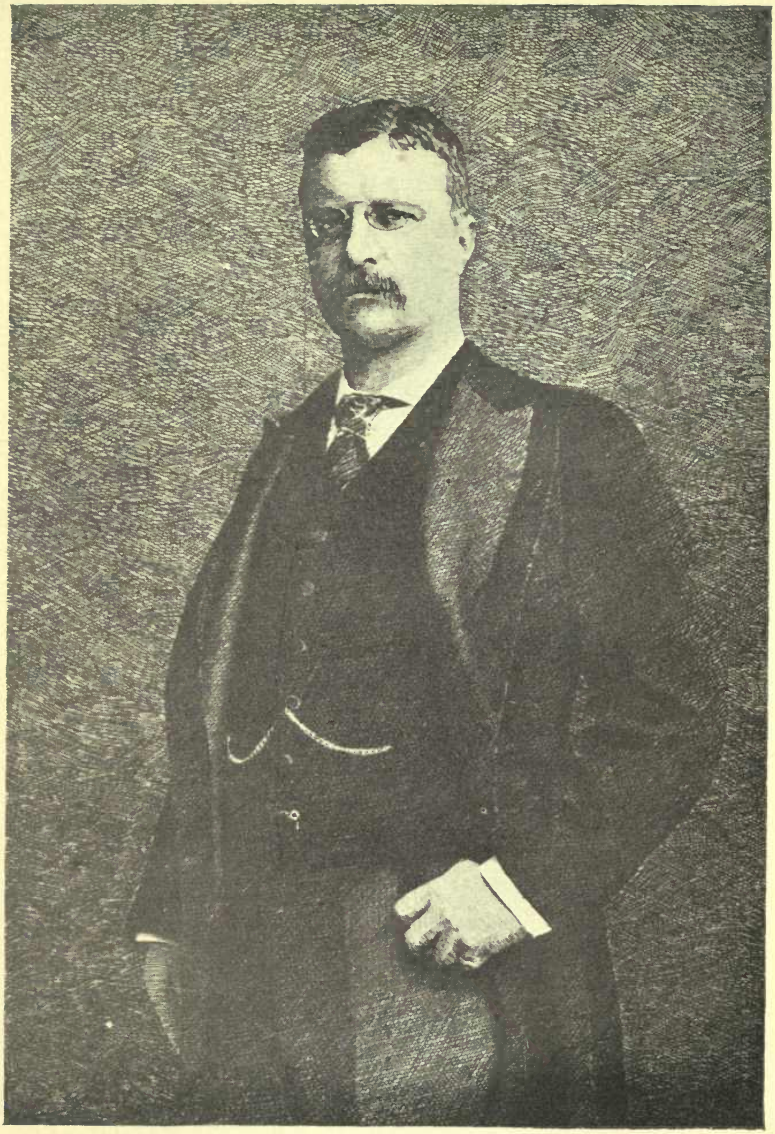
The story of government is a pathetic recital of the neglected opportunities of statesmen. The crisis passes, which wisely turned, would have added to the glory and greatness of the country. The United States has been singularly rich in men for emergencies. Though lacking the heredity, experience and training of the Old World, they have been illustrious examples of wonderful achievement. Washington had no predecessor and left no successor. Hamilton provided the principles for a strong government with no precedents to guide him, and from them grew the Constitu-

tion and Union which John Marshall perfected by his matchless decisions, Webster made popular by his majestic eloquence, and Lincoln saved by rare native gifts and unequalled genius, for guiding a nation through the perils of civil war and the destructive forces of evolution.

The triumphant issue of the war with Spain lifted our country in a hundred days from the isolation of the Western Hemisphere and the confines of a continent to the responsibilities of Colonial Empire and a foremost position in the family of nations among the great powers of Europe. The President had never been abroad, never given any attention to foreign affairs of the government of alien peoples, and for forty years had concentrated his mind upon purely domestic questions. Action must be taken, and immediately, or we had to acknowledge that our institutions were wanting in elasticity for the situation, and in the essential elements of sovereignty which constitute government, and we as a people were unequal to the peaceful administration of the results of the victories of our Army and Navy. With the calmness of conscious powers, without effort which might excite the public and create financial distrust and industrial paralysis, the President so wisely formulated measures for the pacification of Cuba and preparations for its independence, and for the government of the Philippines, Hawaii and Guam, that the most delicate and difficult task of creating constitutions and institutions under untried conditions seemed to an astonished and satisfied country to be the ordinary processes of peaceful administration.

William McKinley entered upon the Presidency at a period of greater distress in every branch of industry and employment than had ever before been experienced. He died when prosperity had assumed proportions in produc-

tions, in domestic trade and foreign commerce, in the accumulation of National and individual wealth and in the happy condition of wage-earners, beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic optimist in the development of our country. He assumed the administration of the government when it was not reckoned diplomatically or industrially by the Cabinets of the Old World and left it to his successor, when for the same Cabinets the leading discussion is how to avert what they are pleased to call "the American peril." Happily for him before the dread summons came, the realization of his life work, his aspiration and his hopes were complete. The assassin struck him down at the moment when the splendors of the fruition of his labors were crystallized by his death into a halo of immortality.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ROOSEVELT

(1858–)

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THERE is a general and pleasing theory that the injustice of contemporary judgments will be set right by that of posterity. This theory has a great advantage in the fact that it is impossible to disprove it. It is also a comfortable doctrine, for each succeeding generation believes that it can judge its predecessors with absolute impartiality and that it will meet with a like justice at the hands of its successor. Just judges of those who have gone before, we flatter ourselves with the belief that those who come after will right the wrongs of the present and set all things even. Those who have studied history, an employment calculated to encourage a somewhat cynical skepticism, find many reasons to doubt the accuracy of the judgments of posterity. They learn that those judgments vary greatly from century to century and that it requires many generations to arrive at any stability of opinion. They also discover that prejudices and passions are to be found in the pages of historians as well as in the voices of men and that many sensible persons admire certain writers of history for the same reason that Byron liked Mitford because "he was full of partiality and wrath." Students of history also become painfully aware of the fact that their own opinions are, in a greater or less degree, made up from a comparison of those of the despised and partial contemporaries. Hence

arises a profound doubt as to the justice and wisdom of posterity as in regard to much other cherished, proverbial philosophy.

But when we pass from the men and events which have made history, warmed with passions which centuries cannot wholly cool, and enter the quieter fields of art and literature, the judgments of posterity are much more to be respected, indeed they become as nearly final as anything human can be. The world divides now as it did two thousand years ago over the rights and wrongs of the struggle from which Julius Cæsar emerged triumphant, but the verdict as to Homer and Dante, Cervantes and Shakespeare is made up. Their reputation is founded on a rock against which the waves of time and the winds of passing fashions beat and blow in vain.

A little reflection enables us to understand the distinction to be drawn among the judgments of posterity, and why it is that they are fluctuating and only to be received with caution in history and yet after a sufficient interval are accepted and carry finality with them in literature. In the one case we are dealing with complicated groups of partially known facts, in the other the single fact is the play, the story, or the poem, and that so far as it exists at all we have entire and complete. In history the passions which cluster around men and their deeds continue to make their appeal to succeeding generations, because whatever else may change, the temperaments of mankind ranging from the conservative to the radical are always the same. In literature men keep only what they like, and when after the lapse of three thousand or three hundred years a work of imagination still holds the affection and interest of mankind we may be sure that it is good and great on the strength of a verdict

from which there is no appeal. The popular judgment of the passing day may be as unsound and untrustworthy as possible, but that same judgment, educated and guided by the strongest minds and refined and tested by the centuries which burn away the dross and chaff, is unerring in its selection. The novelist who yesterday sold half a million copies of his skillfully advertised book will pass away into an oblivion as complete as that which now engulfs Pomfret, whose poems went through edition after edition and delighted our ancestors in the eighteenth century. But the tale of Ulysses is as beloved now as in the days of Pericles and the adventures of Robinson Crusoe are just as absorbing as they were when DeFoe was a hack writer and the author of the " Choice " was admired by all who were most elegant and refined in the English-speaking world.

This after all is but a round-about way of saying that contemporary criticism of literature, however brilliant and however valuable from the nearness of its subject, is liable to errors from which that of a later generation is certain to be free. In the case of posterity, literary criticism is divested of the personal equation and gains a perspective and a justness of comparison wholly impossible to that which is coeval. Whether the Divine Comedy appeals to us or not we cannot dispute the place which the world has given to Dante but it is permissible to receive with extreme doubt the rank accorded to D'Annunzio by such admirers as he may possess.

There is however one branch of literature to which this rule cannot be strictly applied. When the art of the writer mingles with that of the actor, the criticism of posterity cannot claim a complete superiority over that which is contemporary. In the case of the actor pure and simple, of the

mime who recites the words of other men and embodies the conceptions of other minds, contemporary criticism is all that is possible and the utmost that posterity can do is to compare and sum up the judgments of those who actually saw and heard the performer, for it can have no original judgment of its own. So evanescent is the magic art by which millions of human beings for thousands of years have been moved to laughter and to tears that Shakespeare could find nothing to bring home the fleeting character of our existence more sharply, nothing more pathetic than to say that life was

> "A poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more:"

Wherever, therefore, the art of the actor appears in any degree, to that extent posterity must be crippled in judgment. The orator, the preacher, the great advocate, all alike must possess and exercise in some measure the actor's art if they would attain entire success and move the hearts and minds of men. It is for this reason that it is more difficult to judge aright the speeches, orations, and sermons of the past than anything else which is literature at all. The three elements of oratory are the thought expressed, the form of expression, and the action or personal quality of the speaker. Of the first and second posterity can judge accurately and hence it is that the thought and the literary form are the qualities which have kept certain orations and speeches alive and in fresh remembrance while others, far more moving perhaps at the time, have died away and been forgotten because they lacked substance in thought and literary quality in their form. It is of action, the third

element of oratory, that posterity can judge only by hearsay. We must go to contemporaries to learn so far as we can of the orator's action which Demosthenes, thinking like a true orator only of his audience, declared to be the whole art. Much escapes us when we have to see through the eyes of others and listen through others' ears. But much also remains. The denunciation of Catiline, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the reply to Hayne, the second Inaugural of Lincoln would be monuments of literature and eloquence, would still move us even from the lips of schoolboys if we knew nothing either of the orator or of the occasion. Yet it cannot be doubted that the knowledge of the circumstances and the scene and the men as we gather them from tradition and from eye-witnesses adds to our appreciation of these great masterpieces of human speech and helps us to judge them more adequately than would otherwise be possible. We read these orations with a better understanding because as we read, the Roman Senate, the Hall of Westminster, the old Senate Chamber at Washington, the steps of the Capitol rise before our imaginations and we can see Cicero with his listening Senate, Burke in the midst of his resplendent audience, Webster surrounded by his colleagues, holding floor and gallery alike in strained attention, Lincoln tall and gaunt, speaking to a vast mass of people with the solemn splendor of the Old Testament, words of prophecy, hope, and love while the fierce embers of civil war still glowed and smoldered at his feet.

As with the very greatest so with all the utterances of statesmen, preachers, or advocates which it is well to remember and which the world will not allow to die. We can understand and value any speech or oration better, we can better comprehend the dominant qualities of the speaker if

we bring to our judgment of the substance and of the form some knowledge of the man who uttered the words and of the conditions under which he spoke. This is especially true when we are considering the speeches of a man who is alive among us in the full force of his intellect and activity, for then we not only steady and improve our own judgment, but as contemporaries we can preserve the best evidence to aid posterity when its judgment is in turn made up.

To no man do these principles apply better than to Theodore Roosevelt. He has just attained to the highest office in the United States than which there is none higher or more responsible in the world. To the future biographer and historian will belong the duty of tracing the career which has led him to this great place. Here his career touches us only in the aid which it will give in rightly appreciating his speeches in this collection and in marking his characteristics as an orator.

Born in New York, a descendant of one of the most distinguished of the Dutch families, with every advantage which wealth, tradition, and social position could give, Mr. Roosevelt despite these obstacles and temptations has reached the Presidency. How has it come about? It is not my purpose nor would it be fitting here to trace his life in detail but the broad outlines will suffice to show the qualities which we must first recognize if we would judge him correctly as a public speaker.

Graduating from Harvard in the class of 1880 he wrote, before the succeeding year was out, a history of the War of 1812, which, by its thoroughness of research and vigor of statement, still remains the standard authority for the naval fighting of that time. The next year found him in the Legislature of his State and his energy and fearlessness,

his ability and grasp of public questions were such that in his three years of service he became not only the most conspicuous figure in New York politics but made his name known to the country. He went as delegate at large to Chicago in 1884, resisted the nomination of Mr. Blaine and then stood by his party in the election despite the bitter attacks of many who had formerly been his friends. Then followed two years upon his Western ranch which produced some books telling of the life and sport of the plains and the mountains with a vividness and force possible only to one who loved both the life and sport and who had also the literary skill to put it all into words. In 1886, after a sharp campaign, he was defeated for Mayor of New York and in 1889 became Civil Service Commissioner under President Harrison. In his six years of service he gave to the civil service law a reality and a vitality which it had never possessed before and a position of strength to the Commission which it has never lost since. From the Civil Service Commission he passed to the Police Commission and there again he gave a force and meaning to the office and an effect to the laws he was to carry out which had never existed before in that dusky corner of New York City government. He laid down the Police Commissionership to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy and make his mark there as one of the most efficient in preparing for impending war, and when war came he left the Department to raise a regiment and go to the front. In the war he showed capacity for command, military talent, strong sense, and a reckless courage which shone forth in a charge that touched the imagination and kindled the pride of the American people. When he returned New York made him her Governor, two years later the Republican party nominated him for Vice-President,

the people elected him and the awful tragedy of Buffalo brought him to the White House.

During all these crowded years it must also be remembered that his pen was never idle and that he wrote not only many political essays, books upon hunting and some short biographies, but also four volumes on the Winning of the West, the story of the conquest of the continent by the American people which takes high and permanent rank among the works of authority upon the History of the United States.

Such is the dry catalogue of the achievements of a crowded life. What do they say to us? Very plainly that here is preëminently a man of action, one possessed of great capacity for work, of a restless and devouring energy and of an intensity of belief and an eagerness of hope rarely seen. Turn the pages of his books or essays and you find the same qualities showing in all that he writes. What he loves best to describe are deeds, real things well done, and the men who come nearest to his heart are the men of action. But in both his life and his books, one who looks upon them with considerate eyes finds behind the energy and eagerness and the love of action certain deep principles which have been a part of the man from the beginning and will go with him to the end. They will find a profound belief that the life of toil and endeavor is the true life and the happiest life not only for men but for nations. They will find a passionate patriotism, a transparent honesty, a reverence for the strong and simple virtues which have made the race, a faith in home and honor, and a hope in the future all far-removed from a barren idealism eminently practical and joined to a robust common sense and a keen love of humor, sanest of all mental qualities.

Such being the man, endowed with qualities at once so strong and so free from all subtleties, with no dark corners anywhere, we must expect to find him as an orator what he is as statesman, soldier, and author. As we read the speeches in this volume we note that something real is being said, something that has been thought out, which has an actual meaning and is not an agreeable nothing, pleasantly delivered, merely to tickle the fancy of an ephemeral audience. So the first requirement of oratory is satisfied. The matter is solid, the thought substantial, the speaker is not uttering mere words.

Pass to the next test of oratory, the form. Here is a man evidently of most liberal education, who has read widely and thoroughly, who loves literature and cannot speak or write without the literary touch and the feeling for style being everywhere apparent.

Mr. Roosevelt has thus, in high and excellent degree, the two qualities of substantial thought and literary form by which and of which posterity is a capable and final judge. All that remains is the third element, the one requirement of Demosthenes, action; in other words, the personal quality. What of the man himself who has uttered the words we have read, whom thousands have listened to and to whom thousands more will give attentive hearing? It is all there in his life and writings. Despite his care and love for form and style Mr. Roosevelt as an orator is still above all, the man of action, the doer of deeds. What he thinks of most is to bring home to his hearers his own earnest beliefs. His voice is powerful, his enunciation very distinct, his fun very infectious, his retorts very quick and keen. All these qualities of the effective speaker are his in generous measure. But that which is most important is his earnestness. In

listening to him it is evident that what he desires most is to convince, to bring home to his hearers the conviction he himself holds. To this desire all else is subordinated, and his utter sincerity and entire honesty are so clear that however much those whom he addresses may differ from him none can doubt his purpose or his meaning. In the last analysis these are the qualities which tell most. The graces of rhetoric and of delivery, wit and pathos and all the resources of reason and argument delight and have ever delighted mankind from the days of the "fair-haired Achæans" to the present moment. But all these brilliant attributes will fail in the end unless they are infused with a genuine sincerity. The man who says what he means and says it with all his force and from his heart is the man who counts most in guiding and moving his fellow-men by the wonderful gift of speech. This is of all others the dominant characteristic of President Roosevelt's oratory. We can read it in his books and trace it in his career and we find it in all his speeches. There are many other qualities present, vigorous and independent thought, cultivated style, well chosen words, but the absolute mental veracity, the fearless recognition of facts, the intense earnestness, the energy of conviction will still remain the great characteristics of his speaking and will be felt by posterity when they read the printed page as surely as they are felt by those who listen to him now.

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